

CLASS BOOK

OR,

THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE

READING LESSONS,

ADAPTED TO

The Use of Schools;

FOR

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

SELECTED, ARRANGED, AND COMPILED, FROM

THE BEST AUTHOR

BY THE REV DAVID BLAIR,

AUTHOR OF READING EXERCISES, THE UNIVERSAL PRECATOR, &

A NEW EDITION

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

STATIONERS-HOUSE, AND

WHOLESALE OF ALL BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

1828.

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Entered at Stationers' Hall.

PREFACE.

THE following work claims for its compiler no higher merit than that of goodness of intention; and the compiler claims for his work the simple recommendation of its utility.

The Lessons have been selected on the principle of combining, as far as the subjects would admit, the beauties of composition with instruction in every important branch of knowledge; and they have been arbitrarily appropriated to the exact number of the days of the year, for the convenience of large schools.

On a cursory view of the subject, it will appear extraordinary that no book possessed of similar pretensions should heretofore have had existence. No axioms have more just foundation than these:

That the greatest possible number of facts ought to be submitted to the observation of children; and,

That instruction in any particular art or science ought, as far as possible, to be rendered subsidiary to the communication of facts on all other branches of knowledge.

Thus, in teaching the art of reading, it is an obvious waste of the precious period devoted to education, to confine the exercises in that art to mere combination of words; or to compositions, the sole object of which is to prove the wit and genius of the writer;—to compositions which do not teach any thing, which are often unintelligible to young persons, and which, after a volume of them has been perused and re-perused for years, leave the mind in a state of listless curiosity and total ignorance.

In proof of the justice of this remark, the compiler need only appeal to the feelings of the persons who, while they were at school, read no other books than the selections published under the titles of *Speakers*, *Readers*, *Extracts*, and *Beauties*. As exercises in elocution, and as examples of elegant composition, such books cannot be sufficiently commended: but they are ill adapted to the more important objects of instruction; and with regard to the purposes of general knowledge, they bear the same relation that *gilding* bears to gold, or *pastime* to useful labour.

Whether, may be the merit or demerit of the *Reading Lessons* contained in this book, the compiler has not spared upon them either time or labour. It is now up-

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1855, by

GEORGE S. HILLARD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY

PREFACE.

THE aim and purpose of this compilation are briefly indicated in the title page. The extracts of which it is composed have been selected with special reference to the wants and capacity of the most advanced classes in public and private schools. Nothing has been admitted which seemed beyond their comprehension; and pains have been taken to exclude every thing which was even doubtful in regard to moral sentiment, or which could offend the nicest sense of decorum.

This is exclusively a reading book. Pieces suitable for declamation have been inserted only incidentally and occasionally. The range of English and American literature is now so wide, that it could not have been made a book of extracts for both reading and speaking, without expanding it to an inconvenient and unreasonable size.

In making the selections, exclusive reference has been had to the moral and intellectual training of the young persons for whose use the work is intended, and especially to the formation of a correct literary taste. Nothing has been admitted solely because it was the work of a great writer. Fitness for the objects proposed has been the guiding principle in making the selections. The range of choice has been made as wide as was consistent with a strict adherence to this rule. Most of the extracts have never before appeared in compilations of this kind. Selections having reference, directly or indirectly, to our own country, and informed with the spirit of our own times, have been taken, as a general rule, in preference to others.

No rigorous law has been adhered to in the order or succession of the extracts; but abrupt transitions have been avoided, as far as was possible. The first part of the volume is mainly occupied with pieces which tell a story, or present a picture to the eye of the mind; most

of the didactic passages are thrown into the last part; and in the intermediate portion are found the historical sketches and characters.

Much time and care have been given to the preparation of the introductory biographical and critical notices—more than would have been required had they been longer. It is hoped that this feature of the work may commend it to the favorable regard of teachers. It is not intended that these introductions should be read aloud; and they have been made as simple as was consistent with their aim and purpose.

In order to adapt the selections to the use of young readers, frequent omissions have been made, and words have occasionally been changed. This is something of a liberty to take with authors of distinguished reputation; but no teacher requires to be told that without it the range of selection is brought within very narrow and very unattractive limits.

The compiler of a book like this can claim no higher praise than that which is accorded to judgment and taste. It has been prepared under a strong sense of the responsibility which rests upon every one who aspires, in however humble a way, to take part in the moral and mental training of the youth of our country. Should this volume result in any good to the great cause of education—should it help to touch the heart, to kindle the mind, and train the moral sense of the coming generation—it will be a permanent source of grateful reflection to the compiler.

G. S. HILLARD

Boston, *December*, 1855.

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THE FIRST CLASS READER.

I.—ACCOUNT OF A WONDERFUL SKY-LARK.

[This interesting sketch of a remarkable sky-lark, which was domesticated for many years in a family in the south-east of Ireland, is taken from the *Illustrated Magazine of Art*. After stating that the bird was found in a nest in the grass, by some mowers, when fully fledged, and presented to the young ladies of the family, the narrative proceeds as follows:—]

We need scarcely say that we are much opposed to the practice of depriving poor little animals of their natural liberty, and incarcerating them in cages and such like portable prisons, for the mere selfish gratification of vacant minds; and we cannot realize, without horror, Sterne's picture of the captive, shut up in his solitary dungeon, counting the weary moments as they steal sluggishly along, and, at the close of an almost interminable day, adding it to the number of the past on his wooden calendar.

These remarks, however, are not called forth by any thing which poor Tommy's state of confinement obliged him to endure; for the little creature seemed almost as happy as if he had enjoyed his natural liberty. He was brought from the nest before he was old enough to know what liberty was; and yet he was sufficiently old to no longer require the fostering care of the parent bird. A few hours more and he would have stretched far away into the blue expanse of heaven, carolling that beautiful hymn of glory to the Creator which thrills

through the heart, while it dies away on the ear, as the soaring bird disappears in the distance.

But if this was not Tommy's lot, he at least fell into kind hands; and he soon began to repay the tender and judicious care which was shown him, by a docility and tameness truly astonishing. He became familiarized to the presence of many people by his cage being placed every day near the morning work table of the young ladies of the family, and to that of strangers by the daily call of visitors. At length the eldest of our three young female friends ventured one day to let him out of his place of confinement; and it would appear as if the little creature was alive to the feeling of gratitude; for he seemed to recognize her in a peculiar way as his friend, and ever after treated her as if he held her in the deepest veneration and regard. Indeed, though evidently attached to every member of the family, which he pleased by a thousand little endearing ways, he yet exhibited towards each a different mode of behavior.

When the family were assembled at breakfast, he would fly upon the table, and walk round, picking up small pieces of egg, or crumbs of bread, and sometimes he would hop up on a loaf, and actually allow a slice to be cut under his feet before he would change his position. In the course of the morning, if the ladies sat at their embroidery, or other ingenious works, at which they often amused themselves, Tommy was again permitted to leave his domicile; and on these occasions he always paid a visit to their work table, where he delighted to play sundry droll and mischievous tricks. It was curious to see him watching the operation of threading a needle. When the thread was put ever so little into the eye, he would seize the thread and dexterously pull it through. Sometimes, when the young lady had fastened her thread to her work, and continued sewing, he would make a sudden plunge at it, and pull it out of the needle again, to her great pretended vexation, while he would instantly fly out of reach, and chuckle over the mischief. Sometimes he would hop on her open work box, and seizing

the end of a cotton thread, would fly with it to the other side of the apartment, unwinding yards upon yards from the revolving spool. The second of the young ladies to whom we allude was remarkable for the elegance and neatness with which her hair was always braided. This did not escape Tommy's observation, and he frequently made an attack upon it, by taking the end of each ringlet in his bill, and fluttering before her face, would leave it in the most admired disorder. He would then again chuckle as we have heard a magpie do after any act of mischief.

With the youngest of the three ladies his practice was, if possible, to perch on the top of her head, and sing his beautiful song till the music would pierce through her ears, and she was obliged to shake him off; but he never made the same attack upon her hair, though it was always becomingly arranged. From the opportunity we had of watching the development of the little bird's *intellect*, we are quite convinced he understood every thing that was said to him. There was a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, who, in his repeated visits, had made himself familiar with Tommy. Whenever he made a morning call, he would say, "Ha! Tommy! good morning to you: are you ready for a game at shuttlecock?" The little creature would instantly fly to his extended hand, and suffer itself to be thrown into the air like that toy, and fall again into his hand; and so the game would continue for several minutes, until at length Tommy would fly to the ceiling, and with his wings almost touching it, would dart with almost inconceivable rapidity from end to end of the apartment, singing, at the utmost pitch of his voice, that splendid melody which, in his natural state, the lark pours forth as he ascends above the clouds.

Another game which Tommy perfectly understood was "hide-and-go-seek;" and for this he preferred, as his companion, the second of the three sisters. She would say, "Now, Tommy, I'm going to hide," and then, drawing the room door open, she would place herself behind it, and cry, "Whoop."

Tommy would immediately commence strutting up and down the floor, and stretching out his neck, would peer under this, and behind that, as if he were seeking for her. At length, coming opposite to where she stood, he would give a loud scream, and fly up to attack her hair. When this was over, and he had again become quiet, she would say, "Now, Tommy, it is *your* time to hide." Immediately the bird would stand still under a table, and she would commence a diligent search. "Where is Tommy? Did any one see Tommy?" In the mean time he would never give, by sound or movement, the least indication that he was in the room; but the moment she thought proper to find him he would again scream, and fly up to her.

Were we to recount only the twentieth part of the many entertaining little tricks and gambols he used to exhibit, we should trespass too much on the space allotted to our biography—and, perhaps, too, on the patience of our readers. Perching sometimes on the head of the lady who first gave him his liberty, he would walk down her face as she held it up, with outspread wings, and give her a kiss. At other times he would walk round and round her, with his tail in the shape of a fan, and his wings trailing on the ground, just like a turkey cock in miniature, warbling all the time a beautiful, gentle melody in a subdued tone, and quite different from his song of the skies.

The mistress of the house, a little advanced in life, wore cles, which he would frequently pull off in his flights, and immediately let fall, as they were too heavy for him to carry; and after every feat of this kind, he would chuckle at his success. When the dinner things were removed, and the dessert set on the table, in the long days of summer, it was his practice to come upon the table, and going round it, would do something amusing to each person. He would bite the fingers of the master of the house, and give an exulting chuckle when he pretended to be hurt. At another gentleman's knuckles he would strike like a game cock, and seem to be in wonderful

passion. Then he would take a sudden flight at a lady's cap, and catching the end of a ribbon, would gracefully flutter before her face, carolling a snatch of a song; and again he would visit his fair friend with the beautiful hair, and, plucking out her combs, would speedily demolish her glossy curls.

There remains, however, one trait of sagacity which those who recollect the entertaining little creature would scarcely pardon us if we omitted. The youngest of the three ladies was accustomed each night, before she retired, to take her candle over to Tommy's cage to bid him "good night." He would instantly bring out his head from under his wing, and standing up, sing one of the most beautiful little songs you could conceive it possible for a little throat like his to warble—a song, too, that he never gave forth on any other occasion. And if she attempted to go out of the room without thus coming in to bid him "good night," although his head was under his wing, and you thought him asleep, he would instantly scream out to put her in mind. To this may be added the singular fact, that he would not sing the same song for any one else who might take a candle to his cage, though he would respond, by a chirp, to their "good night."

What the duration of a lark's age usually is we cannot say. It is probable that in the natural state they do not live as long as when well taken care of in a tame condition. The frosts of winter, want of food, and other circumstances must cut off large numbers of the older and more weakly birds. However this may be, Tommy himself lived a happy life for thirteen years. As he grew old a curious complaint affected him. He cast the upper chap of his bill every season for a few years before he died. At those periods more than usual care was necessary; he required to be fed with soft food, and he seemed in some degree to languish while the process was going on; but when the new portion of the bill had grown, and the old part was thrown off, he soon recovered his spirits, and became as entertaining as ever.

But, alas! larks must die as well as men. At length Tom-

my fell sick; and now, indeed, he lost all his energy and power of entertaining. His feathers ruffled, his head drooped, his wings hung, and his eyes grew dim. Every one suffered with poor Tommy, and there were as many messages to inquire how he did, as if it were indeed some dear friend. A humane and skilful surgeon, who was intimate in the house, and who regarded Tommy with unbounded admiration, did not disdain to visit him several times a day, and contrived to administer medicine in homœopathic doses. But all would not do; the sympathy of attached friends and the skill of human science were alike unavailing. Tommy was wrapped in cotton and placed near the genial warmth of a moderate fire; yet still he languished, and took but little notice of those around him. His young friend, for whom he used to sing his sweet "good night," approached him with her candle; he lifted his little head, and as the dying swan is said to sing, he attempted to warble his last "good night." She burst into tears and retired. In the morning Tommy was dead!

II.—THE BOBLINK.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Few readers need be told of the extent and variety of Mr. Irving's claims to the gratitude and admiration of his countrymen. He has long been the most popular of our authors; and this popularity has been fairly earned by his natural pathos, his rich humor, his graceful narrative, the flowing sweetness of his style, and the careful music of his periods. He awakens, even in those who have never seen him, a sort of personal interest, from the cordial tone of his writings, and the amiable spirit which they breathe.]

Mr. Irving was born in the city of New York, in the year 1783, and has lived for many years on the Hudson River, about twenty-five miles from New York. The following extract is taken from "Wolfert's Roost," one of his late publications, consisting of narratives, essays, and sketches, most of which originally appeared in the Knickerbocker Magazine.]

THE happiest bird of our spring, however, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the boblink, or boblink, as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the descrip-

tion of the month of May so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweetbrier and the wild rose; the meadows are enamelled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves. This is the chosen season of revelry of the boblink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the sky-lark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight. Of all the birds of our groves and meadows the boblink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed

up, during the livelong day, in a school room. It seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. O, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no school; nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry I might have addressed him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo:—

“Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

“O, could I fly, I’d fly with thee;
We’d make, on joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring.”

Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart, for the benefit of my young readers who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music, and song, and taste, and sensibility, and refinement. While this lasted he was sacred from injury; the very schoolboy would not sling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain.

But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet, dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common, vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and charmed so melodiously. He has become a “bon vivant,” a “gourmand;” with him now there is nothing like the “joys of the table.” In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely

fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in travelling. Boblincon no more—he is the reed-bird now, the much-sought-for titbit of Pennsylvania epicures, the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan! Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him. Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he. Incurable epicure! again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the South invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous rice-bird of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career: behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on the table of some southern gastronome.

Such is the story of the boblink—once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep to those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career, but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

III.—THE MOCKING BIRD.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

[ALEXANDER WILSON was born in Paisley, Scotland, in 1766, removed to this country in 1794, and died in 1813. His original employment was that of a weaver, but he had a strong taste for intellectual pursuits, and was employed as a teacher of youth for some years after his arrival in America, and subsequently as assistant editor to the American edition of Rees's Cyclopædia. While in Scotland he had published some poems, which attracted but little attention, and would have been entirely forgotten but for his subsequently-acquired scientific reputation. Soon after his arrival in this country he became acquainted with Mr. Bartram, the botanist, and Mr. Lawson, the engraver. In taking from the latter lessons in drawing, he discovered a natural aptitude for the delineation of birds; in consequence of which he turned his attention to ornithology, and resolved to undertake an extensive work on the subject. To collect materials and obtain subscribers, he made extensive tours through all parts of the country, at a period when travelling, before the days of steamboats and railroads, was attended with severe toil and frequent exposure. The first volume of his American Ornithology was published in September, 1804, and was much and deservedly admired for the brilliant execution of the plates and the admirable letter-press descriptions. Six additional volumes were published before Wilson's death and two more volumes were completed and published by his friend, Mr. George Ord, in 1814.

Wilson was a man of enthusiastic temperament and poetical feeling. His descriptions of birds are not only technically accurate, but graphic, spirited, and glowing, and his work thus has a vivid charm for the general reader as well as the naturalist. He was a lover of nature, and he writes with all a lover's animation and interest. His character was simple, truthful, and manly, and his disposition was social and affectionate.]

THE plumage of the mocking bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it, and had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage screams of the bald eagle.

In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted upon the top of a

tall bush or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises preëminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to *his* music alone, to which that of all the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable by such as are well acquainted with those of our various birds of song, are bold and full, and varied, seemingly, beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all of them uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardor, for half an hour or an hour at a time; his expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gayety of his action arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear.

He sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy; he mounts and descends, as his song swells or dies away; and, as my friend Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "he bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, which expired in the last elevated strain." While thus exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect—so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are deceived by the fancied calls of their mates, or dive, with precipitation, into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow hawk.

The mocking bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog: Cæsar starts up, wags

his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken ; and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewling of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale or redbird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks ; and the warblings of the bluebird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens ; amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whippoorwill ; while the notes of the killdeer, bluejay, martin, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer, in this singular concert, is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of the night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighborhood ring with his inimitable melody.

IV.—THE BELFRY PIGEON.

N. P. WILLIS.

[Mr. Willis is a living American writer in prose and verse. His prose writings, which now fill many volumes, comprise travels, tales, essays, sketches of life and manners, and descriptions of natural scenery. His style is airy and graceful; his perception of beauty is keen and discriminating; and his descriptive powers are of a high order. Few men can present a visible scene, a landscape, or a natural object more distinctly to the eye. His poetry has the same general characteristics. It is sweet, flowing, and musical, and, in its best specimens, marked by truth of sentiment and delicacy of feeling. He has been for many years one of the editors of the Home Journal, a weekly newspaper published in New York, and has resided upon the Hudson River; and the fine sketches of the scenery in his neighborhood which have from time to time appeared in his paper have thrown a new interest over that noble river, which is already graced with so many historical and literary associations.]

Mr. Willis of late years has written less poetry than could be wished by those who remember and admire the grace and sweetness of so many of his early productions.]

On the cross beam under the Old South bell
 The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
 In summer and winter that bird is there,
 Out and in with the morning air.
 I love to see him track the street,
 With his wary eye and active feet;
 And I often watch him as he springs,
 Circling the steeple with easy wings,
 Till across the dial his shade has passed,
 And the belfry edge is gained at last.
 'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
 And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
 There's a human look in its swelling breast,
 And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
 And I often stop with the fear I feel —
 He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell, —
 Chime of the hour or funeral knell, —
 The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
 When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon —
 When the sexton cheerly rings for noon —

When the clock strikes clear at morning light —
When the child is waked with "nine at night" —
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer, —
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred ;
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee.
With wings to fly to wood and glen,
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men ;
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street ;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth thy feathers on thy breast,
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.
I would that in such wings of gold
I could my weary heart upfold ;
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved,)*
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe ;
And never sad with others' sadness,
And never glad with others' gladness,
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

V.—THE BIRD CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

PRATT.

[This touching narrative is taken from a work called *Gleanings through Wales, Holland, and Westphalia*, published in London in 1796, by SAMUEL JACKSON PRATT. The author was a voluminous writer in prose and verse, and at one time enjoyed considerable popularity. His works are now forgotten, though portions of them deserve to be remembered. He was born in 1749, and died in 1814.]

IN the town of Cleves an English gentleman was residing with a Prussian family during the time of the fair, which we shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the dessert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves, and were suffered to play; and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a bird catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent.

The musicians, who had heard of this bird catcher's fame, asked permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity — a curiosity, indeed, in which every one participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed in the genius of this bird catcher's canary.

The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his fore finger. "Bijou, — jewel, — you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honor; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report. You have won laurels; beware then of erring. In a

word, deport yourself like the bijou — the jewel — of the canary birds, as you certainly are."

All this time the bird seemed to listen, and indeed placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice when his master left off speaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them.

"That's good," said the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. "Now, then, let us see if you are a canary of honor. Give us a tune." The canary sang.

"Pshaw! that's too harsh; 'tis the note of a raven with a hoarseness upon him. Something pathetic." The canary whistled as if his little throat was changed to a lute.

"Faster," says the man; "slower. Very well. What a plague is this foot about, and this little head? No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forget your time. That's a jewel. Bravo! bravo! my little man."

All that he was ordered or reminded of did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time — humored the variations both of tone and movement; and the sound was a "just echo of the sense," according to the strictest laws of poetical and (as it ought to be) of musical composition.

"Bravo! bravo!" reechoed from all parts of the dining-room. The musicians declared the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band.

"And do you not show your sense of this civility, sir?" cried the bird catcher with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company.

His next achievement was going through the martial exercise with a straw gun; after which, "My poor Bijou," says the owner, "thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary; a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Show the ladies how to make a courtesy." The bird here crossed his taper leg and sank and rose with an ease and a grace that would have put half our subscription assembly belles to the blush.

"That will do, my bird! and now a bow, head and foot corresponding." Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also.

"Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow: that's it — keep it up, keep it up."

The activity, glee, spirit, and accuracy, with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as with their clappings) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and carolled an *Io Pæan*, that sounded like the conscious notes of victory.

"Thou hast done all my biddings, bravely," said the master, caressing his feathered servant: "now, then, take a nap, while I take thy place."

Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the popped god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling, and, just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering, and dropping as much on the other. At length sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture; whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honor to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, in the progress of taking which he was interrupted by the canary bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, — really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again, — the owner called him a saucy fellow, and began to show off his own independent powers of entertaining. The forte of these lay chiefly in balancing with one tobacco pipe while he smoked with another; and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him.

While the little bird was thus exhibiting, a huge black cat, which had been, no doubt, on the watch from some unobserved corner, sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of all opposition. Though the dining room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and the mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such di-may, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awakened pity in a misanthrope. He spread himself half length over the table, and mourned his canary bird with the most undissembled sorrow.

"Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing! well may I grieve! More than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drunk from my lip, and slept in my bosom. I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness. Without thee, what will become of me? Thou it was that didst insure my welcome in the best companies. It was thy genius only made me welcome. Thy death is a just punishment for my vanity. Had I relied on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled on my breast, at this moment. But trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table. Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be myself, for I contributed! I ought not to have taken away my eyes, when thine were closed in frolic. O Bijou! my dearest, only Bijou! would I were dead also."

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such were the language and sentiment of the forlorn bird catcher, whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He ~~took~~ from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, ~~and~~ drawing from out of it some wool and cotton that were the wrapping of whistles, bird calls, and other instruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table "as in scorn," and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and

ravaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations. These were now much softened, as is ever the case when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness — when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause.

It is needless to observe that every one of the company sympathized with him; but none more so than the band of musicians, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and after whispering, and wiping their eyes, depute one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird man the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts.

Having wrapped up their contribution, they contrived to put it into the poor man's pocket. As soon as he became aware of what they had done, he took from his pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary seed, the food of the "dear, lost companion of his heart."

There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow: he threw down the contribution money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful, but a desperate, hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed, put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming, "No, poor Bijou; no; thou canst not peck any more out of this hand that has been thy feeding-place so many years; thou canst not remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee. Had it been filled with gold, thou hadst deserved it."

"It should be filled—and with gold," said the master of the house, "if I could afford it."

The good man rose from his seat, which had long been uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put in some silver,

saying, as he handed it to his nearest neighbor, "Who will refuse to follow my example? It is not a contribution for mere charity; it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow; and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike virtue, and ought to be rewarded."

VI.—BALLAD, FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

[JOHN GODFRED HERDER was born at Mohrungen, in Prussia, August 25, 1744, and died at Weimar, December 18, 1803. His profession was that of a clergyman; and he resided for nearly thirty years at Weimar, and was a conspicuous member of that brilliant intellectual circle which the grand duke there gathered about him; comprising Schiller, Wieland, and Goethe. He was a voluminous writer, and his works were published soon after his death, in forty-five octavo volumes. They comprise writings in literature, history, philosophy, and theology. In poetry, says the *Conversations-Lexicon*, "he effected more by his various accomplishments, his vast knowledge, and fine taste, than by creative power; yet he has produced some charming songs; and his *Oid*, a collection of Spanish romances into a kind of epic, is one of the most popular poems of Germany." Herder's private character was pure and elevated.]

AMONG green pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so mild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.

There oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

"And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake his tender mother;
And on an evening bright,
When the red round sun descended
'Mid clouds of crimson light, —

Again the boy was playing;
And earnestly said he,
"O beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me."

"I will find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown;
I will get thee ripe red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down."

"O holy, holy mother,
Put him down from off thy knee;
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

Thus spake the boy so lovely;
The while his mother heard;
But on his prayer she pondered,*
And spake to him no word.

That selfsame night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy;
She thought she saw young Jesus,
There playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,

Rich blessings shall be given,
A thousand-fold to thee.

“For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Shall have, dear child, thy fill.”

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair Child Jesus spoke;
And full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished:
In a short month and day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his death bed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying:
“O mother dear, I see
The beautiful Child Jesus
A-coming down to me;—

“And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries:
Dear mother, let me go.”

He died—but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain;
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again!

VII.—THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

[This account of the Slide of Alpach originally appeared in the German language, and a translation was given in Brewster's Journal, a scientific periodical published in Edinburgh. Mount Pilatus is a mountain near Lucerne, in Switzerland, which, according to an old tradition, firmly believed by the common people, derived its name from Pilate the governor of Judea, who, having been banished to Gaul by the Emperor Tiberius, wandered about among the mountains, a prey to remorse, until he put an end to his unhappy life by throwing himself into a lake on the top of the peak to which his name was afterwards attached. This belief has been confirmed by the dark mantle of clouds in which the summit is commonly wrapped.]

The slide has long since disappeared; the demand for the timber brought down not proving sufficient to meet the expenses attending upon it.]

For many centuries the rugged flanks and deep gorges of Mount Pilatus were covered with impenetrable forests. Lofty precipices encircled them on all sides. Even the daring hunters were scarcely able to reach them; and the inhabitants of the valley had never conceived the idea of disturbing them with the axe. These immense forests were therefore, permitted to grow and to perish without being of the least utility to man, till a foreigner, conducted into their wild recesses in the pursuit of the chamois, was struck with wonder at the sight, and directed the attention of several Swiss gentlemen to the extent and superiority of the timber. The most intelligent and skilful individuals, however, considered it quite impracticable to avail themselves of such inaccessible stores.

It was not till November, 1816, that M.* Rupp and three Swiss gentlemen, entertaining more sanguine hopes, drew up a plan of a slide, founded on trigonometrical measurements. Having purchased a certain extent of the forest from the commune of Alpach for six thousand crowns, they began the construction of the slide, and completed it in the spring of 1818. The slide of Alpach is formed entirely of about twenty-five thousand large pine trees, deprived of their bark, and united together in a very ingenious manner, without the aid of iron. It occupied about one hundred and sixty workmen during eighteen months, and cost nearly one hundred thousand francs, or about twenty

* M. is the abbreviation for *Monsieur*, corresponding to *Mr.* for *Mister*.

thousand dollars. It is about three leagues, or forty-four thousand English feet long, and terminates in the Lake of Lucerne. It has the form of a trough, about six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep. Its bottom is formed of three trees, the middle one of which has a groove cut out in the direction of its length, for receiving small rills of water, which are conducted into it from various places, for the purpose of diminishing the friction. The whole of the slide is sustained by about two thousand supports; and in many places it is attached, in a very ingenious manner, to the rugged precipices of granite.

The direction of the slide is sometimes straight, and sometimes zig-zag, with an inclination of from ten to fifteen degrees. It is often carried along the sides of hills and the flanks of precipitous rocks, and sometimes passes over their summits. Occasionally it goes under ground, and at other times it is conducted over the deep gorges by scaffoldings one hundred and twenty feet in height. The boldness which characterizes this work, the sagacity displayed in all its arrangements, and the skill of the engineer, have excited the wonder of every person who has seen it. Before any step could be taken in its erection, it was necessary to cut down several thousand trees to obtain a passage through the impenetrable thickets; and as the workmen advanced, men were posted at certain distances, in order to point out the road for their return, and to discover, in the gorges, the places where the piles of wood had been established.

M. Rupp was himself obliged, more than once, to be suspended by cords, in order to descend precipices many hundred feet high; and in the first months of the undertaking, he was attacked with a violent fever, which deprived him of the power of superintending his workmen. Nothing, however, could diminish his invincible perseverance. He was carried every day to the mountain in a barrow, to direct the labors of the workmen, which was absolutely necessary, as he had scarcely two good carpenters among them all; the rest having been hired by accident, without any knowledge which such an undertaking required. M. Rupp had also to contend against the prejudices of the peasantry. He was supposed to have

communion with the devil. He was charged with heresy, and every obstacle was thrown in the way of an enterprise which they regarded as absurd and impracticable. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted, and he had at last the satisfaction of observing the trees descend from the mountain with the rapidity of lightning. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, and ten inches thick at their smaller extremity, ran through the space of three leagues, or nearly nine miles, in *two minutes and a half*, and during their descent they appeared to be only a few feet in length.

The arrangements for this part of the operation were extremely simple. From the lower end of the slide to the upper end, where the trees were introduced, workmen were posted at regular distances, and as soon as every thing was ready, the workman at the lower end of the slide cried out to the one above him, "Let go." The cry was repeated from one to another, and reached the top in *three minutes*. The workman at the top of the slide then cried out to the one below him, "It comes," and the tree was launched down the slide, preceded by the cry, which was repeated from post to post. As soon as the tree had reached the bottom, and plunged into the lake, the cry was repeated as before, and a new tree launched in a similar manner. By these means a tree descended every five or six minutes, provided no accident happened to the slide, which sometimes took place, but which was instantly repaired when it did.

In order to show the enormous force which the trees acquired from the great velocity of their descent, M. Rupp made arrangements for causing some of the trees to spring from the slide. They penetrated by their thickest extremities no less than from eighteen to twenty-four feet in the earth, and one of the trees having by accident struck against the other, it instantly cleft it through its whole length, as if it had been struck by lightning. After the trees had descended the slide, they were collected into rafts upon the lake, and conducted to Lucerne. From thence they descended the Reuss, then the

Aar, to near Brugg, afterwards to Waldshut by the Rhine, then to Basle, and even to the sea, when it was necessary. * In order that none of the small wood might be lost, M. Rupp established in the forest large manufactories of charcoal. He erected magazines for preserving it when manufactured, and had made arrangements for the construction of barrels for the purpose of carrying it to the market. In winter, when the slide was covered with snow, the barrels were made to descend on a kind of sledge. The wood which was not fit for being carbonized was heaped up and burned, and the ashes packed up and carried away during the winter.

VIII.—SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

MORNING.—*Milton.*

SWEET is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

MAY MORNING.—*Leigh Hunt.*

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
 Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay;
 A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
 Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green
 For a warm eve and gentle rains at night
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the light.
 And there's a crystal clearness all about;
 The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;

A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze ;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees ;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassier soil ;
And all the scene, in short,—sky, earth, and sea,—
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

TWILIGHT.—*Byron.*

Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, when I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft ;
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day hymn stole aloft ;
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay.

EVENING.—*Milton.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk ; all but the wakeful nightingale :
She all night long her amorous descant sung.
Silence was pleased ; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires. Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MOONLIGHT.—*Shakspeare.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

A FOREST SCENE.—*Longfellow.*

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the
 hemlock
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the
 twilight,
 Stand like Druids of old with voices sad and prophetic,
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
 Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring
 ocean
 Speaks, and in accents discordant answers the wail of the forest.

AN ENGLISH PARK SCENE.—*Byron.*

It stood embosomed in a happy valley
 Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
 Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
 His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder stroke.

And from beneath his bough were seen to sally
 The dappled foresters as day awoke.
 The branching stag swept down with all his herd
 To quaff a brook that murmured like a bird.
 Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
 By a river, which its softened way did take
 In currents through the calmer water spread
 Around; the wild fowl nestled in the brake
 And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;
 The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
 With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

THE DYING PHEASANT.—*Pope.*

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah, what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

A SEA SHELL.—*Landor.*

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,
 His chariot wheel stands mid way in the wave.*
 Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
 Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

* That is, at sunset, when the disk of the sun is half way below the horizon, and his day's course has been completed. This last is poetically expressed by saying that his chariot has reached the palace porch, and that the horses have been taken from it.

VOICE OF THE WIND.—*Henry Taylor.*

The wind, when first he rose and went abroad
Through the waste region, felt himself at fault,
Wanting a voice, and suddenly to earth
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
Where, wandering volatile, from kind to kind,
He wooed the several trees to give him one.
First he besought the ash; the voice she lent
Fitfully, with a free and lashing change,
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties:
The aspen next; a fluttered frivolous twitter
Was her sole tribute: from the willow came,
So long as dainty summer dressed her out,
A whispering sweetness; but her winter note
Was hissing, dry, and reedy: lastly the pine
Did he solicit; and from her he drew
A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,
That there he rested, welcoming in her
A mild memorial of the ocean cave
Where he was born.

SONG OF PRAISE.—*Milton.*

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circle, praise him in thy sphere
While day arises; that sweet hour of prime.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines—
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.

IX. — COWPER'S TAME HARES

COWPER.

[WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhamstead, in Bedfordshire, England, November 15, 1731, and died April 5, 1800. He was of an extremely delicate and sensitive organization; and he had the misfortune, when only six years old, to lose an affectionate mother, whom he has commemorated in one of the most popular and beautiful of his poems. He was educated at Westminster school, where his gentle nature suffered much at the hands of older and rougher lads. He spent some time in the study of the law, and was called to the bar; but his morbid temperament was found unequal to the discharge of professional and official duties. He declined the struggles and the prizes of an active career, and retired into the country, to a life of seclusion; living for many years in the family of Mr. Unwin, an English clergyman. His first volume of poems, containing *Table Talk*, *Hope*, *The Progress of Error*, *Charity*, &c., was published in 1782, when he was fifty-one years old. It rarely happens that a poet's first appearance is so late in life. This volume did not attract much attention. But in 1784 he published *The Task*, which was received with much more favor. Its vigorous and manly style, its energetic moral tone, and its charming pictures of natural scenery and domestic life, were soon appreciated, although the general taste, at that time, preferred a more artificial style of poetry. After the publication of *The Task*, he spent some years in preparing a translation of *Homer* into blank verse, which was published in 1791. This is, on the whole, the best translation of *Homer* into English; that is, it gives a reader not acquainted with the original the best idea of its form and spirit.]

Many of Cowper's smaller pieces still enjoy great and deserved popularity. Like many men of habitual melancholy, he had a vein of humor running through his nature. His *John Gilpin* is a well-known instance of this; and the same quality throws a frequent charm over his correspondence. Cowper's life is full of deep and sad interest. His mind was more than once eclipsed by insanity, and often darkened by melancholy. He had tender and loving friends, who watched over him with affectionate and unflinching interest. His most intimate friendships were with women; and there is a striking contrast between the masculine vigor of his style and his feminine habits and manner of life.

His letters are perhaps the best in the language. They are not superior, as intellectual efforts, to those of Gray, Walpole, Byron, or Scott; but they have in the highest degree that conversational ease and playful grace which we most desire in this class of writings. They are not epistolary essays, but genuine letters — the unstudied effusions of the heart, meant for no eye but that of the person to whom they are addressed. Cowper's life has been written, and his poems and prose writings edited, by Southey; and they form a work of great interest, and permanent value in literature.]

In the year 1774, being much indisposed in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbor of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time

about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the stranger under my protection, perceiving that in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment that my case required. It was soon known among the neighbors that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary I should distinguish here by the names I gave them — Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellations, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in. Each had a separate apartment; and in the daytime they had the range of a hall. At night each retired to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep on my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows that they might not molest him, and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery — a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted.

Finding him exceedingly tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always, after breakfast, into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of the cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening: in the

leaves of that vine also he found a favorite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming on my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was impossible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed; the shyness of his temper was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney: upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to caress him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter for mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him, too, I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was fully grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humor and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlor after supper, where, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess on the cheek — an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under the paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals, as having each a character of his own. Such were they in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest ; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar—a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it.

These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burned in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the closest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favorites : to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them ; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once ; his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has told me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence ; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that if they seem impressed with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

X. — THE PARROT.

CAMPBELL.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, July 27, 1777, and died in Boulogne, in France, June 15, 1844. His first poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*, was published in 1799, and was universally read and admired. His *Gertrude of Wyoming* was published in 1809, and was received with equal favor. It contains passages of great descriptive beauty, and the concluding portions are full of pathos; but the story moves languidly, and there is a want of truth in the costume, and of probability in the incidents. His genius is seen to greater advantage in his shorter poems, such as *O'Connor's Child*, *Lochiel's Warning*, *Hohenlinden*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, and *Ye Mariners of England*. These are matchless poems; with a ring and power that stir the blood, and at the same time a magic of expression which fastens the words forever to the memory.

No poet of our times has contributed so much, in proportion to the extent of his writings, to that stock of established quotations which pass along from lip to lip, and from pen to pen, without any thought as to their origin. Campbell lived, during the greater part of his life, after early manhood, in London or its neighborhood, and was for some years editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. He wrote in prose with grace and animation. The preliminary essay prefixed to his *Specimens of the British poets* (first published in 1819) is an admirable piece of criticism, and is earnestly commended to all who wish to comprehend the wealth of the poetical literature of England. Campbell's dignity of character was hardly equal to his intellectual gifts; and shadows of infirmity sometimes darkened the bright disk of his genius. He was much tried in his domestic relations. His wife, whom he tenderly loved, died many years before him; and of two sons, his whole family, one died in childhood, and the other, who survived his father, was of infirm mind from his birth.

More detailed accounts of Campbell's life and writings may be found in his *Life and Letters*, by Dr. William Beattie, and in a good biographical sketch by Mr. Epes Sargent, prefixed to an edition of his poems published by Phillips, Sampson, & Co., of Boston, in 1854.]

The deep affections of the breast,
That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possessed
By human hearts.

A parrot, from the Spanish Main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chattered many a day;
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew gray.

At last, when, seeming blind and dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech;
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down, and died.*

XI.—THE GOLD AND SILVER SHIELD.

[This piece, introduced mainly for the excellent moral it conveys, on the danger of rash decisions and the propriety of looking at both sides of a question, is taken from the *Elegant Extracts*; and it there appears with the name of BRAUMONT—who he was I have not been able to learn.]

IN the days of knight errantry and paganism, one of our old British princes set up a statue to the goddess of victory in a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield. The outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed, in the old British language, "To the goddess

* The above poem records an incident which actually took place.

ever favorable " and on the other, " For four victories obtained successively over the Picts and other inhabitants of the northern islands."

It happened one day that two knights completely armed, one in black armor, the other in white, arrived, from opposite parts of the country, at this statue, just about the same time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscription, and observe the excellence of its workmanship.

After contemplating it for some time, " This golden shield," says the black knight. " Golden shield!" cried the white knight, who was as strictly observing the opposite side; " why, if I have my eyes, it is silver." " I know nothing of your eyes," replied the black knight, " but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one." " Yes," returned the white knight, smiling, " it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this: for my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people who pass this way; and it appears by the date, that this has been here above three years."

The black knight could not bear the smile with which this was delivered, and grew so warm in the dispute that it soon ended in a challenge; they both therefore turned their horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career; then fixing their spears in their rests, they flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground, much wounded and bruised, and lay there for some time as in a trance.

A good Druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The Druids were the physicians of those times, as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him, which he had composed himself, for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the fields or in the forests; he stanch'd their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds, and brought them, as it were, from death to life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to inquire into the occasion of their quarrel. " Why, this man," cried the black

knight, "will have it that yonder shield is silver." "And he will have it," replied the white knight, "that it is gold," and then told him all the particulars of the affair.

"Ah," said the Druid with a sigh, "you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong: had either of you given himself time to look at the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided; however, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit me, therefore, to entreat you by all our gods, and by this goddess of victory in particular, never to enter into any dispute for the future, till you have fairly considered both sides of the question."

XII.—ENVY AND EMULATION.

MRS. BARBAULD.

[ANNA LETITIA AIKIN was born in Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, England, June 20, 1743, was married to the Rev. Rochemond Barbauld, a gentleman of French extraction, in 1774, and died March 29, 1825. Her father, the Rev. John Aikin, was teacher of a boys' school, and by him she was carefully and well educated. For many years after her marriage she assisted her husband in the instruction of youth, in which she showed great skill. Her *Early Lessons*, and her *Hymns in Prose*,—for which so many children, both in England and America, have had occasion to be grateful to her,—were written as practical manuals for the training of some of her own pupils. She also assisted her brother, the Rev. Dr. Aikin, in the composition of that admirable book, *Evenings at Home*.

Mrs. Barbauld wrote admirably in prose, and her poetry is always graceful and polished, and occasionally elevated and impressive,—especially in her moral and religious pieces. She was a warm friend of religious and political liberty, at a time when the cause of liberty was not so popular in England as it is now; and some of her occasional pamphlets, called forth by the political questions of the day, are written with masculine vigor and eloquence. Her manners and conversation were attractive, and she had a large circle of loving and admiring friends.

Mrs. Barbauld's works were collected, after her death, and published in two volumes, with a memoir by her niece, Miss Lucy Aikin.]

At one of the celebrated schools of painting in Italy, a young man named Giudotto* produced a piece so excellent that

* The first syllable in this word is pronounced like the word *Jew*.

it gained the admiration of all the masters in the art. This performance was looked upon with very different eyes by two of his fellow-scholars.

Brunello, the elder of them, who had himself acquired some reputation in his studies, regarded all the honor Giudotto had acquired as so much taken from himself, and longed for nothing else so much as to see him lose the credit he had gained. Afraid openly to decry the merit of a work which had gained the approbation of the best judges, he threw out secret insinuations that Giudotto had been assisted in it by one or other of his masters; and he affected to represent it as a sort of lucky hit, which the reputed author would probably never equal.

Not so Lorenzo. Though a very young proficient in the art, he comprehended in its full extent the excellence of Giudotto's performance, and became one of his sincerest admirers. Fired with the praises he daily heard bestowed on Giudotto, his fellow-pupil, he ardently desired to deserve the same, and placed him before his eyes as a model, which it was his highest ambition to equal. He entered with his whole soul into the career of improvement, was the first and last of all the scholars in the designing room, and devoted to practice those hours at home which other youths passed in amusement. It was long before he could please himself with any of his attempts, and he was continually repeating to himself, "Alas! how far distant is this from Giudotto's!" At length, however, he had the satisfaction of becoming sensible of his progress; and having received considerable applause for one of his performances, he ventured to say to himself, "And why may not I too become a Giudotto?"

Giudotto had now prepared, for the anniversary of the day when prizes were awarded in the school, a piece which was to excel all he had before executed. He had just finished it on the evening before the exhibition, and nothing remained but to heighten the color by means of a transparent varnish. The malignant Brunello contrived artfully to convey into the vial

containing his varnish, some drops of a caustic preparation, the effect of which would be to entirely destroy the beauty and splendor of the piece. Giudotto laid it on by candle light, and then with great satisfaction hung up his picture in the public room against the morrow. Lorenzo, with vast application, had finished a piece, which he humbly hoped might appear not greatly inferior to some of Giudotto's earlier performances.

The important day arrived. The company assembled in the great room, where the light had just been fully admitted by drawing a curtain. All went up to Giudotto's picture, when, behold, instead of the beauty which they had conceived, there was nothing but a dead surface of confused and blotched colors. The unfortunate youth burst into an agony of tears, and exclaimed that he was betrayed and undone. Lorenzo, little less affected than Giudotto himself, cried out, "Gentlemen, this is not Giudotto's work: I saw it when only half finished, and it was then an exquisite performance."

Every one admired Lorenzo, and sympathized in the disgrace of Giudotto; but it was impossible to adjudge the prize to his picture, in the state in which they beheld it. It was therefore awarded to Lorenzo, who presented it to Giudotto, saying, "Take what merit would have acquired you, had not the basest malice and envy defrauded you of it. If hereafter I may aspire to equal you, it shall be by means of fair competition, not by the aid of treachery."

Lorenzo's noble conduct excited the warmest encomiums among the judges, who at length determined that for this time there should be two equal prizes distributed; for, if Giudotto had deserved the prize of painting, Lorenzo was entitled to that of virtue.

XIII. — SENECA LAKE.

PERCIVAL.

[JAMES GATES PERCIVAL was born in Kensington, Connecticut, September 15, 1795, and died in May, 1856. Most of his poems were written in youth and early manhood. They are musical, inventive, marked by a brilliant and creative fancy, and a copious command of expressive language; but, in general, they lack the warmth and interest which come from the passions and affections of the human heart.]

Mr. Percival was a man of various and profound learning, both in science and literature, especially in geology, botany, geography, and philosophy. His habits were peculiar and eccentric; and for many years before his death he lived in great seclusion.]

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side!

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O, I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning break,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

XIV.—THE HILL OF SCIENCE. A VISION.

MRS. BARBAULD.

IN that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discolored foliage of the trees, and all the sweet but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country. till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast, extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardor in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared. "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the Temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the Gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were

continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices and dissonant sounds, which increased upon me to such a degree that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony, and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain, and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more; while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend farther, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briers. This was called the Wood of Error; and I heard the voices of many who were lost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavoring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it, yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers, springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colors than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noonday was never stronger than that of a bright moonshine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted

in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration; but his progress was unequal and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths, and made so many excursions from the road that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned and turned aside her face.

While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing seemed harsh and ill tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tripped at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accom-

pany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavoring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, (for so she was called,) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon she persuaded them to delay.

Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity which at first appeared in their countenance changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the Stream of Insignificance—a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the Gulf of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. "Happy," said I, "are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!" But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. "Happier," said she, "are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content!" "What," said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?" "I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain; I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity." While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

XV. — HOME.

CONDER

* [From a volume entitled *Star in the East*, and other poems, by JOSIAH CONDER, published in London, in 1824. Mr. Conder is also the author of a *Dictionary of Geography*, and the compiler of a work in thirty small volumes, called *The Modern Traveller*.]

THAT is not home where, day by day,
 I wear the busy hours away;
 That is not home where lonely night
 Prepares me for the toils of light:
 'Tis hope, and joy, and memory give
 A home in which the heart can live.

These walls no lingering hopes endear,
No fond remembrance chains me here ;
Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh :
Eliza, canst thou tell me why ?
'Tis where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home ;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main,
The warrior's on the tented plain,
The maiden's in her bower of rest,
The infant's on its mother's breast :
But where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride ;
They are too high, and cold, and wide.
No home is by the wanderer found :
'Tis not in place ; it hath no bound :
It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear :
A law of strange, attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind ;
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend :
Where'er thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

My love, forgive the anxious sigh —
I hear the moments rushing by,

And think that life is fleeting fast,
 That youth with health will soon be past.
 O, when will time consenting give
 The home in which my heart can live?
 There shall the past and future meet,
 And o'er our couch, in union sweet,
 Extend their cherub wings, and shower
 Bright influence on the present hour.
 O, when shall Israel's mystic guide,
 The pillared cloud, our steps decide,
 Then, resting, spread its guardian shade,
 To bless the home which love hath made?
 Daily, my love, shall thence arise
 Our hearts' united sacrifice,
 And home indeed a home will be,
 Thus consecrate and shared with thee.

XVI.—THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

JANE TAYLOR.

[JANE TAYLOR was born in London, September 23, 1782, and died April 12, 1821. Her father was a writer of books, and one of her brothers is the celebrated author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*, *Saturday Evening*, &c. She wrote *Display*, a tale, *Essays in Rhyme on Morals and Manners*, *Original Poems for Infant Minds*, (a favorite book with children, and deservedly so,) and *Rhymes for the Nursery*. She also contributed many articles to the *Youth's Magazine*, under the signature of Q. Q., conveying sound moral and religious instruction in an attractive style. These were collected and published after her death, and they have been republished in this country. Her writings are all excellent in their tone and spirit, and of considerable literary merit.]

The Discontented Pendulum—which first appeared in the *Youth's Magazine*—is an admirable specimen of the allegory; a form of composition in which the real interest, or primary object, is communicated by a discourse which has also a secondary or subordinate meaning. Here we have a supposed conversation between the several portions of a kitchen clock; but this would have no interest or value but for the moral truth intended to be conveyed; and this latter forms the primary subject. The first conception of this particular instrument, or medium, is very lugubrious and happy, because it permits the analogy to be carried along to the end in the most natural manner possible. Once starting with the clock, all the rest seems to suggest itself. The moral lesson taught is of much practical value; and the duties of life would be lightened if we could all come to the same cheerful state of mind that the pendulum did.]

AN old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this the dial plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below, from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good," replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness; you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and if you please, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to

be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours : perhaps some of you, above there, can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being quick at figures, instantly replied, "eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect: so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that so useful and industrious a person as you are should have been overcome by this sudden suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time. So have we all, and are likely to do; and, although this may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you, now, do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that although you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed ; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to wag, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever ; and a beam of the rising sun that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MORAL. — It is said by a celebrated modern writer, "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves." This is an admirable hint, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well doing," from the thought of having a great deal to do. The present is all we have to manage : the past is irrecoverable ; the future is uncertain ; nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the moment is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still need set but one step at a time, and this process, continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last : if one could be sustained, so can another, and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience, that may be expected. "Now, this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon one. Let any one resolve to do right now, leaving then

to do as it can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never err. But the common error is, to resolve to act right to-morrow, or next time; but now, just this once, we must go on the same as ever.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, then will be now. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future which the present never fulfils.

It is not thus with those who, "by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, honor, and immortality." Day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned; and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labors, and their "works follow them."

Let us then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might," recollecting that now is the proper and the accepted time.

XVII. — THE SCHWEIN-GENERAL.*

SIR F. B. HEAD.

[SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD is a living English author, who has written *Rough Notes* taken during some rapid journeys across the Pampas, *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, *The Emigrant*, and *A Fagot of French Sticks*. His style is animated and picturesque, and his works are deservedly popular. He was formerly governor of Upper Canada.

The following sketch is taken from his *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, a work describing the mineral springs of the grand duchy of Nassau, and the ways and habits of German watering-places in general.] *

EVERY morning, at half past five o'clock, I hear, as I am dressing, the sudden blast of an immense wooden horn, from which always proceed the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild sound, and the vibration has scarcely subsided; it is still ringing among the distant hills, when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street,

* *Schwein*, pronounced *schwine*, is the German for *swine*. The whole word means *swine-leader*, or *swine-herd*. *

behold a pig! Some, from their jaded, care-worn, dragged appearance, are evidently leaving behind them a numerous litter; others are great, tall, monastic-looking creatures, which seem to have no other object left in this wretched world than to become bacon; while others are thin, tiny, light-hearted, brisk, petulant piglings, with the world and all its loves and sorrows before them. Of their own accord these creatures proceed down the street to join the herdsman, who occasionally continues to repeat the sorrowful blast from his horn.

Gregarious, or naturally fond of society, with one curl in their tails, and with their noses almost touching the ground, the pigs trot on, grunting to themselves and to their comrades, halting only whenever they come to any thing they can manage to swallow.

I have observed that the old ones pass all the carcasses, which, trailing to the ground, are hanging before the butcher's shops, as if they were on a sort of bond of honor not to touch them; the middle-aged ones wistfully eye this meat, yet jog on also; while the piglings, that (so like mankind) have more appetite than judgment, can rarely resist taking a nibble; yet no sooner does the dead calf begin again to move, than from the window immediately above out pops the head of a butcher, who, drinking his coffee, whip in hand, inflicts a prompt punishment, sounding quite equal to the offence.

As I have stated, the pigs, generally speaking, proceed of their own accord; but shortly after they have passed, there comes down our street a little barcheaded, barefooted, stunted dab of a child, about eleven years old—a Flibbertigibbet sort of creature, which, in a drawing, one would express by a couple of blots; the small one for her head, the other for her body; while streaming from the latter there would be a long line ending in a flourish, to express the immense whip which the child carries in her hand.

This little goblin page, the whipper-in attendant or aide-de-camp of the old pig-driver, facetiously called, at Langenschwalbach, the "Schwein-general," is a being no one looks at, and who looks at nobody.

Whether the inns of Schwalbach are full of strangers or empty; whether the promenades are occupied by princes or peasants; whether the weather be good or bad, hot or rainy,—she apparently never stops to consider; upon such vague subjects, it is evident, she never for a moment has reflected. But such a pair of eyes, for a pig, have perhaps seldom beamed from human sockets. The little intelligent urchin knows every house from which a pig ought to have proceeded; she can tell by the door being open or shut, and even by foot-marks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or whether, having overslept itself, it is still snoring in its sty: a single glance determines whether she shall pass a yard or enter it; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp cannot be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it. As soon as, finishing with one street, she joins her general in the main road, the herd slowly proceed down the town.

Besides the little girl who brought up the rear, the herd was preceded by a boy about fourteen, whose duty it was not to let the foremost, the most enterprising, or, in other words, the most empty pig, advance too fast. In the middle of the drove, surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly stalked the "Schwein-general," a wan, spectral-looking old man, worn out, or nearly so, by the arduous and every-day duty of conducting, against their wills, a gang of exactly the most obstinate animals in creation. A single glance at his jaundiced, ill-natured countenance was sufficient to satisfy one that his temper had been soured by the vexatious contrarieties and "untoward events" it had met with.

In his left hand he held a staff to help himself onwards, while round his right shoulder hung one of the most terrific whips that could possibly be constructed. At the end of a short handle turning upon a swivel there was a lash about nine feet long, formed like the vertebrae of a snake, each joint being an iron ring, which, decreasing in size, was closely connected with its neighbor by a band of hard, greasy leather. The

pliability, the weight, and the force of this iron whip rendered it an argument which the obstinacy even of the pig was unable to resist; yet, as the old man proceeded down the town, he endeavored to speak kindly to the herd, and as the bulk of them preceded him, jostling each other, grumbling and grunting on their way, he occasionally exclaimed in a low, hollow, worn-out tone of encouragement, "Nina! Anina!" (drawling of course very long on the last syllable.)

If any little savory morsel caused a contention or stoppage on the march, the old fellow slowly unwound his dreadful whip, and by merely whirling it round his head, like reading the riot act, he generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd; but if they neglected this solemn warning, if their stomachs proved stronger than their judgments, and if the group of greedy pigs still continued to stagnate, "Arriff!" the old fellow exclaimed, and rushing forwards, the lash whirling round his head, he inflicted, with strength which no one could have fancied he possessed, a smack that seemed absolutely to electrify the leader. As lightning shoots across the heavens, I observed the culprit fly forward; and for many yards, continuing to sidle towards the left, it was quite evident that the thorn was still smarting in his side; and no wonder, poor fellow! for the blow he received would almost have cut a piece out of a door.

As soon as the herd got out of the town they began gradually to ascend the rocky, barren mountain which appeared towering above them; and then the labors of the Schwein-general and his staff became greater than ever; for as the animals from their solid column began to extend or deploy themselves into line, it was necessary constantly to ascend or descend the slippery hill, in order to outflank them. "Arriff!" vociferated the old man, striding after one of his rebellious subjects. "Arriff!" in a shrill tone of voice, was echoed by the lad, as he ran after another. However, in due time the drove reached the ground which was devoted to their day's exercise, the whole mountain being thus taken in regular succession.

The Schwein-general now halted, and the pigs being no

longer called upon to advance, but being left entirely to their own notions, I became exceedingly anxious attentively to observe them.

No wonder, poor reflecting creatures! that they had come unwillingly to such a spot, for there appeared literally to be nothing for them to eat but hot stones and dust; however, making the best of the bargain, they all very vigorously set themselves to work. Looking up the hill, they dexterously began to lift up with their snouts the largest of the loose stones, and then grubbing their noses into the cool ground, I watched their proceedings for a very long time. Their tough, wet snouts seemed to be sensible of the quality of every thing they touched; and thus out of the apparently barren ground they managed to get fibres of roots, to say nothing of worms, beetles, or any other travelling insects they met with. As they slowly advanced working up the hill, their ears most philosophically shading their eyes from the hot sun, I could not help feeling how little we appreciate the delicacy of several of their senses, and the extreme acuteness of their instinct.

There exists perhaps in creation no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than a pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for and analyzing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.

While his faculties are still his own, only observe how, with a bark or snort, he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright, twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal, finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally most eagerly, or, as we accuse him, most greedily, greets its arrival. Having no natural

business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and dies!

But to return to the Schwein-general, whom, with his horn and whip, I have left on the steep side of a barren mountain.

In this situation do the pigs remain every morning for four hours, enjoying little else than air and exercise. At about nine or ten o'clock they begin their march homeward; and nothing can form a greater contrast than their entry into their native town does to their exit from it.

Their eager anxiety to get to the dinner trough that awaits them is almost ungovernable; and they no sooner reach the first houses of the town, than a general rush takes place; away each then starts towards his home; and it is really curious to stand still and watch how very quickly they canter by, greedily grunting and snuffing, as if they could smell with their stomachs, as well as their noses, the savory food which was awaiting them.

At half past four the same four notes are heard again; the pigs once more assemble—once more tumble over the hot stones on the mountain—once more remain there for four hours—and in the evening once again return to their sties.*

* Upon the publication of the Bubbles, which immediately became very popular, the town of Langen-Schwalbach was visited by swarms of English travellers. The "Schwein-general" rose into great importance, and his head was well nigh turned with the interest he awakened, and the attentions he received. He disposed of his horn to one curiosity collector, and of his whip to another; and at prices much beyond their intrinsic value.

XVIII.—THE CORAL GROVE.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain's drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse * is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending, like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,

* The dulse is a species of seaweed of a reddish brown color, found in considerable quantities on the coast of Scotland. It adheres to the rocks, in strips of ten or twelve inches long and about half an inch broad.

When the wind god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore,
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
And the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

XIX.—MIDSHIPMEN'S PRANKS.

BASIL HALL.

[BASIL HALL was born in Edinburgh, in 1788, and died in 1844. He was a post captain in the British navy at the time of his death. He was the author of *A Voyage of Discovery to the Western Coast of Corea, and the Great Loo Choo Island, in the Japan Sea*; of *Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822*; of *Travels in North America, published in 1823*; of *Fragments of Voyages and Travels, in three series*; of *Schloss Hansfield, or a Winter in Lower Styria*; and of a collection of detached papers called *Patchwork*. His style is vigorous and occasionally picturesque; he describes accurately what he sees; and he has considerable humor, and tells a story well. His travels in this country did not add much to his reputation. He was a good observer, but not a philosophical thinker; and thus his descriptions are good, but his inferences and speculations are of little value.

Captain Hall was a man of respectable scientific attainments, and contributed several papers to scientific journals, and to the *Transactions of the various learned societies of which he was a member*.

[This extract is from the first series of his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*.]

DURING the long winter of our slothful discontent at Bermuda, caused by the peace of Amiens, the grand resource both of the idle and the busy, among all classes of the Leander's officers, was shooting—that never-ending, still-beginning amusement, which Englishmen carry to the remotest corners of the habitable globe—popping away in all countries, thinking only of the game, and often but too reckless of the prejudices or fears of the natives. This propensity is indulged even in those uninhabited regions of the earth which are visited only once in an age; and if Captain Parry had reached the pole, he would unquestionably have had a shot at the axis of the earth.

In the mean time, the officers and the young gentlemen of the flagship at Bermuda, in the beginning of 1803,—I suppose to keep their hands in for the war which they saw brewing, and hourly prayed for,—were constantly blazing away among the cedar groves and orange plantations of those fairy islands, which appeared more and more beautiful after every such excursion. The midshipmen were generally obliged to content themselves with knocking down the blue and the red birds with the ship's pistols, charged with his majesty's gunpowder, and, for want of small shot, with slugs formed by cutting up his majesty's musket bullets. The officers aimed at higher game, and were, of course, better provided with guns and ammunition. Several of these gentlemen had brought from England some fine dogs—high-bred pointers; while the middies, not to be outdone, must needs have a dog of their own; they recked very little of what breed, but some sort of animal they said they must have.

I forget how we procured the strange-looking beast whose services we contrived to engage; but, having once obtained him, we were not slow in giving him our best affections. It is true he was as ugly as any thing could possibly be. His color was a dirty reddish yellow; and while a part of his hair twisted itself up in curls, a part hung down quite straight, almost to the ground. He was utterly useless for all the purposes of real sport, but good enough to furnish the mids with plenty of fun when they went on shore—in chasing pigs, barking at old, white-headed negresses, and other amusements, suited to the exalted taste and habits of the rising generation of officers.

People will differ as to the merits of dogs; but we had no doubt as to the great superiority of ours over all the others on board, though the name we gave him certainly implied no such confidence on our part. After a full deliberation we decided to call him Shakings. Now, it must be explained that shakings is the name given to small fragments of rope yarns, odds and ends of cordage, bits of oakum, old lanyards—

In short, to any kind of refuse arising out of the wear and tear of the ropes. This odd name was, perhaps, bestowed on our beautiful favorite in consequence of his color not being dissimilar to that of well-tarred Russia hemp; while the resemblance was increased by many a dab of pitch, which his rough coat imbibed from the seams between the planks of the deck in the hot weather.

If old Shakings was no beauty, he was at least the most companionable of dogs; and though he dearly loved the midshipmen, and was dearly beloved by them in return, he had enough of the animal in his composition to take a still higher pleasure in the society of his own kind. So that, when the high-bred, showy pointers belonging to the officers came on board, after a shooting excursion, Mr. Shakings lost no time in applying to them for the news. The pointers, who liked this sort of familiarity very well, gave poor Shakings all sorts of encouragement. Not so their masters: they could not bear to see such an abominable cur, as they called our favorite, at once so dirty and so utterly useless, mixing with their sleek and well-kept animals. At first their dislike was confined to such insulting expressions as these; then it came to an occasional kick, or a knock on the nose with the but-end of a fowling piece; and lastly, to a sound cut with the hunting whip.

Shakings, who instinctively knew his place, took all this, like a sensible fellow, in good part; while the mids, when out of hearing of the high powers, uttered curses both loud and deep against the tyranny and oppression exercised against an animal which, in their fond fancy, was declared to be worth all the dogs in the ward room put together. They were little prepared, however, for the stroke which soon fell upon them, perhaps in consequence of these very murmurs. To their great horror and indignation, one of the lieutenants, provoked at some liberty which Master Shakings had taken with his newly-polished boot, called out one morning,—

“Man the jolly-boat, and land that dirty, ugly beast of a dog belonging to the young gentlemen.”

"Where shall I take him to, sir?" asked the strokesman of the boat.

"O, any where; pull to the nearest part of the shore, and pitch him out on the rocks. He'll shift for himself, I have no doubt." So off went poor, dear Shakings.

If a stranger had come into the midshipmen's berth at that moment he might have thought his majesty's naval service was about to be broken up.

All allegiance, discipline, or subordination seemed utterly cancelled by this horrible act. Many were the execrations hurled upwards at the offending officers, who, we thought, were combining to make our lives miserable. Some of our party voted for writing a letter of remonstrance to the admiral against this unheard-of outrage; and one youth swore deeply that he would leave the service, unless justice was obtained. But as he had been known to swear the same thing half a dozen times every day since he joined the ship, no great notice was taken of his pledge. Another declared upon his word of honor, that such an act was enough to make a man turn Turk, and fly his country.

At last, by general agreement, it was decided that we should not do a bit of duty, or even stir from our seats, till we obtained redress for our grievances. However, while we were in the very act of vowing mutiny and disobedience, the hands were turned up to "furl sails;" upon which the whole party, totally forgetting their magnanimous resolution, scudded up the ladders, and jumped into their stations with more than usual alacrity, wisely thinking that the moment for actual revolt had not yet arrived.

A better scheme than throwing up the service, or writing to the admiral, or turning Mussulmans, was afterwards concocted. The midshipman who went on shore in the next boat easily got hold of poor Shakings, who was howling on the steps of the watering-place. In order to conceal him, he was stuffed, neck and crop, into the captain's cloak bag, brought safely on board, and restored once more to the bosom of his friends.

* In spite of all we could do, however, to keep Master Shakings below, he presently found his way to the quarter deck to receive the congratulations of the other dogs. There he was soon detected by the higher powers, and very shortly afterwards trundled over the gangway, and again tossed on the beach. Upon this occasion he was honored by the presence of one of his own masters, a middy, sent upon this express duty, who was specially desired to land the brute, and not to bring him on board again. Of course this particular youngster did not bring the dog off; but before night, somehow or other, old Shakings was snoring away in grand chorus with his more fashionable friends, the pointers, and dreaming no evil, before the door of the very officer's cabin whose beautifully-polished boots he had brushed by so rudely in the morning—an offence that had led to his banishment.

This second return of our dog was too much. The whole posse of us were sent for on the quarter deck, and in very distinct terms positively ordered not to bring Shakings on board again. These injunctions having been given, this wretched victim, as we termed him, of oppression was once more landed amongst the cedar groves.

This time he remained a full week on shore; but how or when he found his way off again no one ever knew; at least no one chose to divulge. Never was there any thing like the mutual joy felt by Shakings and his two dozen masters. He careered about the ship, barked and yelled with delight, and, in his raptures, actually leaped, with his dirty feet, on the milk-white duck trousers of the disgusted officers, who heartily wished him at the bottom of the anchorage.

XX.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

WE had a grand jollification on the night of Shakings's restoration; and his health was in the very act of being drunk with

three times three, when the officer of the watch, hearing an uproar below, the sounds of which were conveyed distinctly up the wind-sail, sent down to put our lights out; and we were forced to march off, growling, to our hammocks.

Next day, to our surprise and horror, old Shakings was not to be seen or heard of. We searched every where, interrogated the cockswains of all the boats, and cross-questioned the marines who had been sentries during the night on the fore-castle, gang-way, and poop; but all in vain. No trace of Shakings could be found.

At length the idea began to gain ground amongst us that the poor beast had been put an end to by some diabolical means; and our ire mounted accordingly. This suspicion seemed the more natural, as the officers said not a word about the matter, nor even asked us what we had done with our dog. While we were in this state of excitement and distraction for our loss, one of the midshipmen, who had some drollery in his composition, gave a new turn to the expression of our thoughts.

This gentleman, who was more than twice as old as most of us,—say about thirty,—had won the affections of the whole of our class by the gentleness of his manners and the generous part he always took on our side. He bore among us the pet name of Daddy; and certainly he was like a father to those among us, who, like myself, were quite adrift in the ship, without any one to look after them.

It will easily be supposed that our kind Daddy took more than usual interest in this affair of Shakings, and that he was applied to by us at every stage of the transaction. He was sadly perplexed, of course, when the dog was finally missing; and, for some days, he could give us no comfort, nor suggest any mode of revenge which was not too dangerous for his young friends to put in practice. He prudently observed that, as we had no certainty to go upon, it would be foolish to get ourselves into a serious scrape for nothing at all.

"There can be no harm, however," he continued, in his dry and slightly sarcastic way,—which all who knew him will

recollect as well as if they saw him now,—drawing his hand slowly across his mouth and chin, “There can be no harm, my boys, in putting the other dogs in mourning for their dear departed friend Shakings; for, whatever is come of him, he is lost to them as well as to us, and his memory ought to be duly respected.”

This hint was no sooner given than a cry was raised for crape, and every chest and bag ransacked, to procure bandages of mourning. The pointers were speedily rigged up with a large bunch of crape, tied in a handsome bow, upon the left leg of each, just above the knee. The joke took immediately. The officers could not help laughing; for, though we considered them little better than fiends at that moment of excitement, they were, in fact, except in this instance, the best natured and most indulgent men I remember to have sailed with. They, of course, ordered the crape to be instantly cut off from the dogs’ legs; and one of the officers remarked to us seriously, that as we had now had our piece of fun out, there were to be no more such tricks.

Off we scampered to consult old Daddy what was to be done next, as we had been positively ordered not to meddle any more with the dogs.

“Put the pigs in mourning,” he said.

All our crape was expended by this time; but this want was soon supplied by men whose trade it was to discover resources in difficulty. With a generous devotion to the cause of public spirit, one of these juvenile mutineers pulled off his black handkerchief, and tearing it in pieces, gave a portion to each in the circle, and away we all started to put into practice this new suggestion of our director-general of mischief.

The row which ensued in the pigsty was prodigious; for in those days hogs were allowed a place on board a man-of-war—a custom wisely abolished of late years, since nothing can be more out of character with any ship than such nuisances. As these matters of taste and cleanliness were nothing to us, we did not intermit our noisy labor till every one of the grun-
ters

had his armlet of such crape as we had been able to muster. We then watched our opportunity, and opened the door so as to let out the whole herd of swine on the main deck, just at a moment when a group of the officers were standing on the fore part of the quarter deck. Of course the liberated pigs, delighted with their freedom, passed in review under the very noses of our superiors, each with his mourning knot displayed, grunting or squealing along, as if it was their express object to attract attention to their domestic sorrow for the loss of Shakings. The officers were excessively provoked, as they could not help seeing that all this was affording entertainment, at their expense, to the whole crew; for although the men took no part in this touch of insubordination, they were ready enough, in those idle times of the weary, weary peace, to catch at any species of distraction or mischief, no matter what, to compensate for the loss of their wonted occupation of pommelling their enemies.^c

The matter, therefore, necessarily became rather serious; and the whole gang of us being sent for on the quarter deck, we were ranged in a line, each with his toes at the edge of a plank, according to the orthodox fashion of these gregarious scoldings, technically called "toe-the-line patches."

We were then given to understand that our proceedings were impertinent, and, after the orders we had received, highly offensive. It was with much difficulty that either party could keep their countenances during this official lecture, for, while it was going on, the sailors were endeavoring, by the direction of the officers, to remove the bits of silk from the legs of the pigs. If, however, it be difficult—as most difficult we found it—to put a hog into mourning, it is a job ten times more troublesome to take him out again. Such, at least, is the fair inference from these two experiments,—the only ones, perhaps, on record,—for it cost half the morning to undo what we had effected in less than an hour; to say nothing of the unceasing and outrageous uproar which took place along the decks, especially under the guns, and even under the coppers, forward in

the galley, where two or three of the youngest pigs had wounded themselves, apparently resolved to die rather than submit to the degradation of being deprived of their mourning.

All this was very creditable to the memory of poor Shakings; but in the course of the day, the real secret of this extraordinary difficulty of taking a pig out of mourning was discovered. Two of the mids were detected in the very fact of tying on a bit of black bunting to the leg of a sow, from which the seamen declared they had already cut off crape and silk enough to have made a complete suit of black.

As soon as these fresh offences were reported, the whole party of us were ordered to the mast-head as a punishment. Some were sent to sit on the topmast cross-trees, some on the top-gallant yard-arms, and one small gentleman, being perched at the jib-boom end, was very properly balanced abaft by another little culprit at the extremity of the gaff. In this predicament we were hung out to dry for six or eight hours, as old Daddy remarked to us with a grin, when we were called down as the night fell.

Our persevering friend being rather provoked at the punishment of his young flock, now set to work to discover the real fate of Shakings. It soon occurred to him, that if the dog had really been made away with, as he shrewdly suspected, the butcher, in all probability, must have had a hand in the murder; accordingly he sent for the man in the evening.

[Here follows in the original a dialogue between the butcher and Daddy, in which the latter skillfully extracts from the former the confession that poor Shakings had been put into a bread bag, with a twenty-four pound shot, and thrown overboard. The butcher was then dismissed with an energetic expression of indignation at his conduct.]

XXI.—THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

S. FRANKSON.

[This spirited poem appeared originally in Blackwood's Magazine. I am not aware that the author has published any thing else, though it is difficult to believe that a man capable of writing such a poem should have written only one.]

CONF. see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now;
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the
forge's brow

'The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass
- there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves
below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blinding bright; the high sun shines
not so;

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such a fiery, fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the caudent hearth, the ruddy, lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe:
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster
slow

Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow—

"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out!" bang, bang, the
sledges go;

Hurrah! the jettèd lightning are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains
flow:

And thick and loud the swining crowd, at every stroke, pant
"Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load! **
 Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and broad;
 For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
 And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
 The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean poured
 From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board;
 The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the
 chains;
 But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,
 And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-
 high,
 Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here
 am I!"
 Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
 Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;
 But while ye swing your sledges sing; and let the burden be,
 The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we;
 Strike in, strike in; the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
 Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be
 sped;
 Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
 For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
 Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
 For the yeo-heave-o, and the heave away, and the sighing
 seaman's cheer;
 When weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home,
 And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

 In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,
 A shapely one he is and strong, as e'er from cat † was cast.
 A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
 What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep-green

* *Lay on load* is an expression common among the earlier English writers, meaning, to strike heavy blows.

† *Cat* is the nautical name for the tackle used to hoist up the anchor to the cathead, a stout piece of timber projecting from the ship's side.

O deep-sea diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging
tails!

Then deep in tangle woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian
isles

He lies a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallowed miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
Meanwhile to swing, a buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean calves; or haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands!

O broad-armed fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal
thine?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play;
But, shamer of our little sports, forgive the name I gave;
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O, lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient
friend—

O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps
round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap within
the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand
 To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
 Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard
 grave;
 So freely for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
 O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
 Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

XXII.—A FLOWER FOR THE WINDOW.

LEIGH HUNT.

[LEIGH HUNT, a living author of England, was born at Southgate, in the county of Middlesex, October 19, 1784. He has been a man of letters by profession, and was for many years a writer for the periodical press in London. He appeared as a poet at an early age. His poetry was of a kind that was easy to disparage, and not difficult to ridicule. Its simplicity sometimes degenerated into baldness, and the tone of sentiment was not always free from monkishness. There were certain peculiarities of expression in it, which appeared like affectation; besides a frequent use of novel words, and a flowing laxity in the structure of his verse. He was criticised accordingly with indiscriminate severity; especially by those writers who differed from him in politics, he being an ardent liberal. Of late years more justice has been done him; and his tenderness of feeling, luxuriant fancy, and warm sympathy alike with nature and the affections of the heart, are appreciated as they should be.]

Mr. Hunt is also a prose writer; and he writes prose, to say the least, as well as poetry. His sketches and essays, which have appeared from time to time, and been collected under the names of *The Indicator* and *Companion* and *The Scer*, are delightful compositions; full of genial feeling, graceful fancy, and an indistinguishable spirit of youth. He is also an admirable critic of poetry. His *Imagination and Fancy*, and *Wit and Humor*,—consisting of poetical extracts illustrating these qualities, with critical notices,—are written with earnest feeling and a lively and discriminating sense of the merits of the authors he discusses. They have been published in this country, and are commended to all who wish to acquire a good taste in poetical literature.]

Why does not every one (who can afford it) have a geranium in his window, or some other flower? It is very cheap; its cheapness is next to nothing, if you raise it from seed, or from a slip; and it is a beauty and a companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. And if it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter a hateful thing

even for your neglecting it ; for, though it is all beauty, it has no vanity ; and such being the case, and living as it does purely to do you good and afford pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it ?

But, pray, if you choose a geranium, or possess but a few of them, let us persuade you to choose the scarlet kind, the "old original" geranium, and not a variety of it, not one of the numerous diversities of red and white, blue and white, ivy-leaved, &c. Those are all beautiful, and very fit to vary a large collection ; but to prefer them to the originals of the race is to run the hazard of preferring the curious to the beautiful, and costliness to sound taste. It may be taken as a good general rule, that the most popular plants are the best ; for otherwise they would not have become such. And what the painters call "pure colors" are preferable to mixed ones, for reasons which Nature herself has given when she painted the sky of one color, and the fields of another, and divided the rainbow itself into a few distinct colors, and made the red rose the queen of flowers.

Variations in flowers are like variations in music, often beautiful as such, but almost always inferior to the theme on which they are founded—the original air. And the rule holds good in beds of flowers, if they be not very large, or in any other small assemblage of them. Nay, the largest bed will look well, if of one beautiful color, while the most beautiful varieties may be inharmoniously mixed up. Contrast is a good thing, but we should first get a good idea of the thing to be contrasted ; and we shall find this preferable to the contrast, if we are not rich enough to have both in due measure. We do not, in general, love and honor any one single color enough, and we are instinctively struck with a conviction to this effect, when we see it abundantly set forth. The other day we saw a little garden-wall completely covered with nasturtions, and felt how much more beautiful it was than if any thing had been mixed with it ; for the leaves and the light and shade offer variety enough. The rest is all richness and simplicity united,

which is the triumph of an intense perception. Embower a cottage thickly and completely with nothing but roses, and nobody would desire the interference of another plant.

Every thing is handsome about the geranium, not excepting its name; which cannot be said of all flowers, though we get to love ugly words when associated with pleasing ideas. The word "geranium" is soft and pleasant; the meaning is poor, for it comes from a Greek word which signifies a crane, the fruit having the form of a crane's head or bill. Cranes-bill is the English name for geranium, though the learned appellation has superseded the vernacular. But what a reason for naming the flower! as if the fruit were any thing in comparison, or any one cared about it. Such distinctions, it is true, are useful to botanists; but as a plenty of learned names are sure to be reserved for the freemasonry of the science, it would be well for the world at large to invent joyous and beautiful names for these images of joy and beauty. In some instances we have them; such as heartsease, honeysuckle, marigold, mignonette, (little darling,) daisy, (day's eye,) &c. And many flowers are so lovely, and have associated names otherwise unmeaning so pleasantly with one's memory, that no new ones would sound so well, or seem even to have such proper significations.

In pronouncing the words lilies, roses, tulips, pinks, jonquils, we see the things themselves, and seem to taste all their beauty and sweetness. Pink is a harsh, petty word in itself, and yet assuredly it does not seem so; for in the word we have the flower. It would be difficult to persuade ourselves that the word rose is not very beautiful. Pea is a poor, Chinese-like monosyllable; and brier is rough and fierce, as it ought to be; but when we think of sweet-pea and sweet-brier, the words appear quite worthy of their epithets. The poor monosyllable becomes rich in sweetness and appropriation; the rough dissyllable also; and the sweeter for its contrast.

The names of flowers, in general, among the polite, are neither pretty in themselves, nor give us information. The

country people are apt to do them more justice. *Goldyllocks*, *ladies' fingers*, *rose-a-ruby*, *shepherd's clock*, *shepherd's purse*, *sauco-alone*, *scarlet runners*, *sops-in-wine*, *sweet-william*, &c., give us some ideas, either useful or pleasant. But from the peasantry come many uncongenial names, as bad as those of the botanist. It is a pity that all fruits and flowers, and animals too, except those with good names, could not be passed in review before somebody with a genius for christening, as the creatures did before Adam in paradise, and so have new names given them, worthy of their creation.

Suppose flowers themselves were new! Suppose they had just come into the world, a sweet reward for some new goodness, and that we had not yet seen them quite developed; that they were in the act of growing; had just issued, with their green stalks, out of the ground, and engaged the attention of the curious. Imagine what we should feel when we saw the first lateral stem bearing off from the main one, or putting forth a leaf. How we should watch the leaf gradually unfolding its little graceful band; then another, then another; then the main stalk rising and producing more; then one of them giving indications of astonishing novelty—a bud! then this mysterious bud gradually unfolding, like the leaf, amazing us, enchanting us, almost alarming us with delight, as if we knew not what enchantment were to ensue, till at length, in all its fairy beauty, and odorous voluptuousness, and mysterious elaboration of tender and living sculpture, shone forth

“The bright consummate flower!”

Yet this phenomenon, to a person of any thought and lovingness, is what may be said to take place every day; for the commonest objects are wonders at which habit has made us cease to wonder, and the marvellousness of which we may renew at pleasure, by taking thought. Last spring, walking near some cultivated grounds, and seeing a multitude of green stalks peeping forth, we amused ourselves with imagining them

the plumes or other head gear of fairies, and wondered what faces might ensue : and from this exercise of the fancy, we fell to considering how true, and not merely fanciful, those speculations were ; what a perpetual reproduction of the marvellous was carried on by Nature ; how utterly ignorant we were of the causes of the least and most disesteemed of the commonest vegetables, and what a quantity of life, and beauty, and mystery, and use, and enjoyment, was to be found in them, composed of all sorts of elements, and shaped as if by the hands of fairies. What workmanship with no apparent workman ! A tree grows up, and at the tips of his rugged, dark fingers he puts forth,—round, smooth, and shining delicately,—the golden apple, or the cheek-like beauty of the peach.

The other day we were in a garden where Indian corn was growing, and some of the ears were plucked to show us. First, one leaf or sheath was picked off, then another, another, a fourth, and so on, as if a fruit seller were unpacking his papers ; and at last we came, in the inside, to the grains of corn, packed into cucumber shapes of pale gold, and each of them pressed and flattened against each other, as if some human hand had been doing it in the caverns of the earth. BUT WHAT HAND ?

The same that made the poor yet rich hand (for is it not his workmanship also ?) that is tracing these marvellous lines ; and if it does not tremble to say so, it is because love sustains, and because the heart also is a flower which has a right to be tranquil in the garden of the All-wise.

XXIII.—BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

MRS. HEMANS.

[**FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE** was born at Liverpool, in England, September 25, 1794, was married to Captain Hemans, an officer in the British army, in 1812, and died May 12, 1835. She wrote two tragedies, *The Siege of Valencia*, and *The Vespers of Palermo*; a narrative poem called *The Forest Sanctuary*, and a great number of lyrical poems, in which last her genius appears to the best advantage. Her poetry is remarkable for its elevated tone, its exquisite imagery, its deep sense of the beauty of nature, and the truth and tenderness with which it expresses the domestic affections. Her poems, as they appeared from time to time in the periodical publications of the day, during her lifetime, were universally read and admired, both in England and America, but they are less popular now that they have been collected and are read continuously. Her life was not happy, and this has contributed to throw a shadow of melancholy over her writings, which, while it deepens the charm of a single effusion of feeling, becomes somewhat monotonous when prolonged from page to page. Her diction sometimes becomes dazzling to the eye of the mind from its too unflinching brilliancy.]

Mrs. Hemans's knowledge and range of reading were quite extensive. She was acquainted with the principal languages of modern Europe, and drew the subjects of her poems from a great variety of sources. She has much skill in catching and preserving the spirit of a remote age or a foreign people. She was pleasing in her personal appearance, her manners were graceful and animated, and she was beloved as well as admired, by her friends. She bore with gentle sweetness the burden of life, and shrank from none of its duties. Her poems are deeply and beautifully penetrated with religious feeling.]

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring?—Sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous leaves,
Whose trembling gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispering shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy foot-step pass.

And the bright waters—they, too, hear thy call,
Spring, the awakened! thou hast burst their sleep!
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall

Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And pencilling the wood-anemone:
Silent they seem; yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring—
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art:
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, O, there too much!—we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus; yet, roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see.
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring, 'midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young bird, and leaves, and living blooms?
O, is it not that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes, gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones there.

XXIV.—SUMMER.

MITCHELL.

[DONALD G. MITCHELL is an American author who, under the assumed name of Ike Marvel, has written *The Battle Summer in Europe*, *Reveries of a Prodigal*, and *Dream Life*. His prose is graphic and musical; poetical in spirit, and characterized by purity, as well as tenderness, of feeling. This extract is from *Dream Life*.]

I FEEL a great deal of pity for those honest, but misguided people who call their little, spruce, suburban towns, or the shaded streets of their inland cities, the country; and I have still more pity for those who reckon a season at the summer resorts country enjoyment. Nay, my feeling is more violent than pity; and I count it nothing less than blasphemy to take the name of the country in vain.

I thank heaven every summer's day of my life that my lot was humbly cast within the hearing of romping brooks, and beneath the shadow of oaks. And from all the tramp and bustle of the world, into which fortune has led me in these latter years of my life, I delight to steal away for days and for weeks together, and bathe my spirit in the freedom of the old woods, and to grow young again lying upon the brook-side, and counting the white clouds that sail along the sky, softly and tranquilly—even as holy memories go stealing over the vault of life.

I am deeply thankful that I could never find it in my heart so to pervert truth as to call the smart villages, with the trick-sy shadow of their maple avenues, the country.

I love these in their way, and can recall pleasant passages of thought, as I have idled through the Sabbath-looking towns, or lounged at the inn door of some quiet New England village. But I love far better to leave them behind me, and to dash boldly out to where some out-lying farm house sits, like a witness, under the shelter of wooded hills, or nestles in the lap of a noiseless valley.

In the town, small as it may be, and darkened as it may be with the shadows of trees, you cannot forget men. Their

voice, and strife, and ambition come to your eye in the painted palting, in the swinging sign board of the tavern, and, worst of all, in the trim-printed "Attorney at Law." Even the little milliner's shop, with its meagre show of leghorns, and its string across the window, all hung with tabs and with cloth roses, is a sad epitome of the great and conventional life of a city neighborhood.

I like to be rid of them all, as I am rid of them this mid-summer's day. I like to steep my soul in a sea of quiet, with nothing floating past me, as I lie moored to my thought, but the perfume of flowers, and soaring birds, and shadows of clouds.

Two days since I was sweltering in the heat of the city, jostled by the thousand eager workers, and panting under the shadow of the walls. But I have stolen away, and for two hours of healthful regrowth into the darling past. I have been lying, this blessed summer's morning, upon the grassy bank of a stream that babbled me to sleep in boyhood. Dear old stream, unchanging, unfaltering,—with no harsher notes now than then,—never growing old, smiling in your silver rustle, and calming yourself in the broad, placid pools; I love you as I love a friend.

But now that the sun has grown scalding hot, and the waves of heat have come rocking under the shadow of the meadow oaks, I have sought shelter in a chamber of the old farm house. The window blinds are closed; but some of them are sadly shattered, and I have intertwined in them a few branches of the late-blossoming white azalia, so that every puff of the summer air comes to me cooled with fragrance. A dimple or two of the sunlight still steals through my flowery screen, and dances, as the breeze moves the branches, upon the oaken floor of the farm house.

Through one little gap, indeed, I can see the broad stretch of meadow, and the workmen in the field bending and swaying to their scythes. I can see, too, the glistening of the steel, as they wipe their blades; and can just catch, floating on the air, the measured, tinkling thwack of the rifle stroke.

Here and there a lark, scared from his feeding-place in the grass, soars up, bubbling forth his melody in globules of silvery sound, and settles upon some tall tree, and waves his wings, and sinks to the swaying twigs. I hear, too, a quail piping from the meadow fence, and another trilling his answering whistle from the hills. Nearer by, a tyrant king-bird is poised on the topmost branch of a veteran pear tree; and now and then dashes down, assassin-like, upon some home-bound, honey-laden bee, and then, with a smack of his bill, resumes his predatory watch.

A chicken or two lie in the sun, with a wing and a leg stretched out, lazily picking at the gravel, or relieving their ennui from time to time with a spasmodic rustle of their feathers. An old matronly hen stalks about the yard with a sedate step; and with quiet self-assurance she utters an occasional series of hoarse and heated clucks. A speckled turkey, with an astonished brood at her heels, is eying curiously, and with earnest variations of the head, a full-fed cat, that lies curled up and dozing upon the floor of the cottage porch.

As I sit thus, watching through the interstices of my leafy screen the various images of country life, I hear distant mutterings from beyond the hills.

The sun has thrown its shadow upon the pewter dial, two hours beyond the meridian line. Great cream-colored heads of thunder clouds are lifting above the sharp, clear line of the western horizon; the light breeze dies away, and the air becomes stifling, even under the shadow of my withered boughs in the chamber window. The white-capped clouds roll up nearer and nearer to the sun, and the creamy masses below grow dark in their seams. The mutterings that came faintly before now spread into wide volumes of rolling sound, that echo again and again from the eastward height.

I hear in the deep interval the men shouting to their teams in the meadows; and great companies of startled swallows are dashing in all directions around the gray roofs of the barn.

The clouds have now well nigh reached the sun, which seems

to shine the fiercer for his coming eclipse. The whole west, as I look from the sources of the brook to its lazy drifts under the swamps that lie to the south, is hung with a curtain of darkness; and like swift-working golden ropes that lift it towards the zenith, long chains of lightning flash through it, and the growling thunder seems like the rumble of the pulleys.

I thrust away my azalia boughs, and fling back the shattered blinds, as the sun and the clouds meet; and my room darkens with the coming shadows. For an instant the edges of the thick, creamy masses of cloud are gilded by the shrouded sun, and show gorgeous scollops of gold that toss upon the hem of the storm. But the blazonry fades as the clouds mount, and the brightening lines of the lightning dart up from the lower skirts, and heave the billowy masses into the middle heaven.

The workmen are urging their oxen fast across the meadow; and the loiterers come straggling after, with rakes upon their shoulders. The matronly hen has retreated to the stable door; and the brood of turkeys stand, dressing their feathers, under the open shed.

The air freshens, and blows now from the face of the coming clouds. I see the great elms in the plain swaying their tops, even before the storm breeze has reached me; and a bit of ripened grain upon a swell of the meadow waves and tosses like a billowy sea.

Presently I hear the rush of the wind, and the cherry and pear trees rustle through all their leaves, and my paper is whisked away by the intruding blast.

There is a quiet of a moment, in which the wind, even, seems weary and faint; and nothing finds utterance save one hoarse tree toad, doling out his lugubrious notes.

Now comes a blinding flash from the clouds; and a quick, sharp clang clatters through the heavens, and bellows loud and long among the hills. Then—like great grief, spending its pent agony in tears—come the big drops of rain, pattering on the lawn, and on the leaves, and most markedly of all upon

the roof above me; not now with the light fall of the spring shower, but with strong steppings, like the first, proud tread of youth.

XXV.—AUTUMN

MISS COOPER.

[From *Rural Hours*, a book published in New York, in 1850, and written by Miss Cooper, a daughter of the celebrated novelist. It is in the form of a journal, recording the changes of the seasons in the country, and the little occurrences of a rural neighborhood. It is a very pleasing work, written in an excellent style, full of fresh pictures, and with a tone as healthy as a mountain breeze. The author is evidently a highly-cultivated person, but her book has not been made up from other books; on the contrary, it is the result of original observations gathered on the spot. It is a truly American work, and contains most truthful and animated sketches of all that is peculiar and characteristic in our climate, scenery, forests and rural habits; the whole resting on a basis of sound sense and true moral feeling.]

IN those parts of this continent which answer to the medium climates of Europe, and where Autumn has a decided character of her own, the season is indeed a noble one. Rich in bounty, ripening the blended fruits of two hemispheres, beauty is also her inalienable dower. Clear skies and cheerful breezes are more frequent throughout her course than storms and clouds. Fogs are rare indeed. Mild, balmy airs seem to delight in attending her steps, while the soft haze of the Indian summer is gathered, like a choice veil, about her brows, throwing a charm of its own over every feature. The grain harvest has been given to Summer; of all its treasures, she preserves alone the fragrant buckwheat and the golden maize. The nobler fruits are all hers—the finer peaches and plums, the choicest apples, pears, and grapes. The homely but precious root harvest belongs to her—winter stores for man and his herds. And now, when the year is drawing to a close, when the blessings of the earth have been gathered and stored, when every tree and plant have borne their fruits, when every field has yielded its produce, why should the sun shine brightly now? What has he more to ripen for us at this late day?

At this very period, when the annual labors of the husbandman are drawing to a close, when the first light frosts ripen the wild grapes in the woods, and open the husks of the hickory nuts, bringing the latest fruits of the year to maturity, these are the days when, here and there in the groves, you will find a maple tree whose leaves are touched with the gayest colors; those are the heralds which announce the approach of a brilliant pageant; the moment chosen by Autumn to keep the great harvest home of America is at hand. In a few days comes another and a sharper frost, and the whole face of the country is changed; we enjoy, with wonder and delight, a natural spectacle, great and beautiful beyond the reach of any human means.

We are naturally accustomed to associate the idea of verdure with foliage — leaves should surely be green. But now we gaze in wonder as we behold colors so brilliant and so varied hung upon every tree. Tints that you have admired among the darker tulips and roses, the richer lilies and dahlias of the flower garden: colors that have pleased your eye among the fine silks and wools of a lady's delicate embroidery; dyes that the shopman shows off with complacency among his cashmeres and velvets; hues reserved by the artist for his proudest works,—these we now see fluttering in the leaves of old oaks and tupeloes, liquid ambers, chestnuts, and maples.

We behold the green woods becoming one mass of rich and varied coloring. It would seem as though Autumn, in honor of this high holiday, had collected together all the past glories of the past year, adding them to her own: she borrows the gay colors that have been lying during the summer months among the flowers, in the fruits, upon the plumage of the bird, on the wings of the butterfly, and working them together in broad and glowing masses, she throws them over the forest to grace her triumph; like some great festival of an Italian city, where the people bring rich tapestries and hang them in their streets; where they unlock chests of heirlooms, and bring to light brilliant draperies, which they suspend from their windows and balconies, to gleam in the sunshine.

The hanging woods of a mountainous country are especially beautiful at this season ; the trees throwing out their branches, one above another, in bright variety of coloring and outline, every individual of the gay throng having a fancy of his own to humor. The oak loves a deep, rich red, or a warm scarlet, though some of his family are partial to yellow. The chestnuts are all of one shadeless mass of gold color, from the highest to the lowest branch. The bass wood, or linden, is orange. The aspen, with its silvery stem and branches, flutters in a lighter shade, like the wrought gold of the jeweller. The sumach, with its long, pinnated leaf, is of a brilliant scarlet. The pepperidge is almost purple, and some of the ashes approach the same shade during certain seasons. Other ashes, with the birches and beech, hickory and elms, have their own tints of yellow. That beautiful and common vine, the Virginia creeper, is a vivid cherry color. The sweet gum is vermillion. The viburnum tribe and dogwoods are dyed in lake.

As for the maples, they always rank first among the show : there is no other tree which contributes singly so much to the beauty of the season, for it unites more of brilliancy with more of variety than any of its companions : with us it is also more common than any other tree. Here you have a soft maple, vivid scarlet from the highest to the lowest leaf ; there is another, a sugar maple, a pure sheet of gold ; this is dark crimson like the oak ; that is vermillion, another is parti-colored, pink and yellow, green and red ; yonder is one of a deep purplish hue ; this is still green, that is mottled in patches, another is shaded ; still another blends all these colors on its own branches, in capricious confusion, the different limbs, the separate twigs, the single leaves, varying from each other in distinct colors and shaded tints. And in every direction a repetition of this magnificent picture meets the eye : in the woods that skirt the dimpled meadows, in the thickets and copses of the fields, in the bushes which fringe the brook, in the trees which line the streets and road-side, in those of the

lawns and gardens, brilliant and vivid in the nearest groves, gradually lessening in tone upon the farther woods and successive knolls, until, in the distant background, the hills are colored by a mingled confusion of tints, which defy the eye to seize them.

Among this brilliant display there are usually some few trees which fade, and wither, and dry into a homely brown, without appearing to feel the general influence; the sycamores, the locusts, for instance, and often the elms also, have little beauty to attract the eye, seldom aiming at more than a tolerable yellow, though at times they may be brighter.

Imported trees, transplanted originally from the old world, preserve, as a rule, the more sober habits of their ancestral woods. The Lombardy poplar and the weeping willow are only pale yellow; the apple and pear trees, and some of the garden shrubs, lilacs, and syringas, and snowballs, generally wither, without brilliancy, though once in a while they have a fancy for something rather gayer than pale yellow or russet, and are just touched with red or purple.

Some persons occasionally complain that this period of the year, this brilliant change in the foliage, causes melancholy feelings, arousing sad and sorrowful ideas, like the flush on the hectic cheek. But surely its more natural meaning is of a very different import. Here is no sudden blight of youth and beauty; no sweet hopes of life are blasted, no generous aim at usefulness and advancing virtue cut short; the year is drawing to its natural term, the seasons have run their usual course, all their blessings have been enjoyed, all our precious things are cared for; there is nothing of untimeliness, nothing of disappointment in these shorter days and lessening heats of autumn. As well may we mourn over the gorgeous coloring of the clouds, which collect to pay homage to the setting sun, because they proclaim the close of day; as well may we lament the brilliancy of the evening star, and the silvery brightness of the crescent moon, just ascending into the heavens, because they declare the approach of Night and her shadowy train.

Mark the broad land glowing in a soft haze, every tree and grove wearing its gorgeous autumnal drapery; observe the vivid freshness of the evergreen verdure; note amid the gold and crimson woods the blue lake, deeper in tint at this season than at any other; see a more quiet vein of shading in the paler lawns and pastures, and the dark-brown earth of the freshly-ploughed fields; raise your eyes to the cloudless sky above, filled with soft and pearly tints,—and then say, what has gloom to do with such a picture? Tell us, rather, where else on earth shall the human eye behold coloring so magnificent and so varied, spread over a field so vast, within one noble view? In very truth, the glory of these last waning days of the season proclaims a grandeur of beneficence which should rather make our poor hearts swell with gratitude at each return of the beautiful autumn accorded to us.

XXVL—THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

[WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is a native of Cummington, in Massachusetts, was admitted to the bar, but soon left the profession of the law, and has for many years resided in or near the city of New York, as one of the editors and proprietors of the *New York Evening Post*, a daily paper which has a wide circulation and much influence. It is not necessary to point out at any length the merits of a poet whose productions were the delight of his own countrymen, and were well-known abroad, long before the young persons for whose use this work is intended were born. It is enough to say that his poems are distinguished by the perfect finish of their style, their elevated tone, their dignity of sentiment, and their lovely pictures of American scenery. He is at once the most truthful and the most delightful of painters. We find in his pages all the most obvious and all the most retiring graces of our native landscapes, but nothing borrowed from looks—nothing transplanted from a foreign soil.]

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprung and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas ! they all are in their graves ; the gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,

And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,

And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn beauty
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague
on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade,
and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days
will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late
he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died —

The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.

In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief ;

Yet not unmeet it was, that one like that young friend of ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

XXVII.—A NOVEMBER WALK.

MISS COOPER.

THE farmers are busy with their later autumn tasks, closing the work of the present year; while, at the same time, they are already looking forward to another summer. There is something pleasing in these mingled labors beneath the waning sun of November. It is autumn grown old, and lingering in the field with a kindly smile, while they are making ready for the young spring to come. Here a farmer was patching up barns and sheds, to shield his flocks and stores against the winter storms. There ploughmen were guiding their teams over a broad field, turning up the sod for fresh seed, while other laborers were putting up new fences about a meadow which must lie for months beneath the snow, ere the young grass will need to be protected in its growth. Several wagons passed us loaded with pumpkins, and apples, and potatoes, the last crops of the farm, on the way from one granary to another. Thus the good man, in the late autumn of life, gathers cheerfully the gifts which Providence bestows for that day, despising no fruit of the season; however simple or homely, he receives each with thankfulness, while, looking forward beyond the coming snows, he sees another spring, and prepares with trustful hope for that brighter season.

Half an hour's walk upon a familiar track brought us to a gate opening into an old by-road which leads over the hills to the little village where we were bound; it was formerly the highway, but a more level track has been opened, and this is now abandoned, or only used as a foot path. These lanes are charming places for a walk: there are cross roads about the country in every direction, but they are all pretty well travelled, and it is a pleasant variety, once in a while, to follow a silent by-way like this, which is never dusty and always quiet. It carried us first over a rough, open hill-side used as a sheep pasture; a large flock were nibbling upon the scraps of the

summer's grass among the withered mulleins ; we went quietly on our way, but as usual, our approach threw the simple creatures into a panic, disturbing their noonday meal.

Having reached the brow of a hill, we turned to enjoy the view : the gray meadows of the valley lay at our feet, and cattle were feeding in many of them. At this season the flocks and herds become a more distinct feature of the landscape than during the leafy luxuriance of summer ; the thickets and groves no longer conceal them, and they turn from the sheltered spots to seek the sunshine of the open fields, where their forms rise in full and warm relief upon the fading herbage. The trees have lost nearly all their leaves, now scattered in russet showers about their roots, while the branches are drawn in shadowy lines by the autumn's sun upon the bleached grass and withering foliage with which it is strewn. The woods are absolutely bare ; however, there are yet patches in the forest where the warm coloring of October has darkened into a reddish brown ; and here and there a tree still throws a fuller shadow than belongs to winter.

The waters of the river were gleaming through the bare thickets on its banks, and the pretty pool on the next farm looked like a clear, dark agate, dropped amid the gray fields. A column of smoke, rising slowly from the opposite hill, told of a wood which had fallen, of trees which had seen their last summer. The dun stubble of the old grain-fields, and the darker soil of the newly-ploughed lands, varied the grave November tints, while here and there in their midst lay a lawn of young wheat, sending up its green blades, soft and fresh as though there were no winter in the year, growing more clear and life-like as all else becomes more dreary — a ray of hope on the pale brow of resignation.

So calm and full of repose was the scene, that we turned from it unwillingly, and with as much regret as though it were still gay with the beauty of summer.

Just beyond the brow of the hill the road enters a wood :

here the path was thickly strewn with fallen leaves, still crisp and fresh, rustling at every step as we moved among them, while on either side the trees threw out their branches in bare lines of gray. Old chestnuts, with blunt and rough notches; elms with graceful, waving spray; vigorous maples, with the healthful, upright growth of their tribe; the glossy beech, with its friendly arms stretched out, as if to greet its neighbors; and among them all, conspicuous as ever, stood the delicate birch, with its alabaster-like bark, and branches of a porphyry color, so strangely different from the parent stem. Every year as the foliage falls, and the trees reappear in their wintry form, the eye wonders a while at the change, just as we look twice ere we make sure of our acquaintance in the streets, when they vary their wardrobe for the season.

The very last flowers are withering. The beautiful fern of the summer lies in rusty patches on the open hill-side, though within the woods it is still fresh and green. We found only here and there a solitary aster, its head drooping and discolored, showing but little of the grace of a flower. Even the hardy little balls of the everlasting, or moonshine, as the country people call it, are getting blighted and shapeless, while the haws on the thorn bushes, the hips of the wild-rose and sweetbrier, are already shrunken and faded. It is singular, but the native flowers seem to wither earlier than those of the garden, many of which belong to warmer climates. It is not uncommon to find German asters, flos Adonis, hearts-ease, and a few sprigs of the monthly honeysuckle, here and there in the garden even later than this; some seasons we have gathered quite a pretty bunch of these flowers in the first week of December. At that time nothing like a blossom is to be found in the forest.

XXVIII.—THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day !
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow ;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the parched land, thou wanderer of the sea.

Nor I alone — a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee, in the fulness of delight ;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound .
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;
And languishing to hear thy welcome sound
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth.

Go, rock the little wood bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast ;
Pleasant shall be thy way, where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where th' o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone,
That they who near the churchyard willows stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,

May think of gentle souls that passed away,
 Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
 Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
 And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains, to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
 Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more;
 Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

XXIX.—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

WOODWORTH.

[SAMUEL WOODWORTH, the author of this pleasing and popular poem, was a native of Weymouth, in Massachusetts, and was born about 1790, and died in New York, at the age of about fifty. He was a printer by trade, and lived many years in Boston. He was a man of considerable literary talent, and published in New York a volume of fugitive pieces, called *Melodies, Duets, Trios, Songs, and Ballads*, which reached a third edition.

Woodworth was also the author of a well-known patriotic song, called *The Hunters of Kentucky*.]

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view!

The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew ;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure ;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing !
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips !
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well ;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

XXX.—A FRIGATE AMONG THE SHOALS.

COOPER.

[JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1780, and died September 14, 1851. In 1805 he obtained a midshipman's warrant, and entered the navy. He continued in the service for six years,—long enough to obtain that knowledge of nautical affairs which he turned subsequently to such good account in his novels,—and then resigned his office. His literary career began with *Prometheus*, published in 1820, a rather feeble transcript of English forms, which neither had, nor deserved to have, much success. But *The Spy*, which soon followed it, was a great step in advance. It was a vigorous and original work, and in spite of obvious faults, was much read and admired, and hailed as a production full of promise. The success of this novel determined Mr. Cooper's career as a man of letters. He devoted himself to his new profession with great industry, and produced in rapid succession a large number of works of fiction, showing great fertility of invention, and making his name widely known abroad as well as at home. In these novels he appears to equal advantage in two very distinct paths of literary creation: in nautical scenes and characters, and in the incidents and manners of pioneer life in our country. His *Long Tom Coffin* and *Natty Bampo* are both original conceptions, and admirably sustained. His works of fiction are unequal, as might be expected from their great number, and none of them show the constructive skill of a great artist. They are all open to criticism; but, on the other hand, they have great excellences. They bear the stamp and impress of power; they seize upon the attention with a strong grasp; they stir the blood and kindle the mind. They have the elements of enduring popularity.]

Mr. Cooper resided many years in Europe, and published several volumes of traveling sketches. He also wrote a History of the United States Navy, and several smaller works.

Mr. Cooper's character was peculiar and decided; creating strong attachments and equally strong dislikes. There was no neutral ground in his nature. He had fixed opinions, and was bold and uncompromising in expressing them. He was exact in his dealings and generous in his disposition. His integrity and uprightness no one ever called in question. He had less fear of public opinion, and more self-reliance, than are common in our country; and his courage and truthfulness were worthy of all praise. He was an ardent patriot, and as ready to defend his country when in the right, as to rebuke her when he deemed her in the wrong. He was affectionate in his domestic relations, and his home was the seat of a cordial and generous hospitality.

The following extract is taken from *The Pilot*, which was published in 1823. The scene is on the coast of England, and the time is that of our revolutionary war. An American frigate is caught by a gale, in a landlocked bay, and is obliged to seek the open sea through a narrow passage among shoals. Mr. Gray, the pilot, from whom the novel derives its name, has recently been taken on board; and no one, except the captain, knows who he is. He turns out to be the celebrated Paul Jones. Griffith is a first lieutenant.]

THE confident assurances which Griffith had given to the pilot, respecting the qualities of his vessel and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result. The helm was no sooner put a-lee than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and dashing directly through the waves, threw

the foam high into the air, as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind; and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack, with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round, as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air, and in a few moments the frigate again moved, with stately progress, through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing towards those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl surlily as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded, each moment, more and more before the storm, and in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along, with tremendous fury, by the full power of a gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners, who directed her movements, held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where safety was alone to be found.

So far the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea was only to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest, with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy, and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried; "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place

the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot, with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead."

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster gave out his orders to the men at the wheel, in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, "By the mark seven," rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the pilot, calmly; "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "and a half-five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full."

"Ay! you must hold the vessel in command now," said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call of "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot in issuing the necessary orders to execute this manœuvre.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing master was heard shouting from the fore-castle,—

"Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried,—

“Breakers on our lee bow!”

“We are in a hight of the shoals, Mr. Gray,” said the commander. “She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her.”

“Clear away that best bower,” shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

“Hold on!” cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; “hold on every thing.”

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger, who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded,—

“Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? Is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word——”

“Peace, Mr. Griffith,” interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; “yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us.”

Griffith threw his speaking trumpet on the deck, and as he walked proudly away, muttered, in bitterness of feeling,—

“Then all is lost indeed; and among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast.”

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel, with a retrograde movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud—but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

XXXI.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding, in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head sails were shaken, her after yards trimmed, and her helm shifted, before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully towards the wind again, and as her sails were trimmed, moved out from amongst the dangerous shoals, in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice manœuvre, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill directed any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming, at each step, more complicated, and the shoals thickening

around the mariners, on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoal, where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, and inciting them to their duty. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government, and during those anxious moments when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, that can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course, in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsmen.

"Now is the pinch," he said, "and if the ship behaves well, we are safe; but if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the *hom-moc*,* a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon: 'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well; but if not, we surely go to pieces."

* The *hom-moc* is the elevation in the horizon, making the land.

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head, as he replied,—

"There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course, and if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their outermost point; but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest," observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without it. See! the light already touches the edge of the horn-moe; the sea casts us to leeward."

"It shall be done," cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued, and every thing being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted, loose, to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful, the tremendous threshing of the heavy sails, seeming to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her centre; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff! * Observe," he said, "the

* To *luff* is to turn the ship-nearer towards the direction of the wind, or to sail nearer the wind. A ship is said to spring her luff when she yields to the helm by sailing nearer the wind.

light opens from the hom-moc already; if she will only bear her canvas we shall go clear."

A report, like that of a cannon, interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"Tis the jib, blown from the bolt-ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck; but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but that mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence, all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff; luff you can."

This warning effectually closed all discourse, and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye, amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot, silently, proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean, and she entered the channel among the breakers with the silence of a desperate ebaness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still rise before them, following each other into the general mass, to check their exultation. Occasionally, the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the

stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard, shouting, —

“Square away the yard! — in mainsail!”

A general burst from the crew echoed, “Square away the yards!” and quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel, before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds daving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the open sea.

XXXII. — THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

LONGFELLOW.

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW is a native of Portland, Maine, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. Soon after leaving college he went to Europe, and remained there till 1829, when he returned home and assumed the duties of professor of modern languages at Bowdoin College. He resigned this post in 1835, and visited Europe again, and upon his return in 1836, was appointed to a similar professorship in the University at Cambridge. Here he has resided ever since, but he resigned his professorship in 1853.]

Mr. Longfellow holds a very high rank among the authors of America, and is one of the most popular of living poets. He has written *Evangeline* and *The Golden Legend*, narrative poems of considerable length; *The Spanish Student*, a play; and a great number of smaller pieces. He has a fruitful imagination, under the control of the most perfect taste, and a remarkable power of illustrating mood and states of feeling by material forms. He has a great command of beautiful diction, and equal skill in the structure of his verse. His poetry is marked by richness of feeling, purity of sentiment, elevation of thought, and healthiness of tone. He understands and can express all the affections of the human heart. The happy delight in his poems; and they fall with soothing and sympathizing touch upon those who have suffered. His readers are more than admirers; they become friends. And over all that he has written there hangs a beautiful ideal light, — the atmosphere of poetry, — which illuminates his page as the sunshine does the natural landscape.

Mr. Longfellow has also won enduring praise as a prose writer. His *Ontario*, a collection of travelling sketches and miscellaneous essays, his *Hyperion*, a romance, and his *Kavanaugh*, a domestic story, are marked by the same traits as his poetry. He is a “warbler of poetic prose;” and would be entitled to the honors of a poet had he never written a line of verse. His *Hyperion*, especially, is full of beautiful description, rich fancy, and sweet and pensive thought. He is also a man of extensive literary attainments, familiar with the languages of modern Europe, and a great master in the difficult art of translation!

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow,
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
• And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither, come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father, I hear the church bells ring ;
O, say, what may it be ?"
"Tis a fog-bell, on a rock-bound coast ;"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father, I hear the sound of guns ;
O, say, what may it be ?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"O father, I see a gleaming light ;
O, say, what may it be ?"
But the father answered never a word :
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed, through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight, dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.*

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows;
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she strove and sank:
Ho! Ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;

* Norman's Woe is a reef of rocks on the northern coast of Massachusetts, between Manchester and Gloucester. In 1839 a vessel named the *Hesperus* was actually lost there.

And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow :
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

XXXIII. — GRACE DARLING.

[This account of Grace Darling is mainly an abridgment of a sketch in *Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*.]

OPPOSITE the northern part of the coast of the county of Northumberland, in England, at a short distance from the shore, is a group of small islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, called the Farne Islands. Their aspect is wild and desolate in no common degree. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of herbage, and in many places ending in sheer precipices, they are the residence of little else than wild fowl. Between the smaller islets the sea makes with great force, and many a goodly ship in times past has laid her bones upon the pitiless rocks which every ebb tide exposes to view. Upon Longstone, one of these islands, there stands a lighthouse, which, at the time of the incident about to be related, was kept by William Darling, a worthy and intelligent man, of quiet manners, with resources of mind and character sufficient to turn to profitable use the many lonely hours which his position necessarily entailed upon him.

He had a numerous family of children; among them a daughter, Grace, who had reached the age of twenty-two years when the incident occurred which has made her name so famous. She had passed most of her life upon the little island of Longstone, and is described as having been of a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In personal

appearance, she was about the middle size, of a fair complexion and pleasing countenance; with nothing masculine in her aspect, but gentle and feminine, and, as might be supposed, with a winning expression of benevolence in her face. Her smile was particularly sweet. She had a good understanding, and had been respectably educated.

On Wednesday evening, September 5, 1838, the Forfarshire steamer, of ~~about~~ three hundred tons' burden, under the command of Captain John Humble, sailed from Hull on a voyage to Dundee, in Scotland. She had a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron; and her company, including twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, comprised sixty-three persons. On the evening of the next day, when in the neighborhood of the Farne Islands, she encountered a severe storm of wind, attended with heavy rain and a dense fog. She leaked to such a degree that the fires could not be kept burning, and her engines soon ceased to work. She became wholly unmanageable, and drifting violently, at the mercy of the winds and waves, struck on one of the reefs of Longstone Island, about four o'clock on Friday morning.

As too often happens in such fearful emergencies, the master lost his self-possession, order and discipline ceased, and nothing but self-preservation was thought of. A portion of the crew, including the first mate, lowered one of the boats and left the ship. With them was a single cabin passenger, who threw himself into the boat by means of a rope. These men were picked up, after some hours, and carried into the port of Shields. The scene on board was of a most fearful description — men paralyzed by despair — women wringing their hands and shrieking with anguish — and among them the helpless and bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically he sought the protection he could no longer give. The vessel struck all the paddle boxes; and not above three minutes after the passengers (most of whom had been below, and many of them in their berths) had rushed upon the deck, a second shock broke her into two pieces. The after part, with most of the passengers

and the captain and his wife, was swept away through a tremendous current, and all upon it were lost. The fore part, on which were five of the crew and four passengers, stuck fast to the rock. These few survivors remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak, with a fearful sea running around them, and expecting every moment to be swept into the deep. With what anxious eyes did they wait for the morning light! and yet what could mortal help avail them even then? Craggy and dangerous rocky islets lay between them and the nearest land, and around these rocks a sea was raging in which no boat was likely to live. But, through the providence of God, a deliverance was in store for them — a deliverance wrought by the strong heart of an heroic girl.

As soon as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone light, by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. None of the family were at home, except Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Grace. Although the wind had somewhat abated, the sea — never calm among these jagged rocks — was still fiercely raging; and to have braved its perils would have done the highest honor to the strong muscles and well-tried nerves of the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy having been undertaken and accomplished mainly through a female heart and arm! Mr. Darling, it is said, was reluctant to expose himself to what seemed certain destruction; but the earnest entreaties of his daughter determined him to make the attempt. At her solicitation the boat was launched, with the mother's assistance; and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, others of the family being always at hand.

It was only by the exertion of great muscular strength, as well as by the utmost coolness and resolution, that the father and daughter rowed the boat up to the rock. And when there, a greater danger arose from the difficulty of so managing it as to prevent its being dashed to pieces upon the sharp ridge

which had proved fatal to the steamer. With much difficulty and danger, the father scrambled upon the rock, and the boat was left for a while to the unaided strength and skill of the daughter. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The delight with which the boat was first seen was converted into amazement when they perceived that it was guided and impelled by an old man and a young woman. Owing to the violence of the storm, the rescued persons were obliged to remain at the lighthouse of the Darlings from Friday morning till Sunday, during which time Grace was most assiduous in her kind attentions to the sufferers, giving up her bed to one of them, a poor woman, who had seen her two children perish in her arms, while on the wreck.

This heroic deed of Grace Darling's shot a thrill of sympathy and admiration through all Great Britain, and indeed through all Christendom. The Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks and a piece of plate, and a considerable sum of money was raised for her from the voluntary contributions of an admiring public. The lonely lighthouse became the centre of attraction to thousands of curious and sympathizing travellers; and Grace was pursued, questioned, and stared at to an extent that became a serious annoyance to her gentle and retiring spirit. But in all this hot blaze of admiration, and in her improved fortunes, she preserved unimpaired the simplicity and modesty of her nature. Her head was not in the least turned by the world-wide fame she had earned, or by the flattering caresses of the wealthy, the fashionable, and the distinguished, which were lavished upon her. The meekness with which she bore her honors equalled the courage which had won them. She resumed her former way of life, and her accustomed duties, as quietly as if nothing had happened. Several advantageous offers of marriage were made to her, but she declined them all: usually alleging her determination not to leave her parents while they lived.

But she was not long destined to enjoy the applause she had earned, or the more substantial tokens of regard which

had been bestowed upon her. She began to show symptoms of consumption towards the latter part of 1841; and although all the means of restoration which the most affectionate care and the best medical advice could suggest were resorted to, she gradually declined, and breathed her last, in calm submission to the will of God, October 20, 1842. Her funeral was very numerously attended, and a monument has been erected to her memory in Bamborough churchyard, where she was buried.

Such was Grace Darling — one of the heroines of humanity — whose name is destined to live as long as the sympathies and affections of humanity endure. Such calm heroism as hers — so generously exerted for the good of others — is one of the noblest attributes of the soul of man. It had no alloy of blind animal passion, like the bravery of a soldier on the field of battle, but it was spiritual, celestial, and, we may reverently add, godlike. Never does man appear more distinctly in the image of his Maker than when, like the noble-hearted Grace Darling, he deliberately exposes his own life to save the lives of others.

XXXIV. — SENTIMENTAL GEOGRAPHY.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

ANTHONY VAN DIEMEN, governor of Batavia, had a daughter whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the only child of a rich papa, who was governor of the Dutch East India. Maria's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had no lack of suitors. There were great men among them; but, with maiden-like perversity, Maria most favored a poor young sailor — a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skilful in his business, but who had no pockets, or no use for any. The young sailor's name was Abel Jansen Tasman. He was devoted to Maria,

heart and soul, had exchanged pledges with her, and had brought matters to so serious a pass, that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight: the doing so he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a family quarrel. That his Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well, was not for a moment to be thought of. Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor. Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent, an unknown austral land, somewhere near the south pole; and Van Diemen determined to send Tasman out to see about it. If he never came back it would not matter; but, at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Van Diemen therefore fitted out an expedition, and gave the command of it to young Tasman.

Off the young fellow set, in the year 1642, and, like an enamoured swain as he was, the first new ground he discovered—a considerable stretch of land, now forming a very well known English colony—he named after his dear love, Van Diemen's Land, and put Miss Van Diemen's Christian name beside her patronymic, by giving the name of Maria to a small adjoining island close to the south-eastern extremity of the new land. That land, Van Diemen's Land, we have of late begun very generally to call after its discoverer, Tasmania.

* Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor* anchored his ships, on the 18th of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moodenarc's (Murderer's) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships and killed three of his men. Travelling on, he reaches, after some days, the islands which he called after the Three Kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany; * and then, coming upon New Zealand

* The *Epiphany* is a church festival, celebrated on the 6th of January, the twelfth day after Christmas. The *Three Kings* are the wise men who came to visit the infant Saviour.

from the north, he called it, in a patriotic way, after the states of Holland, Staten Land; but the extreme northern point of it, a fine bold headland jutting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled again Cape Maria; for he had gone out resolved not indeed to "carve her name on trunks of trees," but to do his mistress the same sort of honor in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring. After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife, for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favor, rank, and fortune. Governor Van Diemen acquired a famous son-in-law, and the married life of the lovers glided happily away, with no more crosses in its path.

Tasman did not make another journey to New Zealand; it remained unvisited until 1769, when it was rediscovered by Captain Cook, who very quickly recognized it as a portion of the land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailor.

XXXV.—A CHASE.

MISS COOPER.

WITHIN twenty years from the foundation of the village, the deer had already become rare, and in a brief period later they had fled from the country. One of the last of these beautiful creatures seen in the waters of our lake occasioned a chase of much interest, though under very different circumstances from those of a regular hunt. A pretty little fawn had been brought in very young from the woods, and nursed and petted by a lady in the village, until it had become as tame as possible. It was graceful as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite, following the different members of the family about, caressed by the neighbors, and welcome every where.

One morning, after gambolling about as usual until weary

it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter by pursuit, and who still kept several dogs; one of his hounds came to the village with him on this occasion. The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped; the little animal saw him and started to his feet. It had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village, and had apparently lost all fear of them; but it seemed now to know instinctively that an enemy was at hand. In an instant, a change came over it, and the gentleman who related the incident, and who was standing by at the moment, observed that he had never in his life seen a finer sight than the sudden arousing of instinct in the beautiful creature. In a second, its whole character and appearance seemed changed; all its past habits were forgotten; every wild impulse was awake; its head erect, its nostrils dilated, its eye flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of the danger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn was leaping wildly through the street, and the hound in full pursuit.

The bystanders were eager to save it; several persons instantly followed its track; the friends who had long fed and fondled it calling the name it had hitherto known, but in vain. The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dog, but with no better success. In half a minute, the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward towards the lake, and thrown itself into the water. But if for a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, it was soon undeceived; the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen of the village dogs joined wildly in the pursuit. Quite a crowd collected on the bank,—men, women, and children,—anxious for the fate of the little animal known to them all; some threw themselves into boats, hoping to intercept the hound before he reached his prey; but the plashing of the oars, the eager voices of the men and boys, and the barking of the dogs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn

with terror and anguish, as though every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

It was soon seen that the little animal, was directing its course across a bay towards the nearest borders of the forest; and immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before; its delicate head scarce seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to friends and enemies. As it approached the land the exciting interest became intense. The hunter was already on the same line of shore, calling loudly and angrily to his dog; but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land; in one leap it had crossed the narrow line of beach, and in another instant it would reach the cover of the woods. The hound followed, true to the scent, aiming at the same spot on shore; his master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at the most critical moment. Would the dog hearken to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the village bank proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest; at the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over: the fawn was leaping up the mountain side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed.

A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the woods in search of the little creature, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that after the fright had passed over it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could easily be known from any

other fawn that might be straying about the woods. Before many hours had passed, a hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and showing a collar with her name on it, said that he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal, instead of bounding away as he had expected, moved towards him; he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck he was very sorry that he had killed it. And so the poor little thing died; one would have thought that terrible chase would have made it afraid of man; but no, it forgot the evil and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet as a friend the hunter who shot it. It was long mourned by its best friend.

XXXVI.—AFAR IN THE DESERT.

PRINGLE.

[THOMAS PRINGLE was born in Roxburghshire, in Scotland, in 1788, and died in 1834. He passed some years in South Africa. He wrote a narrative of his residence in that country, and published two volumes of poems. He also wrote much for periodical publications, and was for some time editor of the annual called *Friendship's Offering*. His writings have much merit, and his character was benevolent and energetic.]

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
 When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
 And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
 And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former years;
 And the shadows of things that have long since fled
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead—
 Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon—
 Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
 Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
 Companions of early days lost or left—

And my native land! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone;
And I a lone exile, remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert, afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife,
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh,
O, there, there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride.

- There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the desert land;
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen,

By valleys remote, where the oribi * plays,
 Where the gnu,* the gazelle, and the hartbeest * graze,
 And the gemsbok * and eland,* unhunted, recline
 By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine,
 And the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
 And the river horse gambols unscared in the flood,
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the Vley † where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side ;
 O'er the brown Karroo, ‡ where the bleating cry
 Of the springbok's * fawn sounds plaintively ;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain ;

And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds, like a horseman that travels in haste ;
 And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
 Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead ;
 And the grisly wolf and the shrieking jackal
 Howl for their prey at the evening fall ;
 And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim
 Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bu-li-boy alone by my side ;
 Away—away, in the wilderness vast,
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Koranna, or Bechuan, §
 Hath rarely crossed, with his roving clan ;

* The oribi, the gnu, the hartbeest, the gemsbok, the eland, and the springbok are all animals of the genus antelope. Most of them are described in the Penny Magazine, article *Antelope*.

† Vley, a pool of fresh water.

‡ The Karroo is a desert plain of South Africa.

§ The Bechuan and Koranna are names of Hottentot tribes.

A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot,
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake's brink;
A region of doubt, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides,
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
Are found, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's Solitude.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,
And feel as a moth in the mighty hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land,—
A "still small voice" comes through the wild,
Like a father consoling his fretful child,
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying, "MAN IS DISTANT, BUT GOD IS NEAR."

XXXVII.—THE THREE SONS.

MOULTRE.

[The Rev. JOHN MOULTRE, an English clergyman, is the author of *My Brother's Grave* and other Poems. *The Dream of Life* and other Poems. They are graceful and pleasing productions, of a pure moral tone, and expressing much tenderness of feeling.]

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
 They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears;
 That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish
 years.

I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair,
 And yet his sweetest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
 I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
 But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency;
 But that which others most admire is the thought which fills
 his mind;

The food for grave, inquiring speech he every where doth find.
 Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
 He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
 Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
 But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
 His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
 With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the
 next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches him to pray;
 And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then, are the words which
 he will say.

O, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
 A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be;
 And when I look into his eyes, and press his thoughtful brow,
 I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
 I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
 How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my
 knee:

I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his has ever been :
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling ;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love
revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the
street,

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and
sweet.

A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.

His presence is like sunshine sent, to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.

Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may
prove

As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love :
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love that we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to
dwell.

To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,
And then he bid farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.

I cannot tell what form his is, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow ;
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth
feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast :
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest
things.

I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I)
 Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
 Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
 Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
 It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may
 sever,

But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
 When we think of what our darling is, and what we still
 must be ;

When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's
 misery ;

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief
 and pain, —

O, we'd rather lose our other two than have him here again.

XXXVIII.—COMBAT BETWEEN THE KNIGHT OF THE LEOPARD AND SALADIN.

SCOTT.

[WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832. In 1792 he was called to the Scotch bar as an advocate; but he made but little progress in his profession, being soon allured from it by the higher attractions of literature. After having written and published a few fugitive pieces, and edited a collection of border ballads, he broke upon the world, in 1805, with his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which was received with a burst of admiration almost without parallel in literary history. This was followed by *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*, which added to the author's reputation, and by *Rokeby* and *The Lord of the Isles*, which fairly sustained it. These poems were unlike any thing that had preceded them. Their versification was easy and graceful, though sometimes slovenly; their style was energetic and condensed; their pictures were glowing and faithful; the characters and incidents were fresh and startling; and in the battle scenes there was a power of painting which rivalled the pages of Homer. The whole civilized world rose up to greet with admiration the poet who transported them to the lakes and mountains of Scotland, introduced them to knights and moss-troopers, and thrilled their worn bosoms with scenes of wild adventure and lawless violence. Scott held undisputed possession of the poetical throne until Lord Byron disputed it with him, and won a popularity more intense, if not more wide.

But these brilliant and successful poems were hardly more than an introduction to Scott's literary career. In 1814 there appeared, without any preliminary announcement, and anonymously, a novel called *Waverley*, which soon attracted great attention, and gave rise to much speculation as to its authorship. This was the beginning of that splendid series of works of fiction commonly called the *Waverley novels*, which con-

lained to be poured forth in rapid succession till 1827. From the first, there was very little doubt that Scott was the author of these works, although they were published without any name; and when the avowal was made in 1827, it took nobody by surprise. Of the great powers put forth in these novels—of their immense popularity—and of the influence they have exerted, and are still exerting, upon literature, it is not necessary to speak, nor could such a subject be discussed in a notice like this. Admirable as the whole series is, there is a power, a freshness, and an originality in the earlier ones, such as *Guy Mannering* and *The Antiquary*, where the scenery and characters are Scotch, which give them a marked superiority over their younger brethren.

Besides his poems and novels, Scott wrote a *Life of Napoleon*, various other biographies, and many works besides. He was a man of immense literary industry, and his writings fill eighty-eight volumes of small octavo size. All this did not prevent his discharging faithfully the duties of a citizen, a father of a family, and (for many years) of a magistrate.

Scott's life has been written by his son-in-law, Lockhart; and it is a truthful record of what he was and what he did. His was a noble nature, on the whole, with much to love and much to admire. He was a warm friend, most affectionate in his domestic relations, and ever ready to do kind acts to those who stood in need of them. After his first literary successes, he lived before the public eye; and since his death, his whole life and being have been exposed to the general gaze, and there are few lives on record that would bear such an ordeal better.

In consequence of a secret and unwise partnership with a printer and publisher, Scott became a bankrupt at the age of fifty-five. He met this blow with an heroic spirit, and addressed himself to the task of discharging the liabilities against him with a moral energy which was nothing less than sublime. The amount of work he did between this date and that of his death is fearful to contemplate. His life was shortened by his excessive toils; but he accomplished what he proposed to himself. His debts, materially diminished before his death, have since been entirely discharged by the profits on his collected works. In this portion of his life, Scott's character shines with a moral grandeur far above all mere literary fame.

Scott was made a baronet in 1820.

This extract is from *The Talisman*, one of the *Tales of the Crusaders*, published in 1825. The Saracen knight turns out to be the celebrated eastern sultan, Saladin, who plays an important part in the subsequent action of the novel.]

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Redcross, who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

The warlike pilgrim had toiled among cliffs and precipices during the earlier part of the morning; more lately, issuing from those rocky and dangerous defiles, he had entered upon

that great plain, where the accursed cities provoked, in ancient days, the direct and dreadful vengeance of the Omnipotent.

The toil, the thirst, the dangers of the way, were forgotten, as the traveller recalled the fearful catastrophe which had converted into an arid and dismal wilderness the fair and fertile valley of Siddim, once well watered, even as the garden of the Lord, now a parched and blighted waste, condemned to eternal sterility.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendor, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the fitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider and the accoutrements of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncelle,* to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat† of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far

* Pennoncelle, a small flag or banner.

† Surcoat, an overcoat.

useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant* leopard, with the motto, "I sleep—wake me not." An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they were come to war.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe, or hammer, called a mace-of-arms, and which hung to the saddle bow; the reins were secured by chain work, and the front stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of paraphery a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the western warriors who hurried to Palestine died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent, and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade

* Couchant, a term in heraldry, applied to animals, represented, in coats of arms, as lying down, with the head raised.

defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame; and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midday station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, proved to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe — perhaps, as a vowed champion of the cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right

hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs, and the inflection of his body, than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard would put his horse to the gallop to encounter him.

But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might

at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the emir; for such, and not less, his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foe-man sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him.

But the latter had in the mean while recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles, of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill, that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse.

But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach. Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword belt,

in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarine, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foe, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

XXXIX.—THE LAST DAYS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LOCKHART.

[The Life of Scott by his son-in-law, JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, is one of the most delightful books in the language; in all parts full of interest, which becomes of a melancholy cast towards the close. Lockhart was a man of brilliant literary powers. He wrote *Valerius*, *Matthew Wald*, *Adam Blair*, and *Reginald Dalton*, all novels; *Peter's Letters*, a series of sketches of Scotch society and of eminent men in Scotland; and a volume of translations from the Spanish ballads. He was also a frequent contributor to the earlier numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He died in 1854. He had been for many years editor of the *Quarterly Review*.]

In consequence of Sir Walter Scott's declining health, he had passed the winter of 1831-2 in Italy; but with very little benefit. In June, 1832, while on his way home, he had an attack of apoplectic paralysis, from which he never rallied. On the 9th of July he reached Edinburgh, in a state of almost entire insensibility. The extract begins with his removal to his own house at Abbotsford. Abbotsford is about forty miles south-east of Edinburgh, on the Tweed. The Gala flows into the Tweed near by.]

At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday, the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we ascended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—"Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee."* As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outlines of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in a flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's,† to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his

* Torwoodlee is a country seat near Abbotsford. Buckholm is an old tower.

† Nicolson was Sir Walter Scott's servant.

stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw* was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, "Ha, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair; they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.

Dr. Watson, having consulted on all things with Mr. Clarkson† and his father, resigned the patient to them, and returned to London. None of them could have any hope, but that of soothing irritation. Recovery was no longer to be thought of. And yet something like a ray of hope did break in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath chair from Huntly Burn,‡ and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose beds, then in full bloom. The grandchildren admired the new vehicle, and would be helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on them and the dogs their companions, and now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By and by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us; said he was happy to be at home; that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would perhaps disappoint the doctors, after all.

He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library. "I have seen much," he kept saying,

* Mr. Laidlaw, a worthy and intelligent man, to whom Scott was much attached, was the manager of his estate.

† Mr. Clarkson was a surgeon.

‡ Huntly Burn is a cottage on the estate of Abbotsford, then occupied by Sir Adam Ferguson, a friend of Scott's.

"but nothing like my ain house; give me one turn more." He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again the moment we told him that we thought he had had enough for one day.

Next morning he was still better. After again enjoying the Bath chair for perhaps a couple of hours, he desired to be drawn into the library and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him; and when I asked from what book, he said, "Need you ask? There is but one." I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said, when I had done, "Well, this is a great comfort; I have followed you distinctly; and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." In this placid frame he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

On the third day Mr. Laidlaw and I again wheeled him about the small piece of lawn and shrubbery in front of the house for some time; and the weather being delightful, and all the richness of summer around him, he seemed to taste fully the balmy influences of nature. The sun getting very strong, we halted the chair in a shady corner, just within the verge of his verdant arcade around the court wall; and breathing the coolness of the spot, he said, "Read me some amusing thing; read me a bit of Crabbe." I brought out the first volume of his old favorite that I could lay hand on, and turned to what I remembered as one of his most favorite passages in it—the description of the arrival of the players in the borough. He listened with great interest, and also, as I soon perceived, with great curiosity. Every now and then he exclaimed, "Capital—excellent—very good—Crabbe has lost nothing;" and we were too well satisfied that he considered himself as hearing a new production.

On the morning of Sunday, the 15th, he was again taken out into the little pleasure-ground, and got as far as his favorite terrace walk between the garden and the river, from which he seemed to survey the valley and the hills with much satisfac-

tion. On reëntering the house he desired me to read to him from the New Testament, and after that he again called for a little of Crabbe; but whatever I selected from that poet seemed to be listened to as if it made part of some new volume published while he was in Italy. He attended with this sense of novelty even to the tale of Phebe Dawson, which not many months before he could have repeated every line of, and which I chose for one of these readings, because, as is known to every one, it had formed the last solace of Mr. Fox's death bed. On the contrary, his recollection of whatever I read from the Bible appeared to be lively; and in the afternoon, when we made his grandson, a child of six years, repeat some of Dr. Watts's hymns by his chair, he seemed also to remember them perfectly. That evening he heard the church service, and when I was about to close the book, said, "Why do you omit the Visitation for the Sick?" which I added accordingly.

On Monday he remained in bed, and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday, the 17th, he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said, "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia* put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office; it dropped on the paper. He sank back

* Sophia was Mrs. Lockhart, Scott's eldest daughter.

among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by and by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said he, "no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself; get me to bed—that's the only place."

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and after another week he was unable even for this.

After this he declined daily, but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as sheriff; and once or twice he seemed to be ordering 'Tom Purdie * about trees.

Commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible, (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah and the Book of Job;) or some petition in the litany; or a verse of some psalm, in the old Scotch metrical version; or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the church services he had attended while in Italy.

All this time he continued to recognize his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him, and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr.

* Tom Purdie was a much valued servant

Clarkson, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday, the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm, every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak with you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." * He paused, and I said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" † "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all." With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half past one, P. M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children.

It was a beautiful day; so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

* These are remarkable words. Here was a man who had won the highest prizes of life; had gained the most splendid literary reputation; had been honored, flattered, and caressed as few men have ever been; and yet, at the last moment, falls back for support on moral worth and religious faith — that possession which all may earn. Let the young ponder upon the lesson.

† Anne was his second daughter.

XL.—THE THREE MIGHTY.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

[The incidents on which these lines are founded is related in the twenty-third chapter of the Second Book of Samuel, and also in the eleventh chapter of the First Book of Chronicles.]

WATCHFIRES are blazing on hill and plain ;
The noonday light is restored again ;
There are shining arms in Raphain's vale,
And bright is the glitter of clanging mail.

The Philistine hath fixed his encampment here ;
Afar stretch his lines of banner and spear,
And his chariots of brass are ranged side by side,
And his war steeds neigh loud in their trappings of pride.

His tents are placed where the waters flow ;
The sun hath dried up the springs below,
And Israel hath neither well nor pool,
The rage of her soldiers' thirst to cool.

In the cave of Adullam King David lies,
Overcome with the glare of the burning skies ;
And his lip is parched and his tongue is dry,
But none can the grateful draught supply.

Though a crowned king, in that painful hour
One flowing cup might have bought his power.
What worth, in the fire of thirst, could be
The purple pomp of his sovereignty ?

But no cooling cup from river or spring
To relieve his want can his servants bring ;
And he cries, " Are there none in my train or state
Will fetch me the water of Bethlehem gate ? "

Then three of his warriors, the "mighty three,"
The boast of the monarch's chivalry,
Uprose in their strength, and their bucklers rang,
As with eyes of flame on their steeds they sprang.

On their steeds they sprang, and with spurs of speed
Rushed forth in the strength of a noble deed,
And dashed on the foe like the torrent flood,
Till he floated away in a tide of blood.

To the right—to the left—where their blue swords shine
Like autumn corn falls the Philistine ;
And sweeping along with the vengeance of fate,
The "mighty" rush onward to Bethlehem gate.

Through a bloody gap in his shattered array,
To Bethlehem's well they have hewn their way ;
Then backward they turn on the corse-covered plain,
And charge through the foe to their monarch again.

The king looks at the cup, but the crystal draught
At a price too high for his want hath been bought ;
They urge him to drink, but he wets not his lip ;
Though great is his need, he refuses to sip.

But he pours it forth to Heaven's Majesty,
He pours it forth to the Lord of the sky ;
'Tis a draught of death—'tis a cup blood-stained—
'Tis a prize from man's suffering and agony gained.

Should he taste of a cup that his "mighty three"
Had obtained by their peril and jeopardy?
Should he drink of their life?—'Twas the thought of a
king ;
And again he returned to his suffering.

XII.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce ; for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part.
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us—rest; thou art weary and worn;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay :
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

XLII.—THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Cowper.

[Few events have ever fallen with more startling sorrow upon the public mind of Great Britain than the loss of the Royal George, in the month of August, 1782, while lying at anchor off Spithead, near Portsmouth. She carried one hundred and ten guns, was commanded by Admiral Kempenfelt, and was deemed the finest ship in the British navy. Being just ready to go to sea, she was inclined a little on one side, either to stop a leak or for some similar object. But so little risk was anticipated from the operation, that the admiral, with his officers and men, nearly a thousand souls in all, remained on board. Besides these, the ship was crowded with persons from the shore; among whom were some three hundred women and children. In this state of things, the vessel was struck by a sudden blow of wind, and being probably too much inclined, she was thrown farther over: the water rushed into her portholes; she filled instantly, and sunk. About three hundred persons were saved, but not less than a thousand perished. The effect of so fearful a tragedy may be more fully apprehended when we bear in mind that the whole British loss in the great naval battle of Trafalgar, fought a few years after,—in its consequences the most important naval battle of modern times,—was less than seventeen hundred.]

Toll for the brave,
The brave that are no more;
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset:
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave;
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought;
His work of glory done

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes ;
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone ;
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

XLIII. — DAMASCUS.

WARBURTON.

[This extract is from *The Crescent and the Cross*, a very well written and agreeable book of travels in the East, published in 1844, by ELIOT WARBURTON, an English gentleman. Mr. Warburton also wrote *Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers*, and *Reginald Hastings*, a romance. This amiable and accomplished man was lost at sea in 1852, on a voyage from England to the West Indies.]

WE had been sleeping under our horses, and they had never stirred a limb for fear of hurting us. The evening before, our

path had lain among bosomy hills and quiet-looking, drab-colored valleys. This scenery, if not attractive, was at least not offensive; and when daylight came, and we found where we had wandered, the change was great indeed. It seemed as if some great battle of the elements had taken place during the night, the rocks been rent asunder in the struggle, and Nature frightfully wounded in the fray. Wildly distorted as the scenery seemed when the sun shone over it, there was a fearful silence and want of stir that enhanced its effect. Cliffs nodded over us, as if they had been awake all night, and could stand it no longer; precipices and dark ravines yawned beneath us, fixed, as it were, in some spasm of the nightmare. Not a living thing was to be seen around — no drop of water, no leaf of tree, nothing but a calm, terrible sunshine above, and blackened rocks and burned soil below.

We emerged from these savage gorges into a wide, disheartening plain, bounded by an amphitheatre of dreary mountains. Our horses had had no water for twenty-four hours, and we no refreshment of any kind for twenty. Finding there was still a gallop in my steed's elastic limbs, I pushed on for Damascus, leaving my people to follow more slowly. After a couple of hours' hard riding, I came to another range of mountains, from beyond which opened the view of Damascus, that the Prophet abstained from as too delightful for this probationary world. It is said that after many days of toilsome travel, beholding the city thus lying at his feet, he exclaimed, "Only one paradise is allowed to man; I will not take mine in this world." And so he turned away his horse's head from Damascus, and pitched his tent in the desert.

I reined up my steed with difficulty on the side of the mountain; he had already, perhaps, heard the murmur of the distant waters, or instinct told him that Nature's life-streams flowed beneath that bright-green foliage. For miles around us lay the dead desert, whose sands appear to quiver under the shower of sunbeams: far away to the south and east it spread like a boundless ocean; but there, beneath our feet, lay

such an island of verdure as nowhere else perhaps exists. Mass upon mass of dark, delicious foliage rolled like waves among garden tracts of brilliant emerald green. Here and there, the clustering blossoms of the orange or the nectarine lay like foam upon that verdant sea. Minarets, white as ivory, shot up their fairy towers among the groves; and purple mosque domes, tipped with the golden crescent, gave the only sign that a city lay bowered beneath those rich plantations.

One hour's gallop brought me to the suburban gates of Mezzé, and thenceforth I rode on through streets, or rather lanes, of pleasant shadow. For many an hour we had seen no water: now it gushed, and gleamed, and sparkled all around us: from aqueduct above, and rivulet below, and marble fountain in the walls — every where it poured forth its rich abundance; and my horse and I soon quenched our burning thirst in Abana and Pharpar.

On we went, among gardens, and fountains, and odors, and cool shade, absorbed in sensations of delight, like the knights of old, who had just passed from some ordeal to its reward. Fruits of every delicate shape and hue bended the boughs hospitably over our heads; flowers lung in canopy upon the trees, and lay in variegated carpet on the ground; the lanes through which we went were long arcades of arching boughs; the walls were composed of large, square blocks of dried mud, which in that bright, dazzling light somewhat resembled Cyclopean architecture, and gave, I know not what, of simplicity and primitiveness to the scene. At length I entered the city, and thenceforth lost the sun while I remained there. The luxurious people of Damascus exclude all sunshine from their bazaars by awnings of thick mat, wherever vine trellises or vaulted roofs do not render this precaution unnecessary.

The effect of this pleasant gloom, the cool currents of air created by the narrow streets, the vividness of the bazaars, the variety and beauty of the Oriental dress, the fragrant smell of the spice shops, the tinkle of the brass cups of the seller of sherbets — all this affords a pleasant but bewildering

change from the silent desert and the glare of sunshine. And then the glimpses of places strange to your eye, yet familiar to your imagination, that you catch as you pass along! Here is the portal of a large khan, with a fountain and cistern in the midst. Camels, and bales of merchandise, and turbaned negroes are scattered over its wide quadrangle, and an arcade of shops or offices surrounds it, above and below, like the streets of Chester. Another portal opens into a public bath, with its fountains, its reservoirs, its gay carpets, and its luxurious inmates, clothed in white linen, and reclining upon cushions as they smoke their chibouques.

Damascus is all of a bubble with nargilehs * and fountains; the former are in every mouth, and the latter gush from every corner of the street. These fountains are in themselves very characteristic, beautifully carved with fanciful designs, that seem ever striving to evade the Moslems' law against imitating any thing in creation. The heat of the climate is turned into a source of pleasure by the cool currents of air that are ingeniously cultivated, and the profusion of ices, creams, and juicy fruits that every where present themselves. Many of the shopkeepers have large feather fans, which are in constant flutter; and even the jewellers, as they work in public, turn aside from the little crucibles, in which ingots of silver or gold are learning ductility and obedience to art, to fan their pallid cheeks, and agitate their perfumed beards with these wide-spread fans. I was never tired of roaming through the bazaars of Damascus; I strolled about them by the hour, watching the life and little interests of the pale people who live and die in their shadowy arcades.

The merchants sit on their counters; you stand in the street; there is no house to enter, but the whole bazaar is like one great shop, with a number of shelves ranged along its sides in little niches. On each shelf is a man or a boy, whose long draperies are arranged gracefully round them; immense

* A nargileh is a pipe, in which the smoke is drawn through water.

turbans, of some costly material and very vivid colors, on their heads. Here is a pale boy, with a brilliantly gay shawl folded round his brow, working lace in a hand loom, and watching the shop at the same time; there is a man of seventy, with snowy beard, and cashmere shawl, and mulberry-colored mantle.

Here a handsome young Turk is measuring English chintz to a woman veiled from head to foot in a white, shroud-like sheet, with a dark-colored handkerchief over her face; there a water carrier walks swiftly by, jingling his brazen cups together; he has an immense glass jar, full of iced sherbet, slung under his arm; its long neck is tipped with a lump of snow and a bunch of flowers; you drink a deep draught of the nectar, your servant pays four paras, (about half a farthing,) and he moves on. Here a speculator in smoke is walking about with a sheaf of nargilehs, which he puts unasked into his customers' mouths. They smoke apparently unconsciously; and, when the proprietor returns, he receives about a farthing for his fee.

There is a man selling colored ices at a halfpenny a saucer full. Their trays of fruit attract your eye — plums, apricots, and enormous watermelons that melt in the mouth like snow; here comes a doukey laden with cucumbers, apparently the favorite refreshment, for almost every one stops him; here a string of tall, awkward camels fills the narrow street; there, seated on his shop board, is an old man drowsily nodding among the silks of India and Syria; and there are two pale boys playing dominos in an armorer's shop, from the roof of which daggers hang like the sword of Damocles, and quantities of ivory-handled knives, that make the niche look like a cave of stalactites. On the whole, the bazaars are much better and more striking than those of Cairo, though still rather mean and contemptible when you come to examine or value them. Many of the shopkeepers are mere amateurs — men who have land or houses, but who amuse themselves by sitting cross-legged from morning till night, and selling their quaint commodities in the cool shade.

XLIV — HOW THE HOOPOES CAME TO HAVE CROWNS: AN EASTERN LEGEND.

[This story is taken from *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*, a very entertaining book of travels, by Hon. ROBERT CURZON, JEs., an English gentleman, published in 1859. The legend was related to the author by a Mussulman cobbler, in Upper Egypt.]

In the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as well as men, and who could speak the language of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it, with its contents, wherever King Solomon desired.

Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth: The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "O vultures," cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me; for its rays are scorching my neck and face." But the vultures answered and said, "We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not turn back on our flight; neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face."

Then King Solomon lifted up his voice and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures; and because you will not obey the com-

mands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your necks shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain, shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds; and whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure to the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the king cried out to them and said, "O hoopoes, come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered and said, "O king, we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we shall make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and flying in a cloud over the throne of the king, sheltered him from the rays of the sun.

When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, he commanded that the king of the hoopoes should stand before his feet. "Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obeisance thou hast shown to the king, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe? and what shall be given the hoopoe of thy race for a memorial and a reward?" Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honor of standing before the king; and making his obeisance, and laying his right claw on his heart, he said, "O king, live forever! Let a day be given thy servant to consider, with his queen and counsellors, what it shall be the king shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so;" and it was so.

But the king of the hoopoes flew away, and he went to his queen, who was a dainty bird, and he told her what had hap-

pened, and he desired her advice as to what they should ask of the king for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the king of the hoopoes, with the queen, went apart, and she said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words: and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds." And the words of the queen, and the princesses, her daughters, prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before King Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads.

Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns on our heads." So King Solomon said, "Golden crowns ye shall have; but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head. And all the hoopoes had golden crowns, and were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover they went to the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water that they might admire themselves, as in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig, refusing to speak to the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown on her head.

Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire herself was caught. The fowler looked at it and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off

its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal; and he asked him what it was. Issachar said it was "a crown of brass." And he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found more, to bring them to him, and tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar; until one day he met another man who was a jeweller, and showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. The jeweller told him that they were pure gold, and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

Now, when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them went abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird lime was made in every town; and the price of traps rose in the market. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive; and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and ere long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny. At length, flying by stealth through the least frequented places, the king of the hoopoes went to King Solomon, and stood before the steps of the golden throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortune which had happened to his race.

So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said, "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed on the earth."

Now, when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold on their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace unto the present day.

XLV.—ANECDOTES OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

WARBURTON.

WHEN Missolonghi was beleaguered by the Turkish forces, Marco Botzaris commanded a garrison of about twelve hundred men, who had barely fortifications enough to form breastworks. Intelligence reached the Greek leaders that the Egyptian army, under Ismail Pacha, was about to form a junction with the formidable besieging host. A parade was ordered; the garrison, "faint and few, but fearless still," scarcely amounted to one thousand men. Marco Botzaris told them of the destruction that impended over Missolonghi, proposed a sortie, and announced that it should consist only of volunteers, as the expedition was a "forlorn hope." Volunteers! The whole garrison stepped forward as one man, and demanded the post of honor and of death. "I will only take the Thermopyæ number," said their leader, and selected the three hundred that were nearest to him.

In the dead of night this devoted band marched out in six divisions, and placed themselves, in profound silence, round the Turkish camp. Their orders were simply, "When you hear my bugle blow, seek me in the pacha's tent."

Marco Botzaris, disguised as an Albanian bearing despatches to the pacha from the Egyptian army, passed unquestioned through the Turkish camp, and was only arrested by the sentinels around the pacha's tent, who informed him that he must wait till morning. Then wildly through the stillness of the night that bugle blew; faithfully it was echoed from without; and the war cry of the avenging Greek broke upon the Moslem's ear. From every side that terrible storm seemed to burst at once; shrieks of agony and terror swelled the tumult. The Turks fled in all directions, and the Grecian leader was soon surrounded by his comrades. Struck to the ground by a musket ball, he had himself raised on the shoulders of two Greeks, and, thus supported, he pressed on the flying enemy.

A bullet pierced his brain in the moment of his triumph; but Missolonghi was saved, and the delivery of Greece begun.

Shortly afterwards, Missolonghi was again beleaguered; all hope of successful resistance had vanished. The small remnant of the garrison, placing their wives and children in their centre, cut their way at midnight through the Turkish army, and escaped to the mountains. The aged, and wounded, and infirm, alone remained with some women and children. These assembled round the powder magazine, and calmly waited

"Till morning's sun
Should rise and give them light to die."

At the first dawn the Turks stormed the almost defenceless fortifications, received one faint volley from the Greeks, and rushed on to the work of slaughter. A wounded veteran smiled grimly as he saw them come; with one hand he beckoned them on, with the other he fired his pistol into the powder magazine. The explosion annihilated friend and foe; the remains of the heroic garrison perished; but, Samson-like, they involved their enemies in their own destruction. The name of Missolonghi destroyed, but thus destroyed, became a tower of strength to the Grecian cause.

One more anecdote and I have done. A detachment of one hundred Greeks was hemmed in by a division of the Turkish army in one of the defiles of the Morea. They were summoned to surrender; but they demanded to be allowed to march away with all the honors of war. This was of course refused; night was drawing on, and the attack was postponed till the following morning. One Greek alone passed over to the Turks; he bore a commission from his comrades to tell their countrymen that they had died in the cause of Greece. When morning rose, the pacha found that they had thrown up a breastwork, and presented a very formidable appearance. He then offered them a free passage if they would lay down their arms. "It is too late," said their leader to the aide-de-camp. "Go tell your general how you found us." They had unwound their

silken sashes, and firmly bound themselves to each other, limb to limb, so that their line must remain unbroken in death even. The onslaught took place; seven hundred Turks fell before the last Greek was sabred; and an officer told me that long afterwards he had gone to see the spot, and found the bleached skeletons of that gallant band still bound together by their silken sashes.

XLVI.—EXTRACTS FROM THOMAS MOORE.

[THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin, May 28, 1779, and died February 26, 1852. His first publication, a translation of the Odes of Anacreon, published in 1800, was received with much favor; and from that time he was constantly before the public, and, as a poet, rose to a popularity second only to that of Byron and Scott. His longest poem, *Lalla Rookh*, is a brilliant and gorgeous production, glowing with the finest hues of Oriental painting, and true in its details; but it cloyes the mind with its excess of imagery and the luxuriant sweetness of its versification. His *Loves of the Angels*, another poem of some length, was a comparative failure. Moore's greatest strength is shown in his songs, ballads, and lyric effusions. In these, his vivid fancy, his sparkling wit, his rich command of poetical expression, his love of ornament, and his sense of music, find an appropriate sphere of exercise. His *Irish Melodies*, especially, are of great excellence in their way. They are the truest and most earnest things he ever wrote. In many of his productions there is more or less of make-believe sentiment; but here we feel the pulse of truth. The web of Moore's poetry, however, is more remarkable for the richness of its coloring than the fineness of its texture. He is not a very careful writer, and would not bear a rigid verbal criticism.]

Moore's satirical and humorous poems—of which he wrote many—are perhaps entitled to even a higher comparative rank than his serious productions, because they are such genuine and natural expressions of his mind. He was full of wit and animal spirits, and seemed to take positive delight in darting his pointed and glittering shafts against literary and political opponents. In these lighter effusions, also, we do not require the depth of feeling, the moral tone, and the dignity of sentiment, which we seek—and seek in vain—in his serious poetry. Many of them, however, were called forth by the passing occurrences of the day, and have lost their interest with the occasion that gave them birth.

In the latter years of his life, Moore was a diligent laborer in the trade of literature, and wrote many works in prose; among them, *Lives of Sheridan and Byron*, *The Epicurean*, a tale, *The History of Ireland*, a production of much research, *The Life of Captain Rock*, *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, &c. His prose writings, in general, have not added much to his literary reputation.

Moore's private character was amiable and respectable on the whole, though he was a little too inclined to pay court to persons of higher social position than himself. He was a devoted and excellent son, and without reproach in his domestic relations. He had some knowledge of music, and sang his own songs with great taste and feeling; and this accomplishment and his brilliant conversational powers made him a great favorite in society.

As Moore's genius is so essentially lyric, a number of single pieces have been selected from his works; for thus a better impression will be given of his powers than by an extract or two from any of his long poems.]

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of love and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
O, the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill;
O, no; it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,

When the storms that we feel in this cold world shall cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war is gone ;
In the ranks of death you'll find him.
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song," said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell ; but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under.
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery ;
Thy songs were made for the pure and the free ;
They never shall sound in slavery."

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away.
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath ;
And life ne'er looked more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death.

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,

Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide,
So, veiled beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charmed all other eyes
Seemed worthless in thy own.

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou hadst not left that sphere ;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here.
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee.

SUNSET IN SYRIA.

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
Her soul is sad ; her wings are weary —
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple,* once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard Time
Has raised to count his ages by.

* Temple of the Sun at Balbec

HINDA'S APPEAL.

O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.
Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamed or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine -
O misery; must I lose that too?

LAMENT OF A PERI FOR HINDA.

Farewell — farewell to thee, Araby's daughter;
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea;)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's* green water
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Farewell — be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea bird has wept;
With many a shell in whose hollow-wreathed chamber,
We Peris of ocean by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

* The Persian Gulf.

XLVII.—MIKE FINK, THE LAST OF THE BOATMEN.

[This sketch of the last survivor of a race of men now extinct is taken from the *Western Souvenir* for 1829.]

I EMBARKED a few years since, at Pittsburg, for Cincinnati, on board a steamboat, more with a view of realizing the possibility of a speedy return against the current, than in obedience to the call of either business or pleasure.

When we left, the season was not far advanced in vegetation. But as we proceeded, the change was more rapid than the difference of latitude justified. I had frequently observed this in former voyages; but it never was so striking as on the present occasion. The old mode of travelling in the sluggish flat-boat seemed to give time for the change of season; but now a few hours carried us into a different climate. We met Spring, with all her laughing train of flowers and verdure, rapidly advancing from the south. The buckeye, cottonwood, and maple had already assumed, in this region, the rich livery of summer. The thousand varieties of the floral kingdom spread a gay carpet over the luxuriant meadows on each side of the river. The thick woods resounded with the notes of the feathered tribe — each striving to outdo his neighbor in noise, if not in melody. We had not yet reached the region of paroquets; but the clear-toned whistle of the cardinal was heard in every bush; and the cat-bird was endeavoring, with its usual zeal, to rival the powers of the more gifted mocking-bird.

A few hours brought us to one of those stopping points known by the name of "wooding-places." It was situated immediately above Letart's Falls. The boat, obedient to the wheel of the pilot, made a graceful sweep towards the island above the falls, and rounding to, approached the wood pile. As the boat drew near the shore, the escape steam reverberated through the forest and hills like the chafed bellowing of the caged tiger. The root of a tree, concealed beneath the

water, prevented the boat from getting sufficiently near the bank, and it became necessary to use the paddles to take a different position.

"Back out! and try it again!" exclaimed a voice from the shore. "Throw your pole wide, and brace off, or you'll run against a snag."

This was a kind of language long familiar to us on the Ohio. It was a sample of the slang of the keel-boatmen.

The speaker was immediately cheered by a dozen of voices from the deck; and I recognized in him the person of an old acquaintance, familiarly known to me from my boyhood. He was leaning carelessly against a large beech, and as his left arm carelessly pressed a rifle to his side, presented a figure that Salvator* would have chosen from a million, as a model for his wild and moody pencil. His stature was upwards of six feet, his proportions perfectly symmetrical, and exhibiting the evidence of herculean powers. To a stranger he would have seemed a complete mulatto. Long exposure to the sun and weather on the Lower Ohio and Mississippi had changed his skin; and, but for the fine European cast of his countenance, he might have passed for the principal warrior of some powerful tribe. Although at least fifty years of age, his hair was as black as the wing of the raven. Next to his skin he wore a red flannel shirt, covered by a blue capote, ornamented with white fringe. On his feet were moccasins; and a broad leathern belt, from which hung, suspended in a sheath, a large knife, encircled his waist.

As soon as the steamboat became stationary, the cabin passengers jumped on shore. On ascending the bank, the figure I have just described advanced to offer me his hand.

"How are you, Mike?" said I.

"How goes it?" replied the boatman, grasping my hand with a squeeze I can compare to nothing but that of a black-

"I am glad to see you," he continued, in his al man-

* Salvator Rosa, a celebrated painter of forest scenes and bandits.

ner. "I am going to shoot at the tin cup for a quart—off hand—and you must be judge."

I understood Mike at once, and on any other occasion should have remonstrated, and prevented the daring trial of skill. But I was accompanied by a couple of English tourists, who had scarcely ever been beyond the sound of Bow bells, and who were travelling post over the United States to make up a book of observations on our manners and customs. There were, also, among the passengers, a few bloods from Baltimore and Philadelphia, who could conceive of nothing equal to Howard or Chestnut Streets, and who expressed great disappointment at not being able to find terrapins and oysters at every village. My tramontane pride was aroused, and I resolved to give them an opportunity of seeing a western lion—for such Mike undoubtedly was—in all his glory. The philanthropist may start, and accuse me of a want of humanity. I deny the charge, and refer, for apology, to one of the best understood principles of human nature.

Mike, followed by several of his crew, led the way to a beech grove, some little distance from the landing. I invited my fellow-passengers to witness the scene. On arriving at the spot, a stout, bull-headed boatman, dressed in a hunting shirt, but barefooted, in whom I recognized a younger brother of Mike, took a tin cup, which hung from his belt, and placed it on his head. Although I had seen this feat performed before, I acknowledge I felt uneasy, whilst this silent preparation was going on. But I had not much time for reflection, for this second Albert exclaimed,—

"Blaze away, Mike, and let's have the quart."

My travelling companions, as soon as they recovered from the first effect of their astonishment, exhibited a disposition to interfere. But Mike, throwing back his left leg, levelled his rifle at the head of his brother. In this horizontal position the weapon remained for some seconds as immovable as if the arm that held it was affected by no pulsation.

"Elevate your piece a little lower, Mike, or you will lose," cried the imperturbable brother.

I know not if the advice was obeyed; but the sharp crack of the rifle immediately followed, and the cup flew off thirty or forty yards, rendered unfit for future service. There was a cry of admiration from the strangers, who pressed forward to see if the foolhardy boatman was really safe. He remained as immovable as if he had been a figure hewn out of stone. He had not even winked, when the ball struck the cup within two inches of his head.

"Mike has won!" I exclaimed; and my decision was the signal which, according to their rules, permitted him of the target to remove from his position. No more sensation was exhibited among the boatmen than if a common wager had been won. The bet being decided, they hurried back to their boat, giving me and my friends an invitation to partake of "the treat." We declined, and took leave of the thoughtless creatures. In a few moments afterwards, we observed their "keel" wheeling into the current, the gigantic form of Mike bestriding the large steering oar, and the others arranging themselves in their places in front of the cabin, that extended nearly the whole length of the boat, covering merchandise of immense value. As they left the shore, they gave the Indian yell, and broke out into a sort of unconnected chorus, commencing with, —

"Hard upon the beech oar!
She moves too slow!
All the way to Shawneetown,
Long while ago."

XLVIII.—THE SAME CONCLUDED.

OUR travellers returned to the boat lost in speculation on the scene, and the beings they had just beheld, and no doubt the circumstance has been related a thousand times, with all the necessary amplifications of finished tourists.

Mike Fink may be viewed as the correct representative of a class of men now extinct, but who once possessed as marked

a character as that of the gypsies of England, or the lazzaroni of Naples. The period of their existence was not more than a third of a century. The character was created by the introduction of trade on the western waters, and ceased with the successful establishment of the steamboat.

There is something inexplicable in the fact that there could be men found, for ordinary wages, who would abandon the systematic, but not laborious pursuits of agriculture, to follow a life, of all others except that of the soldier, distinguished by the greatest exposure and privation. The occupation of a boatman was more calculated to destroy the constitution, and to shorten life, than any other business. In ascending the river, it was a continued series of toil, rendered more irksome by the snail-like rate at which they moved. The boat was propelled by poles, against which the shoulder was placed; and the whole strength and skill of the individual were applied in this manner. As the boatmen moved along the running board, with their heads nearly touching the plank on which they walked, the effect produced on the mind of an observer was similar to that on beholding the ox rocking before an overloaded cart. Their bodies, naked to their waist for the purpose of moving with greater ease, and of enjoying the breeze of the river, were exposed to the burning suns of summer, and to the rains of autumn. After a hard day's push, they would take their "fillu," or ration of whiskey, and having swallowed a miserable supper of meat half burnt, and of bread half baked, stretch themselves without covering on the deck, and slumber till the steersman's call invited them to the morning "fillu."

Notwithstanding this, the boatman's life had charms as irresistible as those presented by the illusions of the stage. Sons abandoned the comfortable farms of their fathers, and apprentices fled from the service of their masters. There was a captivation in the idea of "going down the river," and the youthful boatman who had "pushed a keel" from New Orleans felt all the pride of a young merchant after his first voyage to an English seaport. From an exclusive association

together, they had formed a kind of slang peculiar to themselves; and from the constant exercise of wit with "the squatters" on shore, and crews of other boats, they acquired a quickness and sharpness of retort that was quite amusing.

On board of the boats thus managed, our merchants intrusted valuable cargoes, without insurance, and with no other guaranty than the receipt of the steersman, who possessed no other property than his boat; and the confidence thus reposed was seldom abused.

Among these men, Mike Fink stood an acknowledged leader for many years. Endowed by nature with those qualities of intellect that give the possessor power, he would have been a conspicuous member of any society in which his lot might have been cast. An acute observer of human nature has remarked, "Opportunity alone makes the hero. Change but their situations, and Caesar would have been but the best wrestler on the green." With a figure cast in a mould that added much of the symmetry of an Apollo to the limbs of a Hercules, he possessed gigantic strength, and his character was noted for the most daring intrepidity. At the court of Charlemagne, he might have been a Roland; with the crusaders, he would have been the favorite with the knight of the lion heart; and in our revolution, he would have ranked with the Morgans and Putnams of the day. He was the hero of a hundred fights, and the leader of a thousand daring adventures. From Pittsburg to St. Louis and New Orleans, every farmer on the shore kept on good terms with Mike—otherwise there was no safety for his property. Wherever he was an enemy, like his great prototype Rob Roy, he levied the contribution of black mail for the use of his boat. Often at night, when his tired companions slept, he would take an excursion of four or five miles, and return before morning rich in spoil. On the Ohio, he was known as the "Snapping Turtle," and on the Mississippi, as the "Snag."

At the early age of seventeen, Mike's character was displayed by enlisting himself in a corps of scouts—a body of irregular rangers employed on the north-western frontier of

Pennsylvania to watch the Indians and give notice of any threatened inroad.

In this corps, while yet a stripling, Mike acquired a reputation for boldness and cunning far beyond his companions. A thousand legends illustrate the fearlessness of his character. There was one which he told himself with much pride, and which made an indelible impression on my boyish memory. He had been out on the hills of Mahoning, when, to use his own words, he "saw signs of Indians about." He had discovered the recent print of the moccason in the grass; and found drops of the fresh blood of a deer on the green bush. He became cautious, skulked for some time in the deepest thickets of hazel and brier, and for several days did not discharge his rifle. He subsisted patiently on parched corn and jerk, which he had dried on his first coming into the woods. He gave no alarm to the settlements, because he discovered, with perfect certainty, that the enemy consisted of a small hunting party who were receding from the Alleghany.

As he was creeping along one morning with the stealthy tread of a cat, his eye fell on a beautiful buck, browsing on the edge of a barren spot three hundred yards distant. The temptation was too strong for the woodsman, and he resolved to have a shot, at all hazards. Repriming his gun, and picking his flint, he made his approaches in the usual noiseless manner, and at the moment he reached the spot from which he meant to take his aim, he observed a large savage, intent upon the same object, and advancing in a direction a little different from his own. Mike shrank behind a tree, with the quickness of thought, and keeping his eye fixed on the hunter, waited the result with patience. In a few moments, the Indian halted within fifty paces, and levelled his piece at the deer. In the mean while, Mike presented his rifle at the body of the savage, and at the moment that the smoke issued from the gun of the latter, the bullet of Fink passed through the red man's breast. He uttered a yell, and fell dead at the same instant with the deer. Mike reloaded his rifle, and remained in his covert for some minutes, to ascertain whether

there were more enemies at hand. He then stepped up to the prostrate savage, and satisfying himself that life was extinguished, turned his attention to the buck, and took from the carcass those pieces suited to the process of jerking.

In the mean time, the country was filling up with a white population; and in a few years, the red men, with the exception of a few fractions of tribes, gradually receded to the lakes, and beyond the Mississippi. The corps of scouts was abolished, after having acquired habits which unfitted them for the pursuits of civilized society. Some incorporated themselves with the Indians; and others, from a strong attachment to their erratic mode of life, joined the boatmen, then just becoming a distinct class. Among these was our hero, Mike Fink, whose talents were soon developed; and for many years he was as celebrated on the rivers of the west as he had been in the woods. •

Some years after the period at which I have dated my visit to Cincinnati, business called me to New Orleans. On board the steamboat on which I had embarked at Louisville, I recognized in the pilot one of those men who had formerly been a patroon, or keel-boat captain. I entered into conversation with him on the subject of his former associates. "They are scattered in all directions," said he. "A few who had capacity have become pilots of steamboats. Many have joined the trading parties that cross the Rocky Mountains, and a few have settled down as farmers."

"What has become," I asked, "of my old acquaintance, Mike Fink?"

"Mike was killed at last," replied the pilot. "He had refused several good offers on steamboats. He said he could not bear the hissing of steam, and he wanted room to throw his pole. He went to the Missouri, and about a year since was shooting the tin cup when he had been drinking too much. He elevated too low, and shot his companion through the head. A friend of the deceased, suspecting foul play, shot Mike through the heart before he had time to reload his rifle."

With Mike Fink expired the spirit of the boatmen.

XLIX.—PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DANIEL BOONE.

[This sketch of Daniel Boone is mainly abridged from his *Life* by J. M. PEEK, contained in the second series of SPARKS'S *American Biography*.]

DANIEL BOONE, the pioneer of Kentucky, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, in the month of February, 1735. He was the sixth of a family of eleven children. His father, Squire Boone, was a native of England. While Daniel was yet a child, his father removed to Berks county, Pennsylvania, at that time a frontier settlement, abounding with game and exposed to Indian assaults. Here young Boone acquired those sylvan tastes which shaped the fashion of his future years. But the woodland solitudes in which he was reared were not entirely deprived of the light of knowledge. He received the rudiments of learning in one of those little log school houses which always follow in the train of our hardy pioneers of the wilderness.

When Daniel was about eighteen, his father removed his family to North Carolina, and settled on the banks of the Yadkin, a mountain stream in the north-west part of the state. Here Daniel married, and lived for many years, occupying himself with farming and hunting, in which latter employment he acquired great skill. He was an unerring marksman, capable of great bodily exertion, cool in danger, and possessed of all the knowledge which a life in the wilderness could teach.

About the year 1767, rumors came to the region where Boone lived, of a country west of the mountains, rich beyond all parallel in natural advantages—blessed with a deep, fertile soil, watered by fair streams, and abounding with game. This was the State of Kentucky, at that time a pathless wilderness, into which the foot of a white man had hardly entered. The imagination of Boone, who had become dissatisfied with the state of things around him, was fired by these accounts, and he determined to visit this terrestrial paradise. He accordingly left his home May 1, 1769, at the head of a party of five persons,

and turned his face towards the setting sun. After a toilsome march of about five weeks, the party, after surmounting a mountain range, saw spreading out before them a rich and beautiful valley, watered by the Red River, covered with stately forests, through which the deer and buffalo roamed in great numbers.

Here the adventurers rested, and passed their time in successful hunting, without any accident or molestation, till the month of December. But on the 22d day of this month, Boone and one of his companions, Stewart, were taken captives by a band of Indians, who rushed suddenly out of a cane-brake upon them. Boone knew the Indian character too well to manifest either fear or anxiety to escape. He preserved his coolness and self-possession: and this caused his savage captors gradually to relax their vigilance. On the seventh night, when all were asleep, Boone gently awaked Stewart; and the two, securing their guns and a few trifling articles, left the Indians in a profound slumber, and stole away unobserved. Great caution was necessary not to awake the savages; for, had the attempt of the hunters been discovered, they would have been sacrificed on the spot. They made their way back to their old hunting camp, but, to their surprise and distress, found it plundered and deserted. Of their three companions nothing was ever after heard: they were probably slain by the Indians. Boone and Stewart continued their hunter life, and in the course of the winter were joined by Squire Boone, a brother of Daniel, and another person, both from North Carolina.

Not long after, Daniel Boone and Stewart were attacked by another band of savages, and the latter was killed. Squire Boone's companion also disappeared afterwards, and the two brothers were left alone. They passed the winter in hunting; and on the 1st of May, 1770, Squire Boone took leave of his brother and went back to North Carolina for supplies. From this time till July 27, when his brother returned, Daniel was left entirely alone. The two brothers resumed their former

way of life, and continued in it till the spring of 1771; when they went back to their families in North Carolina. Daniel Boone had been absent about two years, during which time he had tasted neither bread nor salt. He had determined to remove his family to Kentucky; but more than two years passed by before he could sell his farm and make the necessary arrangements for such a step.

On the 25th of September, 1773, the two brothers bade adieu to their friends and neighbors on the Yadkin, and, with their families, took up their march to the wilderness of Kentucky. At Powell's valley, through which their route lay, they were joined by five families and forty men, the latter well armed. They went on full of hope and spirit; but when near the Cumberland Gap, they were attacked by a band of Indians, and six of their party were killed: among them the eldest son of Daniel Boone, a youth of about seventeen. By this event the party were discouraged, and gave up the further prosecution of the enterprise for the present: returning to some settlements in the south-west of Virginia. Boone and his brother, with a few others, would have gone on; but a majority being against them, they felt bound to submit.

The next year, at the request of the governor of Virginia, Boone went to Kentucky to bring back a company of surveyors—a task which he successfully accomplished. He then took the lead of a company of settlers, by whom the fort of Boonesborough was built, in the spring of 1775, on the bank of the Kentucky River. In the summer of that year he returned to Virginia, and succeeded in removing his family to Boonesborough. His wife and daughters were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River. Soon after, they were joined by three families more; and the opening of the ensuing spring brought other emigrants.

Nothing occurred beyond the usual course of pioneer life till the 14th day of July, 1776. On that day, Betsey Callaway, her sister Frances, and Jemima Boone, a daughter of Captain Boone, (such was the title he now bore,) carelessly crossed the

river opposite Boonesborough, in a canoe, at a late hour in the afternoon. The trees and shrubs on the opposite bank were thick, and came down to the water's edge; the girls, unconscious of danger, were playing and splashing the water with their paddles, until the canoe, floating with the current, drifted near the shore. Five stout Indians lay concealed there, one of whom stealthily crawled down the bank until he reached the rope that hung from the bow, turned its course up the stream, and in a direction to be hidden from a view of the fort. The loud shrieks of the captured girls were heard, but too late for their rescue. The canoe, their only means of crossing, was on the opposite shore, and none dared to risk the chance of swimming the river, under the impression that a large body of savages was concealed in the woods. Boone and Callaway were both absent, and night set in before their return and arrangements for the pursuit.

The next morning, by daylight, a party set out. The trail of the Indians was struck; and after travelling about forty miles they were overtaken. The great object of the white men was, to come upon the Indians so suddenly, that they should have no time to kill their prisoners before defending themselves. In this they succeeded. In an instant a mutual discovery took place. Shots were interchanged; two of the Indians were wounded, and they all fled. The terrified girls were brought back unhurt to the fort.

L.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

THE settlements in Kentucky at this time were exposed to constant assaults from the Indians, instigated by the British forces at the north-west forts. Captain Boone's skill, courage, and knowledge of Indian habits were constantly put in requisition for the protection of his countrymen. On one occasion, he went in command of a party of thirty men to a salt lick,

on Licking River, to manufacture salt. The enterprise was commenced on New Year's day, 1778. Boone was commander, scout, and hunter for the party. On the 7th day of February, Boone, when engaged in hunting at some distance from the lick, was captured by a large band of Indians. Escape being impossible, he assumed a tranquil and assured demeanor, which gained him the confidence of his captors. Knowing that resistance would be hopeless, he induced the saltmakers of his company to surrender, having previously obtained favorable terms for them. They were all taken to the British fort at Detroit, and his friends were given up to the commander as prisoners.

Liberal sums were offered at Detroit for the ransom of Boone; but the Indians had become so much attached to him, from his courage and skill in hunting accomplishments, that they refused to part with him. He was finally received into the tribe, and adopted by an old chief in the place of a deceased son. Here he lived for some months, kindly treated, but still somewhat watched. Whenever he was allowed to leave the village on a hunting excursion, the balls for his gun were carefully counted, and he was required to account in game for each ball and charge of powder. He ingeniously divided a number of balls, with the halves of which he could kill turkeys, raccoons, squirrels, and other small game, and, by using light charges of powder, he contrived to save several charges for his own use, if he should find an opportunity to escape.

Early in June, being with the tribe at Chillicothe, in Ohio, he perceived that they were making preparations for a war-like expedition, and learned that they were going to attack the fort at Boonesborough. Dissembling his emotions, he continued a few days longer with them, watching his opportunity to escape and warn the devoted garrison. On the morning of the 16th of June, he arose, and, without suspicion, went forth on his morning's hunt as usual. Contriving to secrete some dried venison, he struck through the woods for Boonesborough,

a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, and reached it at the end of five days — a remarkable feat, when we remember that he was obliged to shape his course in such a way as to throw the Indians off his trail. He was received by his friends as one risen from the dead. His wife, despairing of his return, had gone back, with some of her children, to her kindred in North Carolina.

The garrison at Boonesborough employed themselves in strengthening their fort, and calmly awaited the attack of their foes. But they did not appear till the 7th of September. The Indians were four hundred and fifty in number, commanded by Captain Duquesne,* a Canadian in the service of Great Britain. With him were eleven other Canadians. The garrison, comprising between fifty and sixty men, with a large number of women and children, was summoned to surrender, "in the name of his Britannic majesty." Two days were requested by Captain Boone to consider the proposal. This was done partly to enable them to collect the cattle which were dispersed through the woods, and partly in the hope that aid might come from a neighboring settlement. At the end of the time, the garrison announced their determination not to surrender.

Captain Duquesne, in spite of his greatly superior force, seemed reluctant to commence an assault. He proposed that the garrison should send out a deputation of nine men to discuss the terms of a treaty of surrender. After some consultation, this was assented to; and Captain Boone and eight other persons were selected for the duty. The parties met on a plot of ground in front of the fort, and about sixty yards distant. Well aware of the treacherous character of the Indians, Captain Boone, before he left the fort, had stationed twenty men with loaded rifles where they could see the whole proceedings and be ready for the slightest alarm. Very favorable terms were offered by the besiegers, and agreed to by the rep-

* Pronounced Dukane.

representatives of the garrison. At the conclusion, the Indians proposed that two of their number should shake hands with each of the white men, in compliance, as they said, with an ancient custom on such occasions. Captain Boone and his associates agreed to this; and when the Indians approached, each pair grasped the hand and arm of a white man. But the grasp was not relaxed: the red men attempted to drag off their white opponents as prisoners. But these latter were prepared for this; a scuffle ensued; the Kentuckians broke away from the Indians, and fled back to the fort, while a volley from the twenty riflemen checked the pursuers. The assault of the fort then commenced in good earnest, and continued with little intermission for nine days, when the enemy retired, baffled in his plans alike of treachery and violence.

At the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, in 1782, Boone was present, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. • The action was brought on contrary to his advice; but he behaved with great courage. In this engagement one of his sons was killed, and his brother was severely wounded.

After the close of the revolutionary war, the settlements of the whites were not disturbed by any serious attacks of the Indians, but there was not entire peace between the two races. On one occasion Colonel Boone was nearly taken prisoner by four Indians, who came to his farm. They found him in the upper part of a small outbuilding used for drying tobacco.* They entered the lower part, and calling him by name, told him that he was their prisoner, and would cheat them no more, at the same time pointing their guns at him. He replied with perfect coolness, and told them he was willing to go with them, and only begged that they would give him a little time, that he might finish the work he was engaged in — that of removing sticks of dry tobacco. While thus parleying with them, and diverting their attention from his purpose, he suddenly jumped

* Boone's biographer is careful to state that though he cultivated tobacco, he never used it.

down among them with his arms full of the dried tobacco, and flung it into their faces, filling their mouths and eyes with the pungent dust. Under cover of this blinding volley, he fled to his cabin, where he had the means of defence; and the baffled Indians retreated, having learned another of the old hunter's tricks.

About 1792, Colonel Boone was dispossessed of his farm at Boonesborough, through a defect of title, and removed to the Kenhawa River, in Virginia, where he lived for a while. But hearing good accounts of the country of the Upper Missouri, he went there in 1795, and established himself about forty-five miles west of St. Louis. The country then belonged to Spain, and Boone was made syndic, or commandant, of a township; but the duties of his office did not interfere with his customary employments of hunting and trapping in the winter season. Having little skill in business, and taking no thought for the advancement of his own fortunes, he lost, through defect of title, at the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, a tract of land which had been granted him by the Spanish government; but this loss was repaired by Congress, which made a special grant to him of about a thousand acres.

The old age of Boone was passed in a tranquil happiness which was in bright contrast with the perilous adventures of his manhood. He lived among his children, the object of affectionate care and devoted attention; and before his death he held descendants of the fifth generation upon his knees. Almost to the very last, he continued his favorite employment of the chase. In his old age he became a sort of historical personage; his life and adventures were written and talked about; and many persons came to see him and hear his story from his own lips. His wife, his faithful and loving companion for more than half a century, died in 1813. He survived her a few years, and died tranquilly, and by natural decay, September 26, 1820, in his eighty-sixth year, in the midst of his children and grandchildren. He was living at that time in Montgomery county, Missouri.

Boone's frame was vigorous and athletic, but in strength and stature he was not beyond the average standard of man. There was nothing rough, still less fierce, in his manners; but he was rather remarkable for the gentleness and quietness of his bearing. He was a man of few words, but was always willing to answer the questions which curious visitors put to him. His moral character was spotless. His affections were strong, and he tenderly loved those who were near to him: to his dying day, he never could speak of the son who was killed at the Blue Licks without tears. His nature was simple and truthful; and though the incidents of his life have been, by some writers, embellished by many romantic fictions, he himself never afforded any materials for it.

LI.—SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

CHILDREN PLAYING WITH A RAM.—*Byron.*

A BAND of children, round a snow-white ram,
There wreath his venerable horns with flowers;
While, peaceful as if still an unweaned lamb,
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
His sober head, majestically tame,
Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.

Their classical profiles, and glittering dresses,
Their large, black eyes, and soft, seraphic cheeks
Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,
The gesture which enchants, the eye that speaks,
The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;
So that the philosophical beholder
Sighed for their sakes — that they should e'er grow older.

AN APOLOGY. — *W. R. Spencer.*

Too late I staid : forgive the crime ;
Unheeded flew the hours.
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers !

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbings of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass ?

O, who to sober measurement
Time's happy fleetness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings ?

AN OLD MAN'S DEATH. — *Dryden.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long :
E'en wondered at because he dropped no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more ;
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

CAIN'S LOVE FOR ADAH. — *Byron.*

All the stars of heaven ;
The deep-blue noon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world ;
The hues of twilight ; the sun's gorgeous coming ;
His setting indescribable, which fills
My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him

Along that western paradise of clouds ;
 The forest shade ; the green bough ; the bird's voice,
 The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of love,
 And mingles with the song of cherubim,
 As the day closes over Eden walls ; —
 All these are nothing to my eyes and heart
 Like Adah's face : I turn from earth and heaven
 To gaze on it.

A SLEEPING INFANT. — *Byron.*

O Cain ! look on him : see how full of life,
 Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy,
 How like to me ; how like to thee when gentle.

* * * * *

Look ! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
 And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
 To hail his father ; while his little form
 Flutters as winged with joy. Talk not of pain !
 The childless cherubs well might envy thee
 The pleasures of a parent ! Bless him, Cain !
 As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but
 His heart will, and thine own too.

PASTORAL MUSIC. — *Byron.*

Hark ! the note,
 The natural music of the mountain reed —
 For here the patriarchal days are not
 A pastoral fable — pipes in the liberal air,
 Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd :
 My soul would drink those echoes. O that I were
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me.

THE MINISTRATIONS OF NATURE.—*Coleridge.*

With other ministrations thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child !
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and discordant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

SORROW.—*Henry Taylor.*

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive, and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

ENIGMA.—*Miss Fanshawe.*

'Twas whispered in heaven and muttered in hell,
And echo caught softly the sound as it fell ;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed ;
'Twas seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder ;
'Twill be found in the spheres, when riven asunder ;
'Twas given to man with his earliest breath,
Assists at his birth, and attends him in death ;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.

It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
And though unassuming, with monarchs is crowned.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
It softens the heart ; and though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower —
O, breathe on it softly ; it dies in an hour.*

LII.—THE PRAIRIES.

THE scenery of the prairie country is striking, and never fails to cause an exclamation of surprise. The extent of the prospect is exhilarating ; the outline of the country sloping and graceful. The verdure of the flowers is beautiful ; and the absence of shade, and consequent appearance of profusion of light, produces a gayety which animates the beholder.

It is necessary to explain that these plains, although preserving a general level with respect to the whole country, are yet in themselves not flat, but exhibit a gracefully waving surface, swelling and sinking with an easy slope, and a full, rounded outline, equally avoiding the unmeaning horizontal surface, and the interruption of abrupt or angular elevations. It is that surface which, in the expressive language of the country, is called *rolling*, and which has been said to resemble the long, heavy swell of the ocean, when its waves are subsiding to rest, after the agitation of a storm.

* The answer to this beautiful enigma is the letter H.

It is to be remarked, also, that the prairie is almost always elevated in the centre, so that, in advancing into it from either side, you see before you only the plain, with its curved outline marked upon the sky, and forming the horizon; but, on reaching the highest point, you look around upon the whole of the vast scene.

The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature; it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas, like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so closely on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path, and then emerges again into another prairie. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore, when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree which stands alone in the blooming desert.

If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dewdrops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail dropped, is sneaking away to his covert, with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of

nature; and the grouse, feeding in flocks, or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface—the males strutting and erecting their plumage like the peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine. The number of these birds is astonishing. The plain is covered with them in every direction; and when they have been driven from the ground by a deep snow, I have seen thousands—or more properly tens of thousands—thickly clustered in the tops of the trees surrounding the prairie. They do not retire as the country becomes settled, but continue to lurk in the tall grass around the newly-made farms; and I have sometimes seen them mingled with the domestic fowls, at a short distance from the farmer's door. They will eat and even thrive when confined in a coop, and may undoubtedly be domesticated.

When the eye roves off from the green plain to the groves or points of timber, these are also found to be at this season robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dogwood, the crab-apple, the wild plum, the cherry, the wild rose, are abundant in all the rich lands; and the grape vine, although its blossom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance. The variety of the wild fruit and flowering shrubs is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

The gayety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of loneliness, which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveller in the wilderness. Though one may see neither a house nor a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of man, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is travelling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers—so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental—seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene. The groves and clumps of trees

seem to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape, and it is not easy to avoid the illusion of the fancy which persuades the beholder that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilized man. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen, which they have been accustomed to admire in the old world. The lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here prepared by nature; a splendid specimen of massy architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to make the similitude complete.

In the summer the prairie is covered with a long, coarse grass, which soon assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the subject would be deceived by the accounts which are published of the height of the grass. It is seldom so tall as travellers have represented, nor does it attain its highest growth in the richest soil. In the low, wet prairies, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the centre or main stem of this grass, which bears the seed, acquires great thickness, and shoots up to the height of eight or nine feet, throwing out a few long, coarse leaves or blades, and the traveller often finds it higher than his head, as he rides through it on horseback. The plants, although numerous and standing close together, appear to grow singly and unconnected, the whole force of the vegetative power expanding itself upwards. But in the rich undulating prairies, the grass is finer, with less of stalk and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave, so as to form a compact, even sod, and the blades expand into a close, thick sward, which is seldom more than eighteen inches high, and often less, until late in the season, when the seed-bearing stem shoots up.

The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers — the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size, these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their

brilliant colors upon the green surface; and still later, a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure. A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent color of the prairie flowers is, in the spring, a bluish purple; in midsummer, red; and in the autumn, yellow. This is one of the notions that people get who study nature by the fireside. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains is clad throughout the season of verdure with every imaginable variety of color, "from grave to gay." It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of color, observed at the different seasons, arise from the circumstance, that in the spring the flowers are small and the colors delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent, a hardier race appears; the flowers attain a greater size, and the hue deepens; and still later, a succession of still coarser plants rises above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers.

In the winter the prairies present a gloomy and desolate appearance. The fire has passed over them, consuming every vegetable substance, and leaving the soil bare and the surface perfectly blank. That gracefully-waving outline, so attractive to the eye when clad in green, is now disrobed of all its ornaments; its fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape have all vanished, while the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and discolored, is alone visible. There is nothing to be seen but the cold, dead earth and the bare mound, which move not; and the traveller, with a strange sensation, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind its operation upon surrounding objects, there is a novel effect produced on the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around.

LIII.—WIT AND HUMOR.

SIRISA SMITH

[SIRISA SMITH, a clergyman of the church of England, was born at Woodford in the county of Essex, England, in 1771, and died in 1846. He was one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review, a periodical journal which has exerted and is continuing to exert so great an influence over the literature and politics of Great Britain, and was for many years its constant editor and principal writer. In all the winter time, he is remarkable for his brilliant wit and rich vein of humor, which give a peculiar and pungent flavor to every thing that falls from his pen. His wit and humor rested upon a foundation of sound common sense, and were always under the control of common and practical reasoning. In reading him we feel that such a wise man and so friendly a man. He was a successful and successful writer of novels and religious tracts, and in the various articles which he contributed to the Edinburgh Review, and in his political reforms, he shows the cultured views of an enlightened statesman, and the benevolent feelings of a Christian philosopher.]

As he has written the Edinburgh Review was his life-long companion. Mr. Smith wrote two volumes of sermons and the letters of Sir Isaac Newton. His last are a series of sermons in favor of Catholicism, given in his own name of the Hunt and speaking style and a collection of letters to the select committee of the House of Commons on the subject of the poor. In his death volume of Lectures on the History of the Church, which the following extract is taken from, has been published by his friends.

Mr. Smith's private character was amiable and estimable. He was an effective preacher and a most faithful and diligent worker. He was thorough in his knowledge of the subjects of his sermons, and his intellect was clear. His conversation was full of wit and humor, and he was a most successful and successful writer. He had very warm affections, and was very beloved by his friends.

Since his death his friends have been with him in his public life, his daughter, Lady Holland, and his friends of the most distinguished and noble of our time—full of wisdom, wit, humor, and benevolence.

I wish, after all I have said about wit and humor, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is, to corrupt the understanding and the heart.

I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by moral and serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the character; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Professed wits, though they are generally counted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view, increases and makes incursion from its own proper

regions, upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good. A witty man is a dramatic performer; in process of time, he can no more exist without applause, than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him; he sickens, and is extinguished. The applauses of the theatre on which he performs are so essential to him, that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling.

It must always be probable, too, that a mere wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are useful, and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations, which are only amusing; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass,* discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colors. In short, the character of a mere wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe. So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a less degree, and as one out of many ingredients of understanding.

There is an association in men's minds between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the outward signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same; and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look

* A Claude Lorraine glass throws a sunny hue over a landscape: so called from Claude Lorraine, a celebrated artist, whose pictures are full of light and sunshine.

to much more than the outward sign. I believe the fact to be, that wit is very seldom the only eminent quality of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson, and almost every man who has made a distinguished figure in the House of Commons. I have talked of the danger of wit; I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamation against faculties because they are dangerous. Wit is dangerous; eloquence is dangerous; a talent for observation is dangerous; every thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible.

The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is eight men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and something much better than witty; who loves honor, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit, — wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, teaching age, and care, and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the

pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

LIV.—TACT AND TALENT.

LONDON ATLAS.

TALENT is something, but tact is every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together: so we have success-

ful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know every thing, without learning any thing. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

LV.—WASHING DAY.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE Muses are turned gossips ; they have lost
The buskined step, and clear, high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come then, domestic Muse,
In slipshod measure loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoes lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face —
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing Day.
Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon ; for to that day nor peace belongs,
Nor comfort. Ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-armed washers come and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day ; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlor — an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast meal is soon despatched,
Uninterrupted save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, O, preserve us, heavens !
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet ; then expect to hear
Of sad disasters — dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short, and linen horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm while stretched upon the rack,
And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals ;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing day.

— But grant the welkin fair ; require not, thou
Who call'st thyself, perchance, the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance ; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus ; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious ; shouldst thou try
The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse checked apron, with impatient hand
Twitched off when showers impend ; or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet, cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites !
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,
Shall he receive. Vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savory pie,
Or tart, or pudding : pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat ; nor, though the husband try,
Mending what can't be helped, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious : the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.
I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me ; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me from them ;
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences ; jelly or creams,
Relic of quiet suppers, and set by
For me, their petted one ; or buttered toast,
When butter was forbid ; or thrilling tale
Of ghost, or witch, or murder — so I went
And sheltered me beside the parlor fire ;
There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms,
Tended the little ones, and watched from harm,

Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
 With elán cunning hid, and oft the pins
 Drawn from her ravelled stocking, might have soured
 One less indulgent.
 At intervals my mother's voice was heard,
 Urging despatch; briskly the work went on,
 All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
 To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.
 Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
 Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bowl
 Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
 The floating bubbles; little dreaming then
 To see, Mongolfier, thy silken ball
 Ride buoyant through the clouds: so near approach
 The sports of children and the toils of men.
 Earth, air, and sky, and ocean hath its bubbles,
 And ver-e is one of them — this most of all.

LVI.—THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

SOUTHEY.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY was born in Bristol, England, August 12, 1774, and died March 21, 1843. For the last forty years of his life he resided at Keswick, in the county of Cumberland. He was a very voluminous writer in verse and prose, and his works would fill not less than a hundred volumes. His poetry is characterized by a rich and gorgeous fancy, great beauty in description, and an elevated moral tone, but not by high creative power. His *Thalaba* and *Curse of Kehama* are splendid Oriental visions, and his *Roderick* is an elaborate and well-sustained work. Many of his shorter poems are marked by a happy vein of humor.

His prose style is admirable; pure, simple, perspicuous, and energetic; singularly well suited for narrative, and hardly less so for reasoning upon the usual topics of controversy among men. His best known prose works are *The Life of Nelson*, *The Life of Wesley*, *The History of the Peninsular War*, *The History of Brazil*, *Sir Thomas More*, or *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, *The Life of Cooper*, and *The Doctor*.

Southey was exclusively a man of letters, and few men have ever adorned that profession with higher qualities of character. He was admirable in all the relations of life, full of warm affections, and ever faithful to duty. He had strong prejudices, but they were honestly entertained. His literary industry was worthy of all praise. He was a passionate lover of books, and left behind him a large and valuable library. Overworn by excessive mental toil and domestic anxiety, the light of his mind faded away before death released him; and his last years were passed in ignorance alike of his books and his friends.]

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne ;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town
At the well to fill his pail ;
On the well side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he ;
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply ;
"But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well ;
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then !"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well I warrant betimes ?"
He to the Cornish man said :
But the Cornish man smiled as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But i' faith she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church."

LVII.—SUNRISE FROM MOUNT ÆTNA.

BRYDGE.

[This extract is from *A Tour through Sicily and Malta* by P. BRYDGE, Esq., published in 1773. It is written in an easy and graceful style, and was quite popular in its day.]

THE ascent for some time was not steep, and as the surface of the snow sunk a little, we had tolerably good footing; but as it soon began to grow steeper, we found our labor greatly increased. However, we determined to persevere, calling to mind, in the midst of our labor, that the Emperor Adrian and the philosopher Plato had undergone the same, and from the same motive too—to see the rising sun from the top of Ætna. After incredible labor and fatigue, but at the same time mixed with a great deal of pleasure, we arrived before dawn at the ruins of an ancient structure, called the Philosopher's Tower, supposed to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles,* who took up his habitation here the better to study the nature of Mount Ætna.

We had now time to pay our adorations in a silent contemplation of the sublime objects of nature. The sky was clear, and the immense vault of the heavens appeared in awful majesty and splendor. We found ourselves more struck with veneration than below, and at first were at a loss to know the cause; till we observed, with astonishment, that the number of stars seemed to be infinitely increased, and the light of each of them appeared brighter than usual. The whiteness of the milky way was like a pure flame that shot across the heavens; and with the naked eye we could observe clusters of stars that were invisible in the regions below. We did not at first attend to the cause, nor recollect that we had now passed ~~through~~ ^{through} ten or twelve thousand feet of gross vapor, that blunts and confuses every ray before it reaches the surface of

* Empedocles was a celebrated Sicilian philosopher who flourished about four hundred and fifty years before Christ.

the earth. We were amazed at the distinctness of vision, and exclaimed together, What a glorious situation for an observatory! Had Empedocles had the eyes of Galileo, what discoveries must he not have made! We regretted that Jupiter was not visible, as I am persuaded we might have discovered some of his satellites with the naked eye, or at least with a small glass which I had in my pocket. We observed a light a great way below us on the mountain, which seemed to move amongst the forests; but whether an ignis fatuus, or what it was, I shall not pretend to say. We likewise took notice of several of those meteors called falling stars, which still appeared to be as much elevated above us as when seen from the plain; so that, in all probability, those bodies move in regions much beyond the bounds that some philosophers have assigned to our atmosphere.

After contemplating these objects for some time, we set off, and soon after arrived at the foot of the great crater of the mountain. This is of an exact conical figure, and rises equally on all sides. It is composed solely of ashes and other burned materials, discharged from the mouth of the volcano, which is in its centre. This conical mountain is of a very great size; its circumference cannot be less than ten miles. Here we took a second rest, as the greatest part of our fatigue still remained. We found this mountain excessively steep; and although it had appeared black, yet it was likewise covered with snow; but the surface, luckily for us, was spread over with a pretty thick layer of ashes, thrown out from the crater. Had it not been for this, we never should have been able to get to the top, as the snow was every where frozen hard and solid from the piercing cold of the air.

In about an hour's climbing we arrived at a place where there was no snow, and where a warm and comfortable vapor issued from the mountain, which induced us to make another halt. From this spot it was only about three hundred yards to the highest summit of the mountain, where we arrived in full time to see the most wonderful and sublime sight in nature.

But here description must ever fall short, for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene. Neither is there on the surface of this globe any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects—the immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighboring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world; this point, or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity and the most beautiful scenery in nature; with the rising sun advancing in the east to illuminate the wondrous scene.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was reflected to show their form or colors, appear a new creation rising to the sight; catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic ray completes the mighty scene.

All appears enchantment, and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracts both of sea and land intervening; the islands of Lipari, Panaria,

Alicudi, Stromboli and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river, through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side, nor is there any one object, within the circle of vision, to interrupt it; so that the sight is everywhere lost in the immensity; and I am persuaded it is only from the imperfection of our organs that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon.

LVIII.—ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS

BASIL HALL.

On reaching Naples, and reanchoring in the Mole, after seven weeks' absence, we learned that the eruption of Vesuvius had been going on for a fortnight, but that the finest exhibition of all had been on the night when we saw it from the Bay of Salerno. This was not very consolatory, especially as the Neapolitans assured us the commotion was at an end for the present—a piece of information I did not altogether believe, as the smoke and flames, or what appeared to be flames, continued to issue almost constantly from the crater; and as we made sure of seeing, if not a regular eruption of lava, at least a succession of explosions of red-hot stones,—which is one of the grandest fireworks in the world, the famous Girandola, on the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, not excepted,—we resolved to make an expedition, and take our chance next day, whether the volcano was in action or not.

Accordingly, we left Naples, and drove straight to the house of Salvatore, at Resina, and were so fortunate as to find this prince of guides not only disengaged, but so much in expectation of company, that his beasts were already saddled; and we were soon off under his skilful and agreeable guidance. Some of us were mounted on horses, some on mules, some on don-

keys; and after a charming ride of an hour and a half, we reached the celebrated hermitage, the inmate of which as little deserves the title he bears, as did the friar of Copmanhurst, in *Ivanhoe*. Among other incongruities of his position, this jolly personage was surrounded by a guard of soldiers, or persons dressed in uniform, one of whom accompanies every party. This troublesome appendage, we were told, was tacked on ever since a notorious robbery had been committed, some years before; but our Sicilian experience led us to suspect that it was a mere subterfuge for getting more money; so, as it seemed vastly pleasanter to be without a guard than with one, we gave him his fee on the express condition of his leaving the work undone. The fellow smiled at an obligation so agreeable to himself, and pocketing the carlin, turned us over to the robbers without any compunction.

The trip up to the base of the cone looked quite a child's play, compared to the arduous task of Mount *Ætna*; for the path was every where chalked out, in most parts quite good, and the fatigue was nothing at all. But the walk, or rather scramble, up the cone proved more difficult in comparison than that of *Ætna*, in the inverse proportion of their heights. This, so far as I have studied mountains of the sort, always takes place. Thus *Ætna*, which is more than twice as high as *Vesuvius*, has not half so large a cone of ashes at the top; and *Teneriffe*, which is some thousands of feet higher than *Ætna*, has a much smaller cone.

As we approached the scene of action, the night became more dark, the jets of red-hot stones more and more splendid, and just before we reached the crest of the ridge, a scout, whom *Salvatore* had sent forward to inspect the state of the mountain, shouted out that he saw symptoms of an eruption. Accordingly, by the time we gained the summit of the wall which forms the outwork of the great external cone of all, we beheld, to our infinite joy, the lava flowing from an orifice to a considerable distance. Near the entrance it was of a bright white heat, with only a slight tinge of pink. As the

stream receded from the source, the pink color gradually increased, and at some places its surface was slightly dimmed by patches of a dark, crusty-looking matter; but as these were, too, red-hot, it was merely a less brilliant degree of redness, which made them distinguishable on the surface of the melted lava. The distance of the stream was about a mile from us; yet the light which it shed all over the dreary intervening surface of the rugged top of the mountain was sufficient, I hoped, to enable us to reach it in safety. But Salvatore declared such an enterprise almost impossible, and certainly very hazardous. As I recollected very nearly losing my life on the same spot, when under the same pilotage, I deferred to his authority at once, and limited the expedition to a good view of the magnificent jets of stones, which had now become almost incessant. I counted the time which some of these red-hot stones took to fall to the ground from the highest point of their ascent. The longest which I remarked was twelve seconds, from which I infer that the height to which the stone was projected must have been about two thousand three hundred feet. Sir William Hamilton, it will be recollected, considers that the column of liquid lava which shot up in his eruption mounted ten thousand feet.

Next day I made another expedition to Vesuvius. Setting the heat of the sun as well as that of the volcano at defiance, I resolved to have good daylight for the work, and therefore started at four in the morning. This enabled me to manage the ascent in warm weather; and as I took up a teakettle and other requisites for breakfast, and found a snug nook, under a projecting point of the lava of the great eruption of 1822, I made a most satisfactory meal. When starting from Resina, I suggested to Salvatore that we might as well carry some charcoal with us to make a fire for boiling the water; and though he is the best bred person imaginable, from having kept company with the choicest spirits of Europe, he could not help smiling, for a moment, at my ignorance of volcanic habits. "No, no, sir," cried he, "there is no want of

fire among these lava streams which have been running lately. We have only to look about for a crevice in some of the eruptions of last week, and your kettle will be set a-boiling in a moment."

In fact, in the very lava current, the surface of which was so cool that we made it our breakfast table, without even our pat of butter being melted, we found not only heat enough in a chink to boil water, but by removing a stone or two, could gain a peep at the red-hot rock, still glowing in the interior. Let people think of this, who, in consequence of the coolness of the exterior crust of the globe, distrust the assertion of the geologists about the probable existence of internal fires. It may also be useful to recollect that we can place our hand on the outside of a fiery furnace of only a single brick in thickness, and that, too, without discomfort. The actual presence of such facts on a great scale, on the summit of a volcano in eruption, immediately sets the mind thinking and speculating; whereas, when we meet the same things in the kitchen-garden walk of life, they fail to make any profitable impression.

After breakfast we set out to make the complete circuit of the outer cone, within which lay the great volcanic vent, then in very fierce commotion. We had thus an opportunity of seeing the performance from every point of the compass; and though it was magnificent in all, the most interesting process, by far, was the actual stream of liquid lava, the very commencement of which we had witnessed the night before. On that occasion, as it was dark, we could not approach the orifice, but were obliged to content ourselves with a distant view. We now went close to the spot whence the lava issued from the mountain side in the manner of a gigantic spring, apparently coming from below, and bubbling, as it made its way out, began to flow down a pretty steep surface, like a river of fire, as indeed it was. I took notice that from the first moment of its leaving the opening in the ground, the surface began to excoriate, that is, to acquire a skin or crust, which, as

the stream advanced, became thicker and thicker, till, at the extremity of the current, it formed a hard, rough hide, not unlike that of a rhinoceros, only less regular; for it was broken into innumerable angular pieces of all shapes and sizes, which, as the mass of lava rolled forward, were tumbled, with a loud, crackling noise, confusedly over one another.

I measured the velocity of the stream near the opening, and found it to advance about one foot in two seconds, which is about a third of a mile in an hour. Then it was quite liquid, and very like the melted iron or copper of a foundery. We thrust our staves into it with great ease, and even forked out great lumps, on which we placed coins, and having thrust them into the soft mass with the end of a stick, they remained embedded in the lava when it cooled. At the extreme end of the current, where the ground was less steep, the motion became very slow, being about a yard in six minutes, or ten yards in an hour — two hundred and forty yards in a day.

To see all these things to any good purpose, it was necessary to go pretty close — much closer than I at all liked, or than I should have ventured under any other guidance than that of old Salvatore, who accompanied Sir William Hamilton on his visit to Mount Vesuvius, during the celebrated eruption of 1784, exactly fifty years before.

I did not altogether relish the taste with which he entertained me with stories of the risks he had run, and of the accidents which had happened to persons who had accompanied him on former occasions. It is true he always made it appear the only danger arose from neglecting his advice, and that if I would but attend to what he said, we should get safe round the hill. This was all very well; but once or twice, when the stones were whizzing about near us, the possibility of the guide himself being knocked down crossed my imagination — and then what a scrape I should have been in, with only a little boy, as ignorant of this critical navigation as myself!

"A few years ago," commenced Salvatore, "just after a pretty heavy shower of stones had fallen, not very far within

us, — that is, between the cone and us, — I came up the mountain with a party of gentlemen, one of whom insisted upon not only going round the cone, as we are now doing, but actually into the crater, although I told him that such an adventure was fraught with much more danger than the thing was worth.

“‘Pooh! pooh! danger!’ exclaimed this pig-headed gentleman; ‘what care I for danger? Am I not a soldier? Why, man, I have faced the foe before now! Lead the way; I’ll follow!’

“‘I merely remarked,’” continued Salvatore, who is himself as brave as steel, “that to face a human enemy and to face an active volcano were two very different things.”

“‘Are you afraid to go?’ asked the gentleman.

“‘I don’t much admire it,’ said I. ‘But as I think I know how to evade the danger when it comes, having been at the work nearly half a century, I’ll go into the crater, if you are determined upon the adventure. Only I again warn you, that there is great danger to an inexperienced stranger.’

“‘Well, well, come along,’ cried the impatient stranger; and away he went, the young man flourishing his stick like a sword, while I, the old man, only shrugged my shoulders.

“‘Now, sir,’ said I, ‘the only plan by which we can hope to accomplish this adventure in safety, is to be perfectly steady, and to stand as cool and collected as if nothing were happening, should a shower of stones come about our ears. I hope we may have none while we are in this awkward place; but should we be so unfortunate, mind, your only chance is to stand and look upwards.’

“‘O, nerves! is that all? you shall see!’ So away we went,” said Salvatore, “climbed the lip of the cup, descended the fearful abyss, and, though half choked with the fumes, saw all we wished to see, and were actually on our return, when the mountain roared like thunder, the ground shook, a furious eruption took place, and myriads of stones were shot a thousand feet into the air.”

“‘Now, sir,’ I called out, ‘stand your ground; make good

use of those nerves you spoke of; look up; be steady; and you may yet escape.'

"But the facer of mortal foes quailed before those of nature; he looked up, as he was bade; but when he beheld a cataract of fire falling on his head, the courage he had boasted of on the plain forsook him on the hill, and incontinently he fled. For my part," continued the old man, "I was too much afraid to fly. I never saw such a shower of stones, and only wonder that we were not both demolished. As it was, my companion had not run far before he was struck down by three stones, one of which broke his leg; the others stunned him, and I had enough to do to carry him on my shoulders out of the cone. Much work we had to get him to Naples, where the hotel keepers and the Italian doctors, between them, had the plucking of this precious pigeon for the next six months."

LIX. — HELVELLYN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[This poem commemorates the fate of Mr. Charles Gough, a young man who, in the spring of 1806, attempting to cross over Helvellyn, a mountain in Cumberland, England, to Grasmere*, slipped from a steep part of the rock, where the ice was not thawed, and perished. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by his dog.]

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn;
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And, starting around me, the echoes replied;
On the right, Striden-edge* round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam* its left verge was defending,
One huge, nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

* Striden-edge and Catchedicam are subordinate peaks of Helvellyn. The Red-tarn is the name of a mountain lake.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And O, was it meet that — no requiem read o'er him,
~~No~~ mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him, —
Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall.
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, 'wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catechedicam.

LX.—MISTAKEN VIEWS OF HAPPINESS.

BUCKMINSTER.

[JOSEPH STEVENS BUCKMINSTER was born May 26, 1784, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire; ordained as pastor of the church in Brattle Street in Boston, January 30, 1807, and died June 9, 1812. Few men have ever brought high qualifications to the sacred office which he held. His religious faith was deep and fixed, and his life and conversation, from his childhood upward, were of spotless purity. His mind was rich, vigorous, sound, and discriminating; and his attainments, both in his own profession and in general literature, were extensive and accurate. The style of his sermons is rich, finished, and yet simple—easily rising into eloquence, adapting itself to the highest tone of discussion, and at the same time presenting practical truths with the utmost plainness and directness. It is hardly possible to overstate the effect he produced as a preacher, for his admirable discourses were commended by rare personal advantages as a speaker. His countenance was beautiful and expressive, his voice of magic sweetness, and his manner dignified, persuasive, and natural. Few men have ever accomplished more in a life of twenty-eight years, whether we look at the growth of his own powers or his moral and spiritual influence over others. He was social in his tastes, and was regarded by his friends with a peculiar mixture of admiration, reverence, and love.

Two volumes of Mr. Buckminster's sermons have been published, with an introductory memoir by the Rev. Samuel Cooper Thacher; and a more extended biography, by his sister, Mrs. Eliza Lee, appeared in 1849, from the press of Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, of Boston.]

THE first mistake, which is too common, especially among those who have experienced many trials and difficulties in life, is, that happiness is to be found in rest. Ask those who are so busy in the active pursuits of life, to what they look forward with such ardent expectation, and they will tell you that they are toiling for repose. They look with envy upon the condition of that man who, in the language of the world, "has nothing to do but enjoy himself." They look upon exertion as a species of servitude, as if he only were the independent man, who is reposing upon his laurels or his gains. But, as has been pointedly remarked, that man is most restless who is most at rest. Nothing else is so hard as the pillow of perpetual indolence; nothing so oppressive as the stagnant, unelastic air of entire inactivity. The truth is, that the mind which is not constantly directed to something exterior preys upon itself. The bed-ridden intellect pines away in atrophy and the everlasting uneasiness of sloth. Most of those who

have nothing to do, commonly do nothing, or do wrong ; and it is necessary to have advanced much farther than most of us have in the work of our intellectual perfection, to be able to relinquish, without great misery, the career of active exertion.

A second mistake upon the subject of happiness is, that it is to be found in prosperity. The truth is, that of the objects of human acquisition, very few are, beyond a certain limit, even the means of happiness. We are perpetually making this mistake in respect to riches, and confounding two things completely distinct ; that is, property and happiness. Ask those, I pray you, who have accumulated the most enormous fortunes, whether they have ever yet been able to increase their possessions faster than their wants. It is indeed a trite maxim that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth ;" yet, common as it is, it would seem as if it were a doubtful truth, which remains to be established. For, when we look at those above us, and find that they are able to supply those wants to which we, in our actual situation, are most sensible, it is natural to conclude that they are happy ; because we should be happy if we could remove, as they can, our most pressing needs. We do not consider, that, the higher we ascend, and the wider we can see, the more we desire ; and it is often true, that, the more extensive our horizon, the more barren appears the soil around us.

These are all common truths ; but, trite as they are, allow me to repeat, that he who can command every thing will soon find that he must want something, he knows not what, which he cannot command. It is true, the rich man can enjoy more ; but, on the other hand, he can endure less. He now dares to envy the man whom he once only looked up to with hopeless admiration. He finds that the pleasures he once enjoyed with exquisite satisfaction have now strangely lost all their relish, and there is not so much satisfaction in possession as there was in expectation. There is a strange charm in the idea of property. We think that the enjoyment of any good

is infinitely heightened by the consciousness that it is our own. These little words exercise a powerful influence over our judgments. And yet how many thousands are there, who, as soon as they are able to say of any thing, in truth, "This is mine," lose at once all their interest in it, and strangely neglect sources of enjoyment which, when they possessed them not, they thought inexhaustible.

A third mistake on this subject consists in supposing that happiness is to be found in perpetual excitement. Hence thousands always confound pleasure with mirth, and think nothing tolerable which is not exquisite. Others think nothing pleasant which is not riotous, nothing interesting which is not boisterous, nothing satisfactory which is not intoxicating. It is this mistake which leads so many through the ever-shifting varieties of dissipation, when what ought to be only an occasional recreation is made necessary to common comfort, and all satisfaction is lost in the wearisome chase after novelty.

Others, from the same diseased fancy, cannot confine themselves to a single spot. They cannot endure home-born pleasures and every-day enjoyments. Every thing little seems to them insignificant, every thing permanent seems to them tedious. All these mistaken pursuers of good are, sooner or later, the prey of excessive ennui. Having been always gay, they are never contented; always delighted, they are never tranquil. Having been happy only in the excitement of society, they are miserable when alone. Old age proves to such beings, if they ever reach it, a most oppressive condition. Deluded as they have been with the notion that happiness consists in perpetual excitement, in great events, strong feelings, continued novelties, and vivid pleasures, they sink into dejection, indolence, melancholy, and become weary of life before it is time for them to leave the scene of human action and enjoyment.

A fourth mistake in relation to happiness is, that we make

our provision only for the present world. We do not take into view the whole of our existence; and of course, as soon as the season of activity is over, and we are so near the turn of human life that we are compelled, however reluctantly, to think of the world which is to come, we are filled with apprehensions of indistinct calamity, and thus the remnant of life is imbittered. We find ourselves in the situation of beings who are about to enter, naked and unfriended, into a new condition of existence. God has so constituted the nature of our happiness that it will be ever impossible to attain to the full enjoyment even of this life, without taking into view the life to come; for, as long as there remains in any mind an apprehension that it may exist hereafter, that mind can never be at ease till it is conscious of possessing some sources of happiness which this change of residence cannot impair.

In comparison with eternity, what consolation is it to have laid up here treasures for ten or ten thousand years? What is the comfort of being "clothed in purple and fine linen," and of "faring sumptuously every day"? No wonder he is never happy, who thinks, when he reflects at all, that death will cut him off at once from all that he has been accustomed to call life; that the pleasures of the palate will no more reach the taste, the eye will no more indulge itself in the contemplation of fine forms, the organ of hearing will no longer be fed with the music of sweet sounds; and, every object of exterior employment at once struck out of his reach, he will be left with nothing but the intrinsic possessions of the mind and heart; and of these how small and worthless will be found the inventory!

LXI.—HAPPINESS DEPENDENT ON THE HABITS.

PAYF

[WILLIAM PAYF was born in Peterborough, in England, in 1744, and died in 1806. He was a clergyman of the established church of England. He wrote a work on Moral and Political Philosophy, from which the following extract is taken,) a View of the Evidence of Christianity, Four Principles, a work showing the coincidences between the Epistles of St Paul and his history as related in the Acts of the Apostles, a treatise on Natural Theology, and several sermons. He is a vigorous writer, remarkable for clearness of argument and strength and transparency of style. The leading doctrine of his treatise on the utility of any moral rule which constitutes the obligation of it may well be doubted, but the work is full of excellent good sense and abundant rules for the guidance of life. The second part of the work, which treats of practical philosophy, is written in a manly spirit and shows a most sagacious practical understanding. Payf's private character was most estimable. He was a firm friend of civil and religious liberty, independent in his views, and faithful in the discharge of the duties of life.]

HAPPINESS depends upon the prudent constitution of the habits. The art in which the secret of human happiness in a great measure consists, is to set the habits in such a manner that every change may be a change for the better. The habits themselves are much the same; for whatever is made habitual becomes smooth and easy, and nearly indifferent. The return to an old habit is likewise easy, whatever the habit be. Therefore the advantage is with those habits which allow of an indulgence in the deviation from them. The luxurious receive no greater pleasure from their dainties than the peasant does from his bread and cheese; but the peasant, whenever he goes abroad, finds a feast; whereas the epicure must be well entertained, to escape disgust. Those who spend every day at cards, and those who go every day to plough, pass their time much alike; intent upon what they are about, wanting nothing, regretting nothing, they are both for the time in a state of ease; but then, whatever suspends the occupation of the card player distresses him; whereas to the laborer every interruption is a refreshment; and this appears in the different effects that Sunday produces upon the two, which proves a day of recreation to the one, but a lamentable burden to the other.

The man who has learned to live alone feels his spirits enlivened whenever he enters into company, and takes his leave without regret; another, who has long been accustomed to a crowd, or continual succession of company, experiences in company no elevation of spirits, nor any greater satisfaction than what the man of retired life finds in his chimney corner. So far their conditions are equal; but let a change of place, fortune, or situation separate ~~the~~ companion from his circle, his visitors, his club, or coffee house, and the difference of advantage in the choice and constitution of the two habits will show itself. Solitude comes to the one, clothed with melancholy; to the other it brings liberty and quiet. You will see the one frciful and restless, at a loss how to dispose of his time, till the hour come round when he may forget himself in bed; the other, easy and satisfied, taking up his book as soon as he finds himself alone; ready to admit any little amusement that catches up, or to turn his hands and attention to the first business that presents itself; or content, without either, to sit still, and let his train of thought glide indolently through his brain, without much use, perhaps, or pleasure, but without hankering after any thing better, and without irritation.

A reader, who has inured himself to books of science and argumentation, if a novel, a well-written pamphlet, an article of news, a narrative of a curious voyage, or a journal of a traveller, fall in his way, sits down to the request with relish, enjoys his entertainment while it lasts, and can return, when it is over, to his grave reading without distaste. Another, with whom nothing will go down but works of humor and pleasantry, or whose curiosity must be interested by perpetual novelty, will consume a bookseller's window in half a forenoon during which time he is rather in search of diversion than of instruction; and as books to his taste are few, and short, and rapidly read over, the stock is soon exhausted, when he is left without resource from this principal supply of harmless amusement.

So far as circumstances of fortune conduce to happiness, it is not the income which any man possesses, but the increase of income, that affords the pleasure. Two persons, of whom one begins with a hundred, and advances his income to a thousand pounds a year, and the other sets off with a thousand, and dwindles down to a hundred, may, in the course of their time, have the receipt and spending of the same sum of money; yet their satisfaction, so far as fortune is concerned in it, will be very different; the series and sum total of their incomes being the same, it makes a wide difference at which end they begin.

LXII.—THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[The scene of Marmion, from which the following extract is taken, is laid in the beginning of the sixteenth century, concluding with the battle of Flodden, fought in 1513. Marmion, an English nobleman, a man of bad character, who had forged a paper, is sent as envoy to James IV. of Scotland. Douglas, by his sovereign's orders, receives him at his castle, and treats him with cold hospitality; and at last takes leave of him as follows:—]

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide;
The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara * on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop; his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:

* Clara was an English heiress, for whose hand Marmion had been an unsuccessful suitor, and whose lover he had attempted to ruin, but had failed in his purpose.

"Though something I might plain," he said,
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,
 While in Tantallon's * towers I staid,
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble earl, receive my hand."
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :
 "My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
 Be open, at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation stone ;
 The hand of Douglas is his own,
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire.

"And this to me !" he said ;
 "An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head.
 And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
 He, who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, † be thy mate :
 And, Douglas, now I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your swords,)

* Tantallon was the name of Douglas's castle.

† Lord Angus was one of Douglas's titles.

THE FIRST CLASS READER.

I tell thee thou'rt dafed!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied."
On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age.
Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up draw bridge, grooms! what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clinched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name;
A letter forged! St. Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!"

St. Mary, mend my fiery mood!
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood;
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
 I warrant him a warrior tried."
 With this his mandate he recalls,
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

LXIII.—THE LOVE OF DISPLAY.

FOLLEN.

[CHARLES FOLLEN was born at Romrod, in Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, September 4, 1796, emigrated to this country in 1824, on account of the danger to which he was exposed from his liberal opinions, and died in January, 1840, one of the victims of the fearful tragedy of the burning of the steamer Lexington, in Long Island Sound. At the time of his death, he was pastor of a church in East Lexington, Massachusetts, and he had previously been for some years professor of the language and literature of Germany in the university at Cambridge.]

He was a man of admirable qualities of mind and character. His courage was of the highest temper, and graced by Christian gentleness and forbearance. He had a generous and wide-embracing philanthropy, and yet was never neglectful of the daily charities and kindnesses of life. The duties of his sacred calling he discharged with great fidelity. His sermons were of a high order, and his devotional exercises were most fervid and impressive.

Dr. Follen had also an excellent understanding and considerable cultivation. While in Germany, he had been a teacher of jurisprudence, and his lectures had attracted much attention. He had a taste and a capacity for metaphysical and psychological investigations, and at the time of his death had made some progress in a work on the nature and functions of the soul. His English style is very remarkable. Not only is there no trace of foreign idiom in it, but his writings might be put into the hands of students of our language as models of accuracy, neatness, and precision.

Dr. Follen's works were published, after his death, by his widow, in five volumes; the first volume containing a memoir. They consist of sermons, lectures, and occasional discourses. The following extract is taken from one of his sermons.]

Is there a parent, or a friend of children, that has not felt the pure delight of beholding in them the artless, unpremeditated, and unconscious expressions of tenderness, confidence, and love, or whose heart has not kindled with prophetic joy, while watching the dawn of reason, and marking the first rays of intellectual light, darting forth from the unconscious bosom of childhood? Who has not hailed the holy light of pure intelligence that sometimes shines through the twilight of

childish ignorance, assuring us that the luminary within, though still below the horizon, is pressing hard upon the borders of conscious existence? And what parent is there, or what true friend of children, whose joy has not been marred, and turned into sadness, on seeing those simple expressions of affection, those first fruits of unconscious intelligence, brought forward as a matter of display, to court admiration, to gratify and stimulate the artificial appetite of a little child, that has already learned to prefer the sweetmeats of flattery to the home-made bread of truth?

Jesus blessed little children, and said, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." And this blessing belongs to every one whose heart still inhabits the native heaven of its innocence. That which was said of the great prophet, when the indwelling glory appeared outwardly on his countenance, that "he wist not that his face shone," is true also of the little child. It is true as long as the image of God is still shining through the features of innocent childhood; as long as the eye, that was once single, has not learned to reflect the gaze of admiration, and to glow with a feverish thirst for praise.

It is for this reason that, when I hear well-meaning persons praising children to their faces on account of their bright sayings and winning ways, I have a feeling as if I heard the flattering insinuations of the serpent in paradise, tainting the innocent heart by the discovery of its nakedness.

Flattery is at war with the very soul of childhood. Under its influence, the freshness and simplicity, the freedom and pure enthusiasm, the holy unconcern and boundless confidence, of the child give way to an anxious and calculating pursuit after distinction and applause, until it destroys, at length, those very charms of manner and expression, that untaught grace and freedom of speech and motion, which make children the objects of flattery. The child knows now that his face is shining, and with the inward reality disappears the outward beauty of holiness.

As a careful gardener would expose the tender stem of a

choice plant to the fury of the storm rather than bare its root to the rays of the sun, so I would rather see my child exposed to unjust suffering, and the dangers of bad example, than to the exciting and enervating influence of flattery.

Flattery tempts man to begin his course of life as an actor and a parasite; and before he leaves the stage, it will make him a stranger in his home, nay, in his own bosom, leading him on, from step to step, to make the world his counsellor, his confidant, his conscience, and his God.

The love of display, the selfish anxiety about the appearance of what we are doing, is injurious, not only in the education of children, but in every occupation whatever. The reason is obvious. The apostle advises us, whatever work our hands find to do, to do it with our might. All our strength and attention are required to execute the work we have in hand to the utmost of our ability. Hence, if we give our minds, which should be in our work, to anxious reflection and calculation how it will appear when it is done, or how we shall appear when engaged in doing it, the performance cannot be so perfect and satisfactory as if it were the result of our undivided strength and attention. I presume the daily experience of every one of us will point out to him numerous instances in support and illustration of these remarks. Whoever is called to speak in public, be it from the pulpit or at the bar, or on the floor of a popular assembly, knows, as well as those who listen to him, that whenever he is thinking of himself, his words, his tones, his style or motions, instead of giving his whole soul to the subject which he is to bring home to his hearers, though he be possessed of the highest powers of eloquence, fails to move and to satisfy either his audience or himself. While he is taking thought about his delivery, as to whether he is expressing himself in choice and appropriate terms and well-built periods, whether his gestures are significant, his tones musical, or his face shining, he is speaking to the eyes and ears, and not to the understanding and hearts of his hearers; or rather, he is addressing himself, as reflected in his own self-complacency or his morbid fear.

XIV. — EXTRACT FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728, and died April 4, 1774. He was educated a physician, but his real profession was that of a man of letters. His position in English literature is very high; indeed, there is hardly any writer who is so general a favorite, both in prose and poetry. A considerable portion of what he wrote was mere task-work for the booksellers, and is of little value. His fame as a prose writer rests upon his essays, *The Citizen of the World*, and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. These are all delightful works, and the last is of unrivalled excellence. His prose style is easy and graceful; penetrated with a charming vein of humor; and showing a most engaging sweetness and kindness of nature. There is an indescribable fascination about *The Vicar of Wakefield*. It suits all ages and all classes of minds; and no book has woven itself more extensively into the general heart of both England and America.

His two principal poems, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, enjoy great popularity, and deservedly so. Their versification is finished, yet easy; they abound in beautiful pictures; the style is of simple elegance; the sentiments breathe an unforced dignity; and in *The Deserted Village*, especially, there is a mixture of tenderness, pathos, and graceful humor, which has never been surpassed. Some of his smaller poems have also great merit. He was the author of two good and successful comedies, *The Good Natured Man*, and *The Stoops to Conquer*.

Goldsmith's life was not wise or happy. He had a warm heart and an amiable disposition; but he wanted dignity of character and strength of will; and many of those who loved him could not respect him. He was continually committing follies, and then repenting them. He was generous, but not just; and his improvident habits kept him in a miserable state of pecuniary distress, which embittered, and perhaps shortened, his life. His works abound with sound observations on the conduct of life, but he could never be wise for himself.

Goldsmith has been happy in his biographers. His life has been written by Sir Walter Scott, James Prior, Washington Irving, and John Forster.* The first is a brief and well-written notice; the second is a laborious but rather heavy book; the third — by a man of kindred genius — is a delightful sketch; and the last is a work of great merit, written in a pleasant tone, and containing much admirable criticism, as well as many curious notices of the literature and literary men of Goldsmith's time.]

SWEET was the sound, when oft, at evenings close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung;
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;

* Author of the *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth*, in *Lardner's Cyclopaedia*, and not to be confounded with John Foster, author of the *essay on Decision of Character*.

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice, that bayed the whispering wind;
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ; —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail ;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled,
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
She, wretched matron, forced in age for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place :
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe.
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

LXV.—TRUE HONESTY.

HONESTY is often recommended to those who seem more especially to need the recommendation, by the common saying that "honesty is the best policy." This maxim is to a certain extent true and borne out by experience. The dishonest man is continually undermining his own credit ; and not only is credit the first requisite for obtaining the conveniences of life which can be bought or hired, but all our social blessings, arising from the confidence, esteem, and love of our fellow-men, depend essentially on good faith. Our conscience and our reason fully approve of a state of things that should secure the enjoyment of property, of confidence, esteem, and affection, to him who alone deserves them. So far, then, the common saying, that honesty is the best — that is, the most profitable, — policy, has a good foundation both in experience and in sound reason. But, like all the other current doctrines of expediency which commend virtue not for its own sake, — that is, on account of the happiness which is found in the exercise of virtue, that common saying, too, which makes honesty an instrument of policy, is untrue and mischievous in some of its most important bearings and consequences.

In the first place, those who are in the habit of considering honesty the most profitable line of conduct are apt to look

upon virtue, in general, as a matter of policy—to value it solely or chiefly in proportion to the price it will bring in the market. This habit of calculating the interest of virtue undermines the moral sensibility, and, by degrees, unfits the selfish calculator for that deep satisfaction, arising from the simple consciousness of rectitude, which the truly honest man does not hesitate to purchase with the loss of all the advantages which the most successful policy could have secured.

But besides the immoral tendency of this economical view of virtue, it is not consistent with facts, with experience, that honesty is always the best, the most successful, policy. He is not always the most successful merchant who in no instance deviates from the strict principles of honesty; but rather he whose general way of doing business is so fair and equitable, that he can, without much danger, avail himself of some favorable opportunity to make his fortune by a mode of proceeding which would have ruined his credit if he had been so impolitic as to make this successful deviation from duty the general line of his conduct. Again, he is not always the most prosperous lawyer who never undertakes the defence of a cause which his conscience condemns; but rather he who never undertakes a cause so palpably unjust, that it cannot be gained even by the most skilful and artful management; while the power of making a bad cause appear good, when discreetly employed, is apt to enhance, rather than degrade, his professional character. Again, he is not always the most influential politician who never deviates from the straight path of political justice; but rather he who goes upon the common principle that “all is fair in politics,” provided he does not become guilty of any such dishonesty as will not be pardoned by his own party. In the same way he is not apt to be the most popular divine, who, regardless both of the praise and of the censure of men, declares the whole counsel of God, as it stands revealed to his own mind; but rather he who regards the signs of the times as much as the hand-

writing of God, modifying the plain honesty of apostolic preaching with a politic regard to the likes and dislikes, the passions and prejudices, of men.

I believe, then, that experience does not verify the common saying, that honesty is the best—that is, the most profitable—policy. It is so in most cases, but not in all. Hence those who recommend honesty on the ground of its being the best policy, advise men to act from a motive which, in some, perhaps the most important cases, may lead them into dishonesty. Steal no more! Cease to do evil! Learn to do well! These are the simple precepts addressed to the consciences of men, without leaving it to their discretion to decide in what cases they may do evil, if in all others they do well. If you compare this simple doctrine of Scripture and of conscience, which enjoins honesty because of its intrinsic excellence, with the doctrine of worldly wisdom, which recommends honesty as the most profitable policy, and if you put both maxims to the test of experience, you will know by their fruits which is of God and which of man. In those cases where honesty is in part the worst policy, the man who is virtuous for virtue's sake will choose to endure all the evils connected with the performance of duty, rather than the simple consciousness of guilt; while in all those cases in which honesty turns out to be the best policy, the joy of acting right, without regard to the consequences, exceeds every other reward.

LXVI.—THE ATMOSPHERE.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE atmosphere rises above us, with its cathedral dome, arching towards the heavens, to which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision—"a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it, that, when it begins

to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all; and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it, like glass; yet a soap bubble sails through it with impunity; and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing.

It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not; but it touches us. Its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardy children of our rugged clime.

The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of midday, the chastened radiance of the "gloaming," and the "clouds that cradle near the setting sun." But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch," and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold weather would not shed its snow feathers on the earth; nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail storm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and nestle to repose. In the morning, the gairish sun would at once burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first one little ray, to announce his approach, and then

another, and by and by a handful ; and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she "goeth forth again to her labor till the evening."

LXVII.—THE SEASONS IN CANADA.

SIR F. B. HEAD.

[From *The Emigrant*, a collection of Canadian sketches and incidents.]

HOWEVER deeply prejudiced an Englishman may be in favor of his own country, I think it is impossible for him to cross the Atlantic without admitting that in both the northern and southern hemispheres of the new world, nature has not only outlined her works on a larger scale, but has painted the whole picture with brighter and more costly colors than she has used in delineating and in beautifying the old world.

The heavens of America appear infinitely higher, the sky is bluer, the clouds are whiter, the air is fresher, the cold is intenser, the moon looks larger, the stars are brighter, the thunder is louder, the lightning is vividder, the wind is stronger, the rain is heavier, the mountains are higher, the forests bigger, and the plains broader.

In the continent of North America, the climate, comparatively speaking, regardless of latitude, is both hot and cold ; and thus, for instance, in Canada, while the summer is as roasting as that of the Mediterranean, and occasionally as broiling as that of the West Indies, the winter is that of the capitals of Norway and Sweden ; indeed, the cold of the Canada winter must be felt to be imagined ; and when felt, can no more be described by words than colors to a blind man or music to a deaf one.

The four seasons of the year in Canada exhibit pictures strikingly contrasted with each other.

In the summer, the excessive heat, the violent paroxysms of thunder, the parching drought, the occasional deluges of

rain, the sight of bright red, bright blue, and other gaudily plumaged birds, of the brilliant humming bird, and of innumerable fireflies, that at night appear like the reflection upon earth of the stars shining above them in the heavens, would almost persuade the emigrant that he was living in the tropics.

As autumn approaches, the various trees of the forest assume hues of every shade of red, yellow, and brown, of the most vivid description. The air gradually becomes a healthful mixture of sunshine and frost, and the golden sunsets are so many glorious assemblages of clouds, — some like mountains of white wool, others of the darkest hues, — and of broad rays of yellow, of crimson, and of golden light, which, without intermixing, radiate upwards to a great height from the point of the horizon, at which the deep-red luminary is about to disappear. As the winter approaches, the cold daily strengthens, and before the branches of the trees and the surface of the country become white, every living being seems to become sensible of the temperature that is about to arrive.

The gaudy birds, humming birds, and fireflies, depart first; then follow the pigeons; the wild fowl fly away to the lake, until scarcely a bird remains to be seen in the forest. Several of the animals seek refuge in warmer regions; and even the shaggy bear, whose coat seems warm enough to resist any degree of cold, instinctively looks out in time for a hollow tree, into which he may leisurely climb, to hang in it during the winter as inanimate as a fitch of bacon from the ceiling of an English farm house; and even many fishes make their deep water arrangements for not coming to the surface of the rivers and harbors during the period they are covered with ice.

Notwithstanding the cheerful brightness of the winter's sun, I always felt that there was something indescribably appalling in all these precautions of beasts, birds, and fishes; and yet it is with pride that one observes that, while the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, one after another, are seen retreating

before the approaching winter, like women and children before an advancing army, the Anglo-Saxon race stand firm; and indeed they are quite right to do so, inasmuch as when the winter does arrive, it turns out to be a season of hilarity and healthful enjoyment.

Not only is the whole surface of the ground, including roads and paths of every description, beautifully macadamized with a covering of snow, over which every man's horse, with tinkling bells, can draw him and his family in a sleigh, but every harbor becomes a national play-ground to ride on, and every river an arterial road to travel on.

In all directions running water congeals. The mill wheel becomes covered with a frozen torrent, in which it remains as in a glass case; and I have even seen small waterfalls begin to freeze on both sides, until the cataract, arrested in its fall by the power of heaven, is converted for the season into a solid mirror.

Although the temperature of the water in the great lakes is very far below freezing, yet the restless air, and the rise and fall of the waves, prevent their congelation. As a trifling instance, however, of their disposition to do so, I may mention that, during the two winters I was at Toronto, I made it a rule, from which I never departed, to walk every morning to the end of a long wooden pier, that ran out into the unfrozen waters of the lake. In windy weather, and during extreme cold, the water, in dashing against this work, rose in the air; but before it could reach me it often froze, and thus, without wetting my cloak, the drops of ice used to fall harmless at my feet.

But although the great lake, for want of a moment's tranquillity, cannot congeal, yet, for hundreds of miles along its shores, the waves, as they break on the ground, instantly freeze; and this operation continuing by night as well as by day, the quiet shingled beach is converted throughout its length into high, sharp, jagged rocks of ice, over which it is occasionally difficult to climb.

LXVIII — THE FERRY.

FRIEND

JOHANN LUDWIG ULAND was born in Tübingen April 26, 1787. Among the living poets of Germany he holds a very high perhaps the highest, place. He has written dramas, ballads, epos and lyrical pieces. But few of his poems have been translated into English and these have a dreamy and spiritual beauty, and much tenderness of feeling.

MANY a year is in its grave
 Since I crossed this restless wave;
 And the evening, bright as ever,
 Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
 Sat two comrades old and tried;
 One with all a father's truth,
 One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
 And his grave in silence sought;
 But the younger, brighter form
 Passed in battle and in storm.

So whene'er I turn my eye
 Back upon the days gone by,
 Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me —
 Friends who closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
 But that soul with soul can blend?
 Soul-like were those days of yore —
 Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee:
 Take, I give it willingly;
 For, invisible to thee,
 Spirits twain have crossed with me.

LXIX.—THE SHIP OF HEAVEN.

SOUTHEY.

[From *The Curse of Kehama*, a poem illustrating the Hindoo mythology.]

THEN in the ship of heaven Ereenia * laid
The waking, wondering maid ;
The ship of heaven, instinct with thought, displayed
The living sail, and glides along the sky.
On either side, in wavy tide,
The clouds of morn along its path divide ;
The winds, who swept in wild career on high,
Before its presence check their charmed force ;
The winds, that loitering lagged along their course,
Around the living bark enamoured play,
Swell underneath the sail, and sing before its way.

That bark, in shape, was like the furrowed shell,
Wherein the sea nymphs to their parent king,
On festal day, their duteous offerings bring.
Its hue ? Go watch the last green light
Ere evening yields the western sky to night ;
Or fix upon the sun thy strenuous sight,
Till thou hast reached its orb of chrysolite.
The sail, from end to end displayed,
Bent like a rainbow o'er the maid.
An angel's head, with visual eye,
Through trackless space directs its chosen way ;
Nor aid of wing, nor foot, nor fin,
Requires to voyage o'er the obedient sky.
Smooth as the swan, when not a breeze at even
Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,
Through air and sunshine sails the ship of heaven.

* Ereenia is a Glendoveer, the most beautiful of the good spirits. He is commissioned to bear Kailyal, a pure and beautiful maiden, to Swerga, one of the Hindoo heavens.

Recumbent there, the maiden glides along
On her aerial way ;
How swift she feels not, though the swiftest wind
Had flagged in flight behind.
Motionless as a sleeping babe she lay,
And all serene in mind,
Feeling no fear ; for that ethereal air
With such new life and joyance filled her heart,
Fear could not enter there ;
For sure she deemed her mortal part was o'er,
And she was sailing to the heavenly shore,
And that angelic form, who moved beside,
Was some good spirit, sent to be her guide.

Daughter of Earth ! therein thou deem'st aright ;
And never yet did form more beautiful,
In dreams of night descending from on high,
Bless the religious virgin's gifted sight,
Nor, like a vision of delight,
Rise on the raptured poet's inward eye.
Of human form divine was he,
The immortal youth of heaven who floated by,
Even such as that divinest form shall be,
In those blest stages of our onward race,
When no infirmity,
Low thought, nor loose desire, nor wasting care
Deface the semblance of our heavenly sire.

The wings of eagle or of cherubim
Had seemed unworthy him ;
Angelic power, and dignity, and grace
Were in his glorious pennons ; from the neck
Down to the ankle reached their swelling web,
Richer than robes of Tyrian dye that deck
Imperial majesty ;
Their color, like the winter's moonless sky,
When all the stars of midnight's canopy

Shine forth ; or like the azure deep at noon,
Reflecting back to heaven a brighter blue.
Such was their tint when closed, but when outspread,
The permeating light
Shed through their substance thin a varying hue ;
Now bright as when the rose,
Beauteous as fragrant, gives to scent and sight,
A like delight ; now like the juice that flows
From Douro's generous vine ;
Or ruby, when with deepest red it glows ;
Or as the morning clouds refulgent shine,
When, at forthcoming of the lord of day,
The orient, like a shrine,
Kindles as it receives the rising ray,
And heralding his way,
Proclaims the presence of the power divine.

Thus glorious were the wings
Of that celestial spirit, as he went
Disporting through his native element.
Nor these alone
The gorgeous beauties that they gave to view ;
Through the broad membrane branched a pliant bone,
Spreading like fibres from their parent stem ;
Its veins like interwoven silver shone,
Or as the cluster hue
Of pearls that grace some sultan's diadem.
Now with slow stroke and strong, behold him smite
The buoyant air, and now in gentler flight,
On motionless wing expanded, shoot along.

Through air and sunshine sails the ship of heaven
Far, far beneath them lies
The gross and heavy atmosphere of earth ;
And with the Swerga gales,
The maid of mortal birth
At every breath a new delight inhales.

And now towards its port, the ship of heaven,
 Swift as a falling meteor, shapes its flight;
 Yet gently as the dews of night, that gem
 And do not bend the harebell's tenderest stem.
 Daughter of Earth, Ereenia cried, alight;
 This is thy place of rest, the Swerga this.
 Lo, here my bower of bliss!

He furled his azure wings, which round him fold
 Graceful as robes of Grecian chief of old.
 The happy Kailyal knew not where to gaze;
 Her eyes around in joyful wonder roam,
 Now turned upon the lovely Glendoveer,
 Now on his heavenly home.

LXX.—THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

HOWISON.

[From Sketches of Upper Canada, by JOHN HOWISON, published in Edinburgh, in 1821.]

Now that I propose to attempt a description of the Falls of Niagara, I feel myself threatened with a return of those throbs of trembling expectation which agitated me on my first visit to those stupendous cataracts; and to which every person of the least sensibility is liable, when he is on the eve of seeing any thing that has strongly excited his curiosity, or powerfully affected his imagination. The form of Niagara Falls is that of an irregular semicircle, about three quarters of a mile in extent. This is divided into two distinct cascades, by the intervention of Goat Island, the extremity of which is perpendicular, and in a line with the precipice over which the water is projected. The cataract on the Canada side of the river is called the Horseshoe or Great Fall, from its peculiar form, and that next the United States, the American Fall.

The Table Rock, from which the Falls of Niagara may be

contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract on the Canada side, and, indeed, forms a part of the precipice over which the water gushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliffs that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it. When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely that I did not dare to extricate myself. A mingled rushing and thundering filled my ears. I could see nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side; while below, a raging and foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

At first the sky was obscured by clouds; but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

The body of water which composes the middle part of the

Great Fall is so immense that it descends nearly two thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken; and the solemn calmness with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water towards each side of the fall is shattered the moment it drops over the rock, and loses as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards. The surface of the gulf below the cataract presents a very singular aspect; seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion which cannot easily be described.

The noise made by the Horseshoe Fall, though very great, is far less than might be expected, and varies in loudness according to the state of the atmosphere. When the weather is clear and frosty, it may be distinctly heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles—nay, much farther when there is a steady breeze; but I have frequently stood upon the declivity of the high bank that overlooks the Table Rock, and distinguished a low thundering only, which at times was altogether drowned amid the roaring of the rapids above the cataract. In my opinion, the concave shape of the Great Fall explains this circumstance. The noise vibrates from one side of the rocky recess to the other, and only a little escapes from its confinement; and even this is less distinctly heard than it would otherwise be, as the profusion of spray renders the air near the cataract a very indifferent conductor of sound.

The road to the bottom of the fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the

bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wooden building. By descending this stair, which is seventy or eighty feet in perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice, on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and on the summit of this there is a narrow, slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display upon their surfaces fossils, shells, and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation.

As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; for clouds of spray sometimes envelop him, and suddenly check his faltering steps; rattle-snakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the screams of eagles soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapor, which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the fall, where the soul can be susceptible of but one emotion, namely, that of uncontrollable terror. It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the *penetralia* of the great cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath; while the impetus which the water receives in its descent projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent.

Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blasts of dense spray that whirled around me; however, the third time I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me; on one side the black cliff stretched

itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock; but were it even possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind.

A little way below the Great Fall the river is, comparatively speaking, tranquil, so that a ferry boat plies between the Canada and American shores for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semicircle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf raging fathomless and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene.

Surrounded with clouds of vapor, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down, as if the windows of heaven were open to pour another deluge upon the earth. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo, whilst fragments of rainbows floated on every side,

and momentarily vanished, only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backwards I saw the Niagara River, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dewdrops from the trees that gracefully overarched its transparent bosom.

The Niagara Falls appear to the observer of a magnitude inferior to what they really are, because the objects surrounding do not bear a due proportion to them. The river, cliffs, and trees are on a comparatively small scale, and add little to the composition or grandeur of the scene; therefore he who contemplates the cataract reduces them to such dimensions as correspond with those of the contiguous objects: thus divesting one part of the scene of a good deal of magnificence, without communicating any additional grandeur to the other.

There have been instances of people being carried over the falls, but I believe none of the bodies ever were found. The rapidity of the river, before it tumbles down the precipice, is so great, that a human body would certainly be whirled along without sinking; therefore some of those individuals, to whom I allude, probably retained their senses till they reached the edge of the cataract, and even looked down upon the gulf into which they were the next moment precipitated.

Many years ago, an Indian, while attempting to cross the river above the falls in a canoe, had his paddle struck from his hands by the rapidity of the currents. He was immediately hurried towards the cataract, and, seeing that death was inevitable, he covered his head with his cloak, and resigned himself to destruction. However, when he approached the edge of the cataract, shuddering nature revolted so strongly that he was seen to start up and stretch out his arms; but the canoe upset, and he was instantly engulfed amidst the fury of the boiling surge.

LXXI.—THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.

ONCE upon a time, there stood a town in Italy, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which was to Rome what Brighton or Hastings is to London—a very fashionable watering-place, at which Roman gentlemen and members of the Senate built villas, to which they were in the habit of retiring from the fatigues of business or the broils of politics. The outsides of all the houses were adorned with frescoes, and every shop glittered with all the colors of the rainbow. At the end of each street there was a charming fountain, and any one who sat down beside it to cool himself had a delightful view of the Mediterranean, then as beautiful, as blue, and sunny as it is now. On a fine day, crowds might be seen lounging here, some sauntering up and down, in gala dresses of purple, while slaves passed to and fro, bearing on their heads splendid vases; others sat on marble benches, shaded from the sun by awnings, and having before them tables covered with wine, and fruit, and flowers. Every house in that town was a little palace, and every palace was like a temple, or one of our great public buildings.

Any one who thinks a mansion in Belgravia* the acme of splendor would have been astonished, had he lived in those days, to find how completely the abodes of those Roman lords outshone “the stately homes of England.” On entering the former, the visitor passed through a vestibule decorated with rows of pillars, and then found himself in the *impluvium*,† in which the household gods kept guard over the owner’s treasure, which was placed in a safe, or strong box, secured with brass or iron bands. In this apartment guests were received with imposing ceremony, and the patron heard the complaints,

* Belgravia is a fashionable part of London.

† The *impluvium* was a room with an opening in the roof, responding sunken cistern in the floor to receive the rain water.

supplications and adulations of his great band of clients or dependants, who lived on his smile and bounty, but chiefly on the latter. Issuing thence, the visitor found himself in the *tablinum*, an apartment paved with mosaic and decorated with paintings, in which were kept the family papers and archives. It contained a dining room and a supper room, and a number of sleeping rooms hung with the softest of Syrian cloths, a cabinet filled with rare jewels and antiquities, and sometimes a fine collection of paintings; and last of all, a pillared peristyle, opening out upon the garden, in which the finest fruit hung temptingly in the rich light of a golden sky, and fountains, which flung their waters aloft in every imaginable form and device, cooled the air and discoursed sweet music to the ear; while from behind every shrub there peeped out a statue, or the bust of some great man, carved from the purest white marble, and placed in charming contrast with bouquets of rare flowers springing from stone vases. On the gate there was always the image of a dog, and underneath it the inscription, "Beware the dog."

The frescoes on the walls represented scenes in the Greek legends, such as "The Parting of Achilles and the beautiful Maid Briseis," "The Seizure of Europa," "The Battle of the Amazons," &c., many of which are still to be seen in the museum at Naples. The pillars in this peristyle of which we have just spoken were encircled with garlands of flowers, which were renewed every morning. The tables of citron wood were inlaid with silver arabesques; the couches were of bronze, gilt and jewelled, and were furnished with thick cushions and tapestry, embroidered with marvellous skill. When the master gave a dinner party, the guests reclined upon these cushions, washed their hands in silver basins, and dried them with napkins fringed with purple; and having made a libation on the altar of Bacchus, ate oysters brought from the shores of Britain, kids which were carved to the sound of music, and fruits served up on ice in the hottest days of summer; and while the cupbearers filled their golden cups with the rarest

and most delicate wines in all the world, other attendants crowned them with flowers wet with the dew, and dancers executed the most graceful movements, and singers accompanied by the lyre poured forth an ode of Horace or of Anacreon.

After the banquet, a shower of scented water, scattered from invisible pipes, spread perfume over the apartment, and every thing around, even the oil, and the lamps, and the jets of the fountain, shed forth the most grateful odor; and suddenly from the mosaic of the floor tables of rich dainties, of which we have at the present day no idea, rose, as if by magic, to stimulate the pallied appetites of the revellers into fresh activity. When these had disappeared, other tables succeeded them, upon which senators, and consuls, and proconsuls gambled away provinces and empires by the throw of dice; and last of all, the tapestry was suddenly raised, and young girls, lightly attired, wreathed with flowers, and bearing lyres in their hands, issued forth, and charmed sight and hearing by the graceful mazes of the dance.

One day, when such festivities as these were in full activity, Vesuvius sent up a tall and very black column of smoke, something like a pine-tree; and suddenly, in broad noonday, darkness black as pitch came over the scene. There was a frightful din of cries, groans, and imprecations, mingled confusedly together. The brother lost his sister, the husband his wife, the mother her child; for the darkness became so dense that nothing could be seen but the flashes which every now and then darted forth from the summit of the neighboring mountain. The earth trembled, the houses shook and began to fall, and the sea rolled back from the land as if terrified; the air became thick with dust; and then, amidst tremendous and awful noise, a shower of stones, scorix, and pumice fell upon the town and blotted it out forever.

The inhabitants died just as the catastrophe found them — guests in their banquetting halls, brides in their chambers, soldiers at their post, prisoners in their dungeons, thieves in their

theft, maidens at the mirror, slaves at the fountain, traders in their shops, students at their books. Some people attempted flight, guided by some blind people, who had walked so long in darkness that no thicker shadows could ever come upon them; but of these many were struck down on the way. When, a few days afterwards, people came from the surrounding country to the place, they found nought but a black, level, smoking plain, sloping to the sea, and covered thickly with ashes. Down, down, beneath, thousands and thousands were sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, with all their little pomps, and vanities, and frivolities, and pleasures, and luxuries, buried with them.

This took place on the 23d of August, A. D. 79, and the name of the town thus suddenly overwhelmed with ruins was Pompeii. Sixteen hundred and seventeen years afterwards, curious persons began to dig and excavate on the spot, and lo, they found the city pretty much as it was when overwhelmed. The houses were standing, the paintings were fresh, and the skeletons stood in the very positions and the very places in which death had overtaken their owners so long ago. The marks left by the cups of the tipplers still remained on the counters; the prisoners still wore their fetters, the belles their chains and bracelets; the miser held his hand on his hoarded coin, and the priests were lurking in the hollow images of their gods, from which they uttered responses and deceived the worshippers. There were the altars, with the blood dry and crusted upon them, the stables in which the victims of the sacrifice were kept, and the hall of mysteries, in which were symbolical paintings. The researches are still going on, new wonders are every day coming to light, and we soon shall have almost as perfect an idea of a Roman town in the first century of the Christian era as if we had walked the streets and gossiped with the idle loungers at the fountains. Pompeii is the ghost of an extinct civilization rising up before us.

LXXII.—THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

WORDSWORTH.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, England, April 7, 1770, and died April 23, 1850. His life was passed for the most part in that beautiful region of England where he was born, and with which so much of his poetry is inseparably associated. He made his first appearance as an author in 1793, by the publication of a thin quarto volume of poems, which did not attract much attention. Indeed, for many years his poetry made little impression on the general public, and that not of a favorable kind. The Edinburgh Review—the great authority in matters of literary taste—set its face against him; and Wordsworth's own style and manner were so peculiar, and so unlike that of the poetry that was popular at that period, that he was obliged to create the taste by which he himself was judged. As time went on, his influence and popularity increased; and many years before his death he enjoyed a fame and consideration which in its calmness and serenity resembled the unbiased judgment of posterity.]

Wordsworth's popularity has never been of that comprehensive kind which Scott and Byron possessed. He had many intense admirers; but there were also many who were insensible to his claims, and many who admired him only with qualifications and limitations. And the sceptics are not without some ground to stand upon. He is often cold, languid, and prosaic. He is deficient in the power of presenting pictures; and an illustrated edition of his poems would be hardly possible. He often attempts, under the lead of a mistaken theory, to give poetical interest to themes which lie entirely out of the domain of poetry. He has no humor, and no sense of the ludicrous; and many of his poems are obnoxious to the attack of ridicule.

But, on the other hand, there are very great and enduring excellences. Among these are most careful precision and accuracy of diction, a minute acquaintance and deep sympathy with nature, power and tenderness in the expression of the domestic affections, a philosophical insight into the workings of the human soul, lofty dignity of sentiment, and, in his best passages, a serene, imaginative grandeur akin to that of Milton.

Wordsworth's character was pure and high. He was reserved in manner, and somewhat exclusive in his tastes and sympathies; but his friends were warmly attached to him. His domestic affections were strong and deep.

His life has been published, since his decease, by his nephew, the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, and republished in this country. In Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, there is an admirable review of his poetical genius, in which praise is bestowed generously and discriminately, and defects are pointed out with a loving and reverent hand.]

THAT way look, my infant, lo!
 What a pretty baby show!
 See the kitten on the wall,
 Sporting with the leaves that fall—
 Withered leaves, one, two, and three,
 From the lofty elder tree!
 Through the calm and frosty air
 Of this morning bright and fair,

Eddying round and round, they sink
Softly, slowly ; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy, hitber tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In his wavering parachute.

But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches paws, and darts
First at one and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow !
There are many now ; now one ;
Now they stop, and there are none ;
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire !
With a tiger leap half way
How she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again !
How she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer !
Quick as he in feat of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands, with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd —
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure ?

'Tis a pretty baby treat ;
Nor I deem for me unmeet :

Here, for neither babe nor me,
Other playmate can I see.
Of the countless living things
That with stir of feet and wings,
In the sun, or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade,
And with busy revellings,
Chirp, and song, and murmurings,
Made this orchard's narrow space,
And this vale, so blithe a place,
Multitudes are swept away,
Never more to breathe the day :
Some are sleeping ; some in bands
Travelled into distant lands ;
Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighborhood ;
And, among the kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.

Where is he — that giddy sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple tree ;
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out ;
Hung, — head pointing towards the ground, —
Fluttered, perched into a round,
Bound himself, and then unbound ;
Lithest, gaudiest harlequin ;
Prettiest tumbler ever seen ;
Light of heart and light of limb ;
What is now become of him ?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,

When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighboring rill
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.
Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy;
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gayety?

LXXIII.—THE PLAY AT VENICE.

ANONYMOUS.

[This story rebukes in a striking and dramatic manner the injustice of national prejudice. There are one or two considerations to be borne in mind by the reader.

In the first place, it was written many years ago, while Venice was yet an independent state, and before Germany had produced the great number of scientific and literary men who, during the present century, have done her so much honor. At the present time, no one would think it worth while to write a story in order to vindicate the intellectual claims of Germany.

In the next place, in order to make the lesson more effective, the contrast between the Germans and the Italians is somewhat caricatured, to the disadvantage of the latter. Italy has declined from her former state, but she does produce better things than dancing dogs.]

SOME years since, a German prince, making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of summer; the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, and the Venetian women in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits that, in their climate, rise and fall with the coming and the departure of the finest season of the year. Every

day was given by the illustrious stranger to research among the records and antiquities of this singular city, and every night to parties on the River Brenta. When the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water to sup at some of the palaces of the nobility.

In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed; but, as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italians breaking out. One of its most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas that wound up these stately festivals. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and the German, some slight aspersions on Teutonic rudeness, some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humor. It was obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous.

At length the prince, on point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italians, and, above all, of the Venetians, acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity upon the country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But, my lords," said he, "we are an envious people, and an example like yours cannot be lost, even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country, if you will follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid suit of Venetian apartments to the hall, which was fitted up as a German barn.

The aspect of the theatre produced first surprise, and next a universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured saloons of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up. The surprise rose into loud laughter, even.

among the Venetians, who have been seldom betrayed into any thing beyond a smile for generations together.

The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the fit haunt of robbery and assassination. On a narrow view, some of the noble spectators began to think it had some resemblance to an Italian street, and actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was on a German story; they were under a German roof. The street was, notwithstanding its ill-omened similitude, of course, German. The street was solitary. At length, a traveller, a German, with pistols in a belt round his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came pacing along. He knocked at several doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down on a fragment of a monument, and soliloquized.

"Well, here have I come; and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns; all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety. Well, it cannot be helped. A German does not much care; campaigning has hardened us. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war and the roads, are not very formidable, after what we have had to work through from father to son. Loneliness, however, is not so well, unless a man can labor or read. Read! that's true; come out, Zimmermann."* He took a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to the decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed.

Another form soon attracted the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure came with a kind of visionary movement from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered

* Author of a popular work on solitude.

rapidly over the page, and when it was turned, they were lifted to heaven with the strongest expression of wonder. The German was weary; his head soon drooped over his study, and he closed the book.

"What," said he, rising and stretching his limbs, "is there no one stirring in this comfortless place? Is it not near day?" He took out his repeater, and touched the pendant; it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly; the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze; but when it struck, delight was mingled with the wonder that had till then filled its pale, intelligent countenance. "Four o'clock," said the German; "in my country, half the world would be thinking of going to their day's work by this time. In another hour, it will be sunrise. Well, then, I'll do you a service, you nation of sleepers, and make you open your eyes." He drew out one of his pistols, and fired it. The attendant form still hovering behind him had looked curiously upon the pistol, but on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry that made the traveller turn.

"Who are you?" was his greeting to this strange intruder.

"I will not hurt you," was the answer.

"Who cares about that?" was the German's retort; and he pulled out the other pistol.

"My friend," said the figure, "even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot reach me now; but if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment; you seem a man of extraordinary powers."

"Well, then," said the German, in a gentler voice, "if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information; it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who love to learn."

The former sighed deeply, and murmured, "Add yet you are a Teuton. But you were just reading a little *case* of strange, and yet most interesting figures: was it a *manuscript*?"

"No, it was a printed book."

"Printed? What is printing? I never heard but of writing."

"It is an art by which one man can give to the world, in one day, as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness, correctness, and beauty; one by which books are made universal, and literature eternal."

"Admirable, glorious art!" said the inquirer; "who was its illustrious inventor?"

"A German."

"But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument, traced with figures; it sparkled with diamonds; but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of my day."

"That was a repeater."

"How? When I had the luxuries of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clepsydra* and the sun-dial. But this must be incomparable, from its facility of being carried about, from its suitableness to all hours, and from its exactness. It must be an admirable guide even to a higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation and astronomy. What an invention! Whose was it? He must be more than man."

"He was a German."

"What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave, blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see those northern warriors; but we looked on them only as savages. I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand with a small truncheon in it; in a moment, something rushed out that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they obey your command?"

* The clepsydra was a contrivance which measured time by the running out of water.

Was that truncheon a talisman? And are you a mighty magician? Was that truncheon a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?"

The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Curiosity was now solemn wonder, and he stood gazing in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale gray in the east, that touched its visage with a chill light; the moon, resting broadly on the horizon, was setting behind; the figure seemed as if it were standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendor of a vision; but the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of this miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder.

"It must be an effective instrument in the hands of man for either good or ill," said the former. "How much it must change the nature of war! How much it must influence the fate of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the inhabitants of earth?"

"A German."

The form seemed suddenly to enlarge; its feebleness of voice was gone; its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it uttered a word, it looked as if it were made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away; it stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, of dazzling green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of eloquence. "Stranger," it said, pointing to the Apennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed since I was the glory

of all beyond those mountains. Eighteen hundred years have passed into the great flood of eternity since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honored as the leading mind of the great intellectual empire of the world. But I knew nothing of those things. I was a child to you; we were all children to the discoverers of those glorious potencies. But has Italy not been still the mistress of mind? She was then first of the first; has she not kept her superiority? Show me her noble inventions. I must soon sink from the earth; let me learn still to love my country."

The listener started back — "Who, what are you?"

"I am a spirit; I was Cicero. Show me, by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind?"

The German looked embarrassed; but in a moment after, he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from which the interruption came. A ragged figure tottered out with a barrel organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy-gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. Cicero uttered but one sigh — "Is this Italy!" The German bowed his head.

The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. Cicero raised his broad gaze to heaven. "These the men of my country! These the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind! What scorn and curse of Providence can have fallen upon them!" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes; the first sunbeam struck across the spot where he stood; a purple mist rose around him, and he was gone.

The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats and rushed out of the hall. The prince and his suite had previously arranged every thing for leaving the city, and they were beyond the Venetian territory by sunrise. Another night in Venice, they would have been on their way to the other world.

LXXIV.—THE DEAN OF BADAJOS.

[The original of this story, which illustrates the truth, that the seeds of selfishness often lie dormant in the heart till they are called forth by the sunshine of prosperity, is found in the *Conde Lucanor*, a Spanish work, consisting of tales, anecdotes, and apologues, written in the fourteenth century by Don JUAN MANUEL, a nobleman of the blood royal of Castile and Leon.]

THE dean of the cathedral of Badajos* was more learned than all the doctors of Salamanca, Coimbra, and Alcalá united; he understood all languages, living and dead, and was perfect master of every science, divine and human, except that, unfortunately, he had no knowledge of magic. He was inconsolable when he reflected upon his ignorance in that sublime art, till he was told that a very able magician resided in the suburbs of Toledo, named Don Torribio. He immediately saddled his mule, departed for Toledo, and alighted at the door of no very superb dwelling, the habitation of that great man. "Most reverend magician," said he, addressing himself to the sage, "I am the Dean of Badajos. The learned men of Spain allow me to be their superior; but I am come to request of you a much greater honor—that of becoming your pupil. Deign to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and doubt not but you shall receive a grateful acknowledgment, suitable to the benefit conferred, and your own extraordinary merit."

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he valued himself on being intimately acquainted with the highest company below. He told the dean he was welcome to seek elsewhere for a master; for that, for his part, he was weary of an occupation that produced compliments and promises, and that he should but dishonor the occult sciences by prostituting them to the ungrateful.

"To the ungrateful!" exclaimed the dean. "Has then the

* Pronounced *Badajos'*, the accent on the last syllable, and the *h* strongly aspirated.

great Don Torribio met with persons who have proved ungrateful? and can he so far mistake me as to rank me with such monsters?" He then repeated all the maxims and apothegms which he had read on the subject of gratitude, and every refined sentiment his memory could furnish. In short, he talked so well, that the conjurer, after having considered a moment, confessed that he could refuse nothing to a man of such abilities, and so ready at pertinent quotations.*

"Jacinta," said Don Torribio to his old woman, "lay down two partridges to the fire. I hope my friend the dean will do me the honor to sup with me to-night." At the same time he took him by the hand and led him into the cabinet; when here, he touched his forehead, and uttered three magic and mysterious words. Then, without further preparation, he began to explain, with all possible perspicuity, the introductory elements of his profound science. The new disciple listened with an attention which scarcely permitted him to breathe; when on a sudden Jacinta entered, followed by a little old man in monstrous boots, and covered with mud up to the neck, who desired to speak with the dean on very important business. This was the postilion of his uncle, the bishop of Badajos, who had been sent express after him, and who had galloped without ceasing, quite to Toledo, before he could overtake him. He came to bring him information that, some hours after his departure, his grace had been attacked by so violent an apoplexy that the most terrible consequences were to be apprehended. The dean heartily (that is, inwardly, so as to occasion no scandal) execrated the disorder, the patient, and the courier, who had certainly all three chosen the most impertinent time possible. He dismissed the postilion, bidding him make haste back to Badajos, whither he would presently follow him, and instantly returned to his lesson, as if there were no such things as either uncles or apoplexies.

A few days afterwards the dean again received news from Badajos; but this was worth hearing. The principal chanter

and two old canons came to inform him that his uncle, the right reverend bishop, had been taken to heaven to receive the reward of his piety; and the chapter, canonically assembled, had chosen him to fill the vacant bishopric, and humbly requested he would console by his presence the afflicted church of Badajos, now become his spiritual bride.

Don Torribio, who was present at this harangue, endeavored to derive advantage from what he had heard; and taking aside the new bishop, after having paid him a well-turned compliment on his promotion, proceeded to inform him that he had a son, named Benjamin, possessed of much ingenuity, and good inclination, but in whom he had never perceived any taste or talent for the occult sciences. He had therefore, he said, advised him to turn his attention and thoughts towards the church; and he had now, he thanked Heaven, the satisfaction of hearing him commended as one of the most deserving divines among all the clergy of Toledo. He therefore took the liberty most humbly to request his grace to bestow on Don Benjamin the deanery of Badajos, which he could not retain together with his bishopric.

"I am very unfortunate," replied the prelate, apparently somewhat embarrassed; "you will, I hope, do me the justice to believe, that nothing could give me so great a pleasure as to oblige you in every request; but the truth is, I have a cousin to whom I am heir, an old ecclesiastic, who is good for nothing but to be a dean, and if I do not bestow on him this benefice, I must embroil myself with my family, which would be any thing but agreeable. But," continued he in an affectionate manner, "will you not accompany me to Badajos? Can you be so cruel as to forsake me at a moment when it is in my power to be of service to you? Be persuaded, my honored master, we will go together. Think of nothing but the improvement of your pupil, and leave me to provide for Don Benjamin; nor doubt but sooner or later I will do more for him than you expect. A paltry deanery in the remotest part

of Estramadura is not a benefice suitable to the son of such a man as yourself."

The canon law would, no doubt, have construed the prelate's offer into simony. The proposal, however, was accepted; nor was any scruple made by either of those two very intelligent persons. Don Torribio followed his illustrious pupil to Badajos, where he had an elegant apartment assigned him in the episcopal palace, and was treated with the utmost respect by the diocese as the favorite of his grace, and a kind of grand vicar. Under the tuition of so able a master, the bishop of Badajos made rapid progress in the occult sciences. At first he gave himself up to them with an ardor which might appear excessive; but this intemperance grew by degrees more moderate, and he pursued them with so much prudence that his magical studies never interfered with his more important duties. He was well convinced of the truth of a maxim, very important to be remembered by ecclesiastics, whether addicted to sorcery, or only philosophers and admirers of literature—that it is not sufficient to assist at learned nocturnal meetings, or adorn the mind with embellishments of human science, but that it is also the duty of divines to point out to others the way to heaven, and plant in the minds of their hearers, wholesome doctrine and Christian morality. Regulating his conduct by these commendable principles, this learned prelate was celebrated throughout Christendom for his merit and piety, and when he least expected such an honor, was promoted to the archbishopric of Compostella. The people and clergy of Badajos lamented, as may be supposed, an event, by which they were deprived of so worthy a pastor; and the canons of the cathedral, to testify their respect, unanimously conferred on him the honor of nominating his successor.

Don Torribio did not neglect so alluring an opportunity to provide for his son. He requested the bishopric of the new archbishop, and was refused with all possible politeness. He had, he said, the greatest veneration for his old master, and

was both sorry and ashamed it was not in his power to grant a thing which appeared so very a trifle; but, in fact, Don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked the bishopric for his son; and though he had never seen that nobleman, he had, he said, some secret, important, and what was more, very ancient obligations to him. It was therefore an indispensable duty to prefer an old benefactor to a new one. But Don Torribio ought not to be discouraged at this proof of his justice; as he might learn from that what he might expect when his turn arrived, which should certainly be on the first opportunity. This statement concerning the ancient obligations of the archbishop, the magician had the goodness to believe; and rejoiced, as much as he was able, that his interests were sacrificed to those of Don Ferdinand.

Nothing was now thought of but preparations for their departure to Compostella, where they were to reside. These, however, were scarcely worth the trouble, considering the short time they were destined to remain there; for at the end of a few months one of the pope's chamberlains arrived, who brought the archbishop a cardinal's cap, with an epistle conceived in the most respectful terms, in which his holiness invited him to assist by his counsel in the government of the Christian world; permitting him at the same time to dispose of his mitre in favor of whom he pleased. Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the courier of the holy father arrived. He had been to see his son, who still continued a priest in a small parish at Toledo. But he soon returned, and was not put to the trouble of asking for the vacant archbishopric. The prelate ran to meet him with open arms. "My dear master," said he, "I have two pieces of good news to relate at once. Your disciple is created a cardinal, and your son shall shortly be advanced to the same dignity. I had intended in the mean time to bestow on him the archbishopric of Compostella; but, unfortunately for him and me, my mother, whom we left at Bajajos, has, during your absence, written me a cruel letter,

by which all my measures have been disconcerted. She will not be pacified unless I appoint for my successor the arch-deacon of my former church, her intimate friend and confessor. She tells me it will 'occasion her death,' if she should be unable to obtain preferment for her dear father in God. Shall I be the death of my mother?"

Don Torribio was not a person who could incite or urge his friend to be guilty of parricide, nor did he indulge himself in the least resentment against the mother of the prelate. To say the truth, however, this mother was a good kind of woman, nearly superannuated. She lived quietly with her cat and her maid servant, and scarcely knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely, then, that she had obtained him his archbishopric? Be this as it may, Don Torribio followed his eminence to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived at that city ere the pope died. The conclave met; all the voices of the sacred college were in favor of the Spanish cardinal. Behold him, therefore, pope.

Immediately after the ceremony of his exaltation, Don Torribio, admitted to a secret audience, wept with joy while he kissed the feet of his dear pupil. He modestly represented, his long and faithful services, reminded his holiness of those inviolable promises which he had renewed before he entered the conclave, and instead of demanding the vacant hat for Don Benjamin, finished with most exemplary moderation by renouncing every ambitious hope. He and his son, he said, would both esteem themselves too happy, if his holiness would bestow on them, together with his benediction, the smallest temporal benefice; such as an annuity for life, sufficient for the few wants of an ecclesiastic and philosopher.

During this harangue the sovereign pontiff considered within himself how to dispose of his preceptor. He reflected he was no longer necessary; that he already knew as much of magic as was necessary for a pope. After weighing every circumstance, his holiness concluded that Don Torribio was not only a

useless, but a troublesome pedant ; and, this point determined, he replied in the following words : " We have learned, with concern, that under pretext of cultivating the occult sciences, you maintain a horrible intercourse with the spirit of darkness and deceit ; we therefore exhort you, as a father, to expiate your crime by a repentance proportionable to its enormity. Moreover, we enjoin you to depart from the territories of the church within three days, under penalty of being delivered over to the secular arm and its merciless flames."

Don Torribio, without being alarmed, immediately repeated the three mysterious words which he had before uttered, and going to a window, cried out with all his force, " Jacinta, you need spit but one partridge ; for my friend the dean will not sup here to-night."

This was a thunderbolt to the imaginary pope. He immediately recovered from the trance into which he had been thrown by the three mysterious words. He perceived that, instead of being in the Vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the closet of Don Torribio ; and he saw by the clock it was not a complete hour since he entered that fatal cabinet, where he had been entertained by such pleasant dreams.

In that short time the dean of Badajos had imagined himself a magician, a bishop, a cardinal, and a pope ; and he found at last that he was only a dupe and a knave. All was illusion, except the proofs he had given of his deceitful and evil heart. He instantly departed, without speaking a single word, and finding his mule where he had left her, returned to Badajos.

LXXV.—EXTRACT FROM THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

BYRON.

[GEORGE GORDON BYRON, LORD BYRON, was born in London, January 22, 1788, and died at Missolonghi, in Greece, April 19, 1824. In March, 1812, he published the first two cantos of his splendid poem, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which produced an impression upon the public almost without precedent in English literature, and gained a place of the very highest place among the poets of the day. He said of himself, on this occasion, with as much truth as poët, that he went to bed one night, and on waking next morning found himself famous. From that time till his death he poured forth a rapid succession of brilliant and striking productions, varying in degrees of merit, but all contributing to maintain him in his lofty literary position, and keeping his name ever fresh upon men's lips. The interest which he awakened as a poet was further enhanced by a wayward and irregular life, by an unhappy marriage, a separation from his wife, and by his finally joining the Greeks in their struggle against the Turks. Hardly any man of letters was ever so much talked about, written about, attacked and defended, in his own life, as he.]

Lord Byron's fame with posterity will not equal the prodigious popularity he enjoyed among his contemporaries. And yet his poetry lives, in an intellectual point of view, some great and enduring excellences. In description and in the expression of passion he is unrivalled. His power over the resources of the language is great, though he is not a careful or accurate writer. His poetry abounds with passages of melting tenderness and exquisite sweetness which take captive and bear away the susceptible heart. His wit too is playful and brilliant, and his sarcasm venomous and blistering. His leading characteristic is energy: he is never languid or tame; and in his highest moods, his words flash and burn like lightning from the cloud, and hurry the reader along with the breathes of speed of the tempest.

Much of Lord Byron's poetry is objectionable on a moral point of view. Some of it ministers undisguisedly to the evil passions and combats the distinctions between right and wrong; and still more of it is idle and morbid in its tone, and teaches, directly or indirectly, the unchristian and irreligious doctrine that the unhappiness of man is just in proportion to their intellectual superiority. Some excellent remarks on this subject may be found in an article by Lord Jeffrey, contributed to the Edinburgh Review, and now published among his collected essays.

There was little that was respectable or estimable in Lord Byron's life. He had no fixed principles, and was the sport of every whim or passion that assailed him. For many years, he lived an outcast from his home and country, in open defiance of the laws of God and man; not without species of self-reliance and half purposes of reform. His joining the Greeks showed that his profligate and self-indulgent habits had not destroyed in him the power of vigorous action and generous sacrifice.

His *Life and Correspondence* were published after his death, by his friend Thomas Moore. His letters are full of point and brilliancy, and his prose style is vigorous and animated.

The following extract is taken from *The Prisoner of Chillon*, one of the most pleasing and natural of his poems. Chillon is a castle on the Lake of Geneva, near Vevey. The speaker is one of three brothers, who are represented as having been imprisoned there on account of their religious opinions.]

THERE are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,

There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull, imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er;
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet each alone:
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight.
And thus together, yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but pined in heart:
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
'To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.

Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound, — not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy, — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest,
I ought to do, and did, my best, —
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven, —
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day,
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free,) —
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And then he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but other's ills;
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy; — but not in chains to pine;

His spirit withered with their clank ;
I saw it silently decline, —
And so perchance in sooth did mine ;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

* * *

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food ;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunters' fare,
And for the like had little care ;
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat ;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den :
But what were these to us or him ?
These wasted not his heart or limb ;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side :
But why delay the truth ? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead ;
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.

I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine: it was a foolish thought;
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer, —
They coldly laughed, — and laid him there,
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To board my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free —
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired, —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood: —
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln, convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors; — this was woe
Unmixed with such, — but sure and slow.

He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, — kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray, —
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright.
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise ;
For I was sunk in silence, — lost
In this last loss, of all the most.
And then the sighs he would suppress,
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listened, but I could not hear, —
I called, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I called, and thought I heard a sound, —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him : — I found him not, —
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew ;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.

LXXVI.—DEATH AND BURIAL OF LITTLE NELL.

DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS is the most popular living novelist, perhaps the most popular living writer, of England. His first work—a series of sketches under the name of *Boz*—was published in 1836, and though it showed brilliant descriptive powers, did not attract great attention. But the *Pickwick Papers*, which appeared the next year, fairly took the world by storm, and lifted the author up to a dizzy height of popularity, equalled by nothing since Scott and Byron. Since then he has written several novels and tales, besides sketches of travel in Italy and in America, (he was here in 1842.) in which last his genius appears to less advantage than in his works of fiction.]

His most striking characteristic is a peculiar and original vein of humor, shown in sketches taken from low life, and expressing itself by the most quaint, grotesque, and unexpected combinations of ideas. His *Sam Weller*—a character he has never surpassed—is the type of his creations of this class; and it is a truly original conception, and very well sustained.

He is hardly less successful in his pathetic passages than in his humorous delineations. He excels in scenes which paint sickness and death, especially of the lovely and the young. His pages have been blistered by many a tear. The extract in the text is alone enough to prove his great power over the sympathies of the heart.

He has also uncommon skill in the minute representation of scenes of still life, which he paints with the sharp fidelity of a Dutch artist. He depicts a bar room, a kitchen, a court of justice, or a prison, in such a way as to be next to seeing them. He sometimes uses this gift to a greater extent than the taste of his readers approves.

The tone of Dickens's writings is sound and healthy; though he takes us a little too much into scenes of low life, and obtrudes his evil and hateful characters upon us more than we could wish. He has a poetical imagination, and a heart full of genial charities and humanities. The generous and sympathetic tone of his writings is one of their most powerful attractions. He has a hatred of oppression and injustice in all their forms, and is ever ready to take sides with the victim and the sufferer. His great literary reputation has given him much influence in England; and this has been uniformly exercised in behalf of those social reforms in which our English brethren have been of late years so much engaged, and with such honor to themselves.

Dickens is the editor of the *Household Words*, a weekly periodical published in London, conducted with much ability, and in a generous and enlightened spirit.

The following extract is from *Master Humphrey's Clock*, a novel published originally in 1841. Little Nell is one of the sweetest and purest of all his creations; and her life and death have touched many thousands of hearts. She is represented in the novel as the constant attendant of her grandfather, an affectionate old man, but weak in moral energy. She glides like a sunbeam of grace and innocence through many a troubled scene; but the burden of life is too heavy for her delicate spirit, and she thus gently lays it down.]

By little and little, the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips,—

“You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You will never do that—never while I have life. I have no relative

or friend but her—I never had—I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now.”

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words,—not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered,—followed him. They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise; but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. “When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.” These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. His was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at

the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

“It is not,” said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent,—“it is not in this world that Heaven’s justice ends. Think what it is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!”

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said “God

“bless you” with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face, — such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget, — and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered, — save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, — faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice — rung its remorseless tone for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life — to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing — grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old — the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window — a window where the boughs of trees were ever

rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold, how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon's rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick, old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friend.

They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place,—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all (it seems to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts seem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them,—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

LXXVII.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A YOUNG SAILOR.

DANA.

[RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR., a native of Cambridge, was graduated at Harvard College in 1827. While in college, in consequence of a weakness of the eyes, he gave up his studies, and went on a long voyage to the western coast of North America. Some time after his return, he published an account of his experiences under the title of *Two Years before the Mast*—a graphic and spirited work, which had great and deserved popularity. Mr. Dana is now (1855) a member of the Boston bar.

The following extract records the young sailor's first experience of his new life.]

"WITH all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew, and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next morning was Saturday, and a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay. I took leave of those of my friends who came to see me off, and had barely opportunity to take a last look at the city and well-known objects, as no time is allowed on board ship for sentiment. As we drew down into the lower harbor, we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night.

About midnight, the wind became fair, and having called the captain, I was ordered to call all hands. How I accomplished this I do not know; but I am quite sure that I did not give the true, hoarse, boatswain call of "A-a-ll ha-a-and-s! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which was our last hold upon Yankee land. I could take but little part in all these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given and so immediately executed, there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered.

There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life. At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds, which denote that the crew are heaving

at the windlass, began, and in a few moments we were under way. The noise of the water thrown from the bows began to be heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding "good night" to my native land.

The first day we passed at sea was the Sabbath. As we were just from port, and there was a great deal to be done on board, we were kept at work all day, and at night the watches were set, and every thing put into sea order. I had now a fine time for reflection. I felt for the first time the perfect silence of the sea. The officer was walking the quarter deck, where I had no right to go; one or two men were talking on the fore-castle, whom I had little inclination to join; so that I was left open to the full impression of every thing about me. However much I was affected by the beauty of the sea, the bright stars, and the clouds driven swiftly over them, I could not but remember that I was separating myself from all the social and intellectual enjoyments of life. Yet, strange as it may seem, I did then and afterwards take pleasure in these reflections, hoping by them to prevent my becoming insensible to the value of what I was leaving.

But all my dreams were soon put to flight by an order from the officer to trim the yards, as the wind was getting ahead; and I could plainly see, by the looks the sailors occasionally cast to windward, and by the dark clouds that were fast coming up, that we had bad weather to prepare for, and had heard the captain say that he expected to be in the Gulf Stream by twelve o'clock. In a few minutes, eight bells were struck, the watch called, and we went below.

I now began to feel the first discomforts of a sailor's life. The steerage in which I lived was filled with coils of rigging, spare sails, old junk, and ship stores, which had not been stowed away. Moreover, there had been no berths built for us to sleep in, and we were not allowed to drive nails to hang our clothes upon. The sea, too, had risen, the vessel was rolling

heavily, and every thing was pitched about in grand confusion. I shortly heard the rain drops falling on deck, thick and fast, and the watch evidently had their hands full of work, for I could hear the loud and repeated orders of the mate, the trampling of feet, the creaking of blocks, and all the accompaniments of a coming storm.

When I got upon deck, a new scene and a new experience were before me. The little brig was close hauled upon the wind, and lying over, as it then seemed to me, nearly upon her beam ends. The heavy head sea was beating against her bows with the noise and force almost of a sledge hammer, and flying over the deck, drenching us completely through. The top-sail halliards had been let go, and the great sails were filling out and backing against the masts with a noise like thunder. The wind was whistling through the rigging, loose ropes flying about; loud, and to me unintelligible, orders constantly given, and rapidly executed, and the sailors "singing" out at the ropes in their hoarse and peculiar strains. In addition to all this, I had not got my "sea legs on," was dreadfully sick, with hardly strength enough to hold on to any thing, and it was "pitch dark." This was my state when I was ordered aloft, for the first time, to reef top-sails.

How I got along I cannot now remember. I "laid out" on the yard, and held on with all my strength. I could not have been of much service, for I remember having been sick several times before I hit the top-sail yard. Soon all was snug aloft, and we were again allowed to go below. This I did not consider much of a favor, for the confusion of every thing below, and that inexpressible sickening smell caused by the shaking-up of the bilge water in the hold, made the steerage but an indifferent refuge from the cold, wet decks. I had often read of the nautical experiences of others, but I felt as though there could be none worse than mine; for in addition to every other evil, I could not but remember that this was only the first night of a two year's voyage.

LXXVIII.—THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

DICKENS.

[This account of the battle of Hastings, fought October 15, 1066, is taken from A Child's History of England, written by Charles Dickens, and originally published in successive numbers of Household Words. Edward the Confessor, the predecessor of Harold, it is said, had made a will appointing William of Normandy his successor. Before Edward's death, Harold, being then in Normandy, had taken an oath to support William's pretensions to the English crown.]

HAROLD was crowned King of England on the very day of the maudlin Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached Norman William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath and resign the crown. Harold would do no such thing. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them. The pope sent to Normandy a consecrated banner, and a ring containing a hair which he warranted to have grown on the head of St. Peter. He blessed the enterprise, and cursed Harold, and requested that the Normans would pay "Peter's pence"—or a tax to himself of a penny a year on every house—a little more regularly in future, if they could make it convenient.

King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, King of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help won a fight in which the English were commanded by two nobles, and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at Hastings, with his army, marched to Stamford bridge, upon the River Derwent, to give them instant battle.

He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance,

to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The King of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold, "but his end is near."

He added, in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him if he withdraw his troops he shall be Earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend the King of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother, with a smile.

"The King of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back," said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight!"

He did so, very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force, that his brother, the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son, Olave, to whom he gave honorable dismissal, were left dead upon the field. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers, all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground, came hurrying in, to report that the Normans had landed in England.

The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the figure of a golden boy

stood pointing towards England. By day, the banner of the three Lions of Normandy, the diverse colored sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her mast head. And now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong, on English ground.

Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week, his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength. William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed. "The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip, as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests." "My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers."

"The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon!" said Duke William.

Some proposals for a reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other, in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill; a wood behind them; in their midst, the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones; beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army

—every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle axe.

On an opposite hill, in three lines, — archers, foot soldiers, horsemen, — was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle cry, “God help us!” burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle cry, “God’s Rood! Holy Rood!” The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight’s hand. Another English knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the first beginning of the fight. It soon raged every where.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle axes they cut men and horses down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely. The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

“Still,” said Duke William, “there are thousands of the

English, firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces."

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

O, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell,—and he and his knights were carousing within,—and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro, without, sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead,—and the Warrior, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood,—and the three Norman Lions kept watch over the field!

LXXIX.—SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

DEATH OF A MAN OF BLOOD.—*Sir Walter Scott*

AND now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eye of tropic sun.
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;

With disk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night.

THE GREEKS AT THERMOPYLÆ.—*Byron.*

They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seemed sighing;
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and gray,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay:
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain:
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled mingling with their fame forever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
The land is glory's still and theirs.
'Tis still a watchword to the earth:
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
So sanctioned, on the tyrant's head;
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG HERO.—*Schiller, translated by Coleridge.*

For him there is no longer any future:
His life is bright—bright without spot it was,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O, 'tis well

With him ; but who knows what the coming hour
Veiled in thick darkness brings for us?

THE WAY OF ORDINANCE.—*Schiller, translated by Coleridge.*

The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My son, the road the human being travels,
That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Honoring the holy bounds of property.
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

NATURE.—*Wordsworth.*

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her : 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all that we behold
Is full of blessings.

DUTIES AND CHARITIES.—*Wordsworth.*

The primal duties shine aloft—like stars ;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,

Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts,
No mystery is here ; no special boon
For high, and not for low ; for proudly graced,
And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
As from the haughty palace.

DUTY.—*Wordsworth.*

Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat ;
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists ; immutably survive
For our support, the measures and the forms
Which an abstract intelligence supplies,
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not.

INVOCATION.—*Coleridge.*

Soul of Alvar !

Hear our soft suit and heed our milder spell ;
So may the gates of paradise, unbarred,
Cease thy swift toils ! Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who, in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With sound too vast and constant to be heard ;
Fittest unheard. For O, ye numberless
And rapid travellers, what ear unstunned,
What sense unmadened, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings ?

THE STARS.—*Darwin.*

Roll on, ye stars; exult in youthful prime;
 Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time;
 Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
 And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
 Flowers of the sky, ye, too, to age must yield,
 Frail as your silken sisters of the field.
 Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
 Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
 Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall
 And death, and night, and chaos mingle all;
 Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
 Immortal Nature lifts her changeful form,
 Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
 And soars and shines, another and the same.

LXXX.—SELECT PASSAGES OF DESCRIPTIVE PROSE.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.—*Bunyan.*

AFTER this, I beheld until they were come into the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves a while to rest; and because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here belonged to the king of the celestial country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sound so melodiously, that they could not sleep, and yet they received as much refreshing as if they slept their sleep never so soundly.

* * * * *

In this place, the children of the town would go into the king's gardens, and gather nosegays for the pilgrims, and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew

samphor, with spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all chief spices.

TORBAY.* — *Kingsley.*

Torbay has a soft beauty of its own. The rounded hills slope gently to the sea, spotted with squares of emerald grass, and rich, red fallow fields, and parks full of stately timber trees. Long lines of tall elms, just flushing green in the spring hedges, run down to the very water's edge, their boughs unwarped by any blast; and here and there apple orchards are just bursting into flower in the soft sunshine, and narrow strips of water meadow line the glens, where the red cattle are already lounging knee deep in richest grass, within ten yards of the rocky pebble beach. The shore is silent now, the tide far out; but six hours hence it will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and sprinkling passengers, and cattle, and trim gardens, which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new.

A WOODLAND SCENE IN ITALY. — *Mrs. Kemble.*

We found ourselves in a sort of sylvan temple, of the noblest and grandest proportions: all round the old weather-stained mansion, a semicircle of glorious stone pines formed a natural hall, more beautiful than ever yet rose propped on granite or marble. It was impossible not to be struck with delight, and almost awe, standing in the midst of this ring of forest giants; behind them stretched the various wood of beech and oak, with their gnarled, fantastic forms, and new, fresh verdure, and far-winding, wooing avenues, forming the most delicious contrast to the solemn grandeur of this fine

* Torbay is on the coast of Devonshire, in England.

colonnade. All round the house reigned a sunny, open space, girt every where with exquisite woodland scenery; and towards the sea, the great pine forest stretched its dark-blue vault over the earth, fragrant with its aromatic, warm-colored sheddings, on which we walked, rejoicing in all things.

A broad avenue, paved with the large stones of the Roman road, and extending for nearly a mile and a half, led through this strange paradise. On either hand, the shafts of the stone pines rose shining like porphyry columns; ilex, and oak, and brilliant evergreen growth filled up, as with green curtains, the spaces between; the feathery, snow-white heather darted its elegant spires up against this dark background; profuse branches of rose-blossomed daphne, and fragrant pale-blue rosemary, swelled in rounded tufts below, and close upon the dark, cone-strewn earth, like jewels scattered upon the pavement of these magical woods; the glowing blossoms of the sweet cyclamen shone ruby red in the gleams of sunlight that crept beneath the boughs to make them bright.

ITALIAN SCENERY.—*Mrs. Radcliffe.*

These excursions sometimes led to Puzzuoli, Baia, or the woody cliffs of Posilippo; and as on their return they glided along the moonlight bay, the melodies of Italian strains seemed to give enchantment to the scenery of its shore. At this cool hour the voices of the vine-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed, after the labor of the day, on some pleasant promontory, under the shade of poplars; or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen on the margin of the waves below. The boatmen rested on their oars, while their company listened to voices modulated by sensibility to finer eloquence than it is in the power of art alone to display, and at others while they observed the airy, natural grace which distinguishes the dance of the fishermen and peasant girls of Naples.

Frequently, as they glided round a promontory, whose

shaggy masses impended far over the sea, such magic scenes of beauty were unfolded, adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep, clear waters reflected every image of the landscape; the cliffs branching into wild forms, crowned with groves, whose rough foliage often spread down their steep in picturesque luxuriance; the ruined villa on some bold point, peeping through the trees; peasants' cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing figures on the strand,—all touched with the silvery tint and the soft shadows of moonlight. On the other hand, the sea, trembling with a long line of radiance, and showing in the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction over its surface, presented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful.

AN ENGLISH FOREST SCENE.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The sun was setting upon one of the rich, grassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places, they were intermingled with beeches, lollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others, they receded from each other, forming those long, sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discolored light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees; and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of

rough, unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly around the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

LAUNCHING OF A SHIP.—*Campbell.*

Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me—I sympathize with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.

A NEW ENGLAND STREAM.—*Hawthorne.*

Rowing our boat against the current, between wide meadows, we turned aside into the Assabeth. A more lovely stream than this, for a mile above its junction with the Concord, has never flowed on earth—nowhere, indeed, except to lave the interior regions of a poet's imagination. It is sheltered from

the breeze by woods and a hill-side ; so that elsewhere there might be a hurricane, and here scarcely a ripple across the shaded water. The current lingers along so gently that the mere force of the boatman's will seems sufficient to propel his craft against it. It comes flowing softly through the midmost privacy and deepest heart of a wood, which whispers it to be quiet, while the stream whispers back again from its sedgy borders, as if river and wood were hushing one another to sleep. Yes, the river sleeps along its course, and dreams of the sky, and of the clustering foliage ; amid which fall showers of broken sunlight, imparting specks of vivid cheerfulness, in contrast with the quiet depth of the prevailing tint. Of all this scene, the slumbering river had a dream-picture in its bosom. Which, after all, was the most real — the picture or the original? — the objects palpable to our grosser senses, or their apotheosis in the stream beneath? Surely the disembodied images stand in closer relation to the soul.

GLACIER COMPARED TO HUMAN LIFE. — *J. D. Forbes.*

Poets and philosophers have delighted to compare the course of human life to that of a river ; perhaps a still apter simile might be found in the history of a glacier. Heaven-descended in its origin, it yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountains which brought it forth. At first soft and ductile, it acquires a character and firmness of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it on its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers which fix limits to its movements, it yields groaning to its fate, and still travels forward, seamed with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles. All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power — it evaporates, but is not consumed. On its surface it bears the spoils which, during the progress of existence, it has made its own ; often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value — at times precious masses, sparkling with gems or with ore.

Having at length attained its greatest width and extension, commanding admiration by its beauty and power, waste predominates over supply, the vital springs begin to fail; it stoops into an attitude of decrepitude; it drops the burdens, one by one, which it had borne so proudly aloft—its dissolution is inevitable. But as it is resolved into its elements, it takes at once a new, and livelier, and disembarassed form; from the wreck of its members it arises, “another, yet the same,”—a noble, full-bodied, arrowy stream, which leaps rejoicing over the obstacles which before had stayed its progress, and hastens through fertile valleys towards a freer existence, and a final union in the ocean with the boundless and the infinite.

THE GLACIER OF THE RHONE.—*Longfellow.*

Ere long he reached the magnificent glacier of the Rhone; a frozen cataract more than two thousand feet in height, and many miles broad at its base. It fills the whole valley between two mountains, running back to their summits. At the base it is arched, like a dome, and above, jagged and rough, and resembles a mass of gigantic crystals of a pale emerald tint, mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its surface; but at every rent and crevice the pale-green ice shines clear in the sun. Its shape is that of a glove, lying with the palms downwards, and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, Winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun; and year by year the Sun strives in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glittering spear.*

* This is a passage of very great beauty. It has the substance of the highest poetry, without the form of verse. Winter is personified as a champion who flings down a gauntlet of defiance to a rival, the Sun, who in vain endeavors to take it from the ground. So far the comparison is strictly imaginative; that is, the resemblance is discerned by the mind only. But subordinate to this there is a purely fanciful similitude. The shape of the glacier is that of a glove, which was the symbol of defiance in the middle ages, and the rays of the sun are further likened to a pointed and glittering spear.

LXXXI.—CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS.

TICKNOR.

[GEORGE TICKNOR, a native of Boston, was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1807. In 1820, after four and a half years' careful preparation in Europe, he assumed the duties of professor of modern languages in Harvard College, and continued to discharge them till 1835. In 1849, he published a *History of Spanish Literature*, in three octavo volumes—a work which contained the rich and slowly matured fruits of thirty years of study and reflection. It was received with the greatest favor both in Europe and America, has been translated into German and Spanish, and is recognized by the Spaniards themselves as the best account, in any language, of their literature. It is remarkable alike for its thoroughness and learning, for the justice and good taste of its literary criticisms, and for the neatness and precision of its style.

Mr. Ticknor has also, from time to time, made various contributions to the periodical literature of our country.

This sketch of the character of Columbus is from *The History of Spanish Literature*.]

THERE was one man to whose courage even the terrors of this unknown and dreaded western ocean were but spurs and incentives, and whose gifted vision, though sometimes dazzled from the heights to which he rose, could yet see, beyond the waste of waves, that broad continent which his fervent imagination deemed needful to balance the world. It is true Columbus was not born a Spaniard. But his spirit was eminently Spanish. His loyalty, his religious faith and enthusiasm, his love of great and extraordinary adventure, were all Spanish, rather than Italian, and were all in harmony with the Spanish national character, when he became a part of its glory. His own eyes, he tells us, had watched the silver cross, as it slowly rose for the first time above the walls of the Alhambra, announcing to the world the final and absolute overthrow of the infidel power in Spain; and from that period,—or one even earlier, when some poor monks from Jerusalem had been at the camp of the two sovereigns before Granada, praying for help and protection against the unbelievers in Palestine,—he had conceived the grand project of consecrating the untold wealth he trusted to find in his westward discoveries by devoting it to the rescue of the holy city and sepulchre of Christ; thus achieving by his single power and resources what

all Christendom and its ages of crusades, had failed to accomplish.

Gradually these and other kindred ideas took firm possession of his mind, and are found occasionally in his later journals, letters, and speculations, giving to his otherwise quiet and dignified style a tone elevated and impassioned like that of prophecy. It is true that his adventurous spirit, when the mighty mission of his life was upon him, rose above all this, and with a purged vision, and through a clearer atmosphere, saw from the outset what he at last so gloriously accomplished; but still, as he presses onward, there not unfrequently break from him words which leave no doubt that in his secret heart the foundations of his great hopes and purposes were laid in some of the most magnificent illusions that are ever permitted to fill the human mind. He believed himself to be, in some degree at least, inspired, and to be chosen of Heaven to fulfil certain of the solemn and grand prophecies of the Old Testament. He wrote to his sovereigns in 1501, that he had been induced to undertake his voyage to the Indies not by virtue of human knowledge, but by a divine impulse, and by the force of scriptural prediction. He declared that the world could not continue to exist more than a hundred and fifty years longer, and that many a year before that period he counted the recovery of the holy city to be sure. He expressed his belief that the terrestrial paradise, about which he cites the fanciful speculations of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, would be found in the southern regions of those newly-discovered lands which he describes with so charming an amenity, and that the Orinoco was one of the mystical rivers issuing from it; intimating at the same time that perchance he alone of mortal men would, by the divine will, be enabled to reach and enjoy it.

In a remarkable letter of sixteen pages, addressed to his sovereigns from Jamaica in 1503, and written with a force of style hardly to be found in any thing similar at the same period, he gives a moving account of a miraculous vision.

which he believed had been vouchsafed to him, for his consolation, when at Veragua, a few months before, a body of his men, sent to obtain salt and water, had been cut off by the natives, thus leaving him outside the mouth of the river in great peril.

"My brother and the rest of the people," he says, "were in a vessel that remained within, and I was left solitary on a coast so dangerous, with a strong fever and grievously worn down. Hope of escape was dead within me. I climbed aloft with difficulty, calling anxiously, and not without many tears, for help from your majesties' captains, from all the four winds of heaven. But none made me answer. Wearied and still moaning, I fell asleep, and heard a pitiful voice, which said, 'O fool, and slow to trust and serve thy God, the God of all! What did He more for Moses, or for David his servant? Ever since thou wast born, thou hast been His especial charge. When He saw thee at the age wherewith He was content, He made thy name to sound marvellously on the earth. The Indies, which are a part of the world, and so rich, He gave to thee for thine own, and thou hast divided them unto others as seemed good to thyself, for He granted thee power to do so. Of the barriers of the great ocean, which were bound up with such mighty chains, He hath given unto thee the keys. Thou hast been obeyed in many lands, and thou hast gained an honored name among Christian men. What did He more for the people of Israel when He led them forth from Egypt?—or for David, whom, from a shepherd, He made king in Judea? Turn thou, then, again unto Him, and confess thy sin. His mercy is infinite.' * * * * *

All this heard I, as one half dead; but answer had I none to words so true, save tears for my sins. And whosoever it might be that thus spoke, he ended saying, 'Fear not, be of good cheer; all these thy griefs are written in marble, and not without cause.' And I arose as soon as I might, and at the end of nine days the weather became calm." Three years afterwards, in 1506, Columbus died at Valladolid, a

disappointed, broken-hearted old man; little comprehending what he had done for mankind, and still less the glory and homage that through all future generations awaited his name.

LXXXII.—RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS.

PRESCOTT.

[WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born in Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796, but has resided in Boston since his twelfth year. His grandfather was Colonel William Prescott, who commanded in the redoubt at Bunker Hill. He is the author of three historical works—*The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, *The History of the Conquest of Mexico*, and *The History of the Conquest of Peru*. These are all productions of great merit, and have received the highest commendations at home and abroad. Among their most conspicuous excellences may be mentioned their thoroughness of investigation and research. Mr. Prescott has examined, with untiring industry, all possible sources of information, whether in print or in manuscript, which can throw any light upon the subjects of which he treats. This is the more honorable to him, as, in consequence of an accident in college, he has been deprived, to a considerable degree, of the use of his eyes, and been constantly obliged to make use of the sight of others in the prosecution of his studies.

He is also candid in his judgments alike of historical personages and of particular periods. The character of his mind forbids his being a partisan on any side; and he prefers to state cases rather than to argue them.

Besides these substantial merits of learning and sound judgment, his works have an element of attraction in their style and manner which, more than any thing else, has contributed to their great popularity. He describes scenes and narrates events with the greatest beauty and animation; and the subjects he has chosen—dealing with romantic adventure among the mountains of Spain, or in the splendid scenery of Mexico and Peru—give ample scope to this power. There is a limpid purity and engaging sweetness in his style, which lead the reader along from page to page unconsciously, and lend to truth all the charm of fiction.

Mr. Prescott has also published a volume of *Reviews and Miscellanies*. The following extract is from *The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*.]

In the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain, and the successful achievement of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean. The delight and astonishment raised by this intelligence were proportioned to the scepticism with which his project had originally been viewed. The sovereigns were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and other particulars of the important discovery; and they transmitted instant

instructions to the admiral to repair to Barcelona, as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

The great navigator had succeeded, as is well known, after a voyage of natural difficulties, but which difficulties had been much augmented by the distrust and mutinous spirit of his followers, in desceyng land on the 12th of October, 1492. After some months spent in exploring the delightful regions, now for the first time thrown open to the eyes of a European, he embarked in the year 1493 for Spain. One of his vessels had previously foundered, and another had deserted him; so that he was left alone to retrace his course across the Atlantic. After a most tempestuous voyage, he was compelled to take shelter in the Tagus, sorely against his inclination. He experienced, however, a most honorable reception from the Portuguese monarch, John II., who did ample justice to the great qualities of Columbus, although he had failed to profit by them.* After a brief delay, the admiral resumed his voyage, and crossing the bar of Saltes, entered the harbor of Palos about noon, on the 15th of March, 1493, being exactly seven months and eleven days since his departure from that port.

Great was the commotion in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral reëntering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves, with their own eyes, of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth

* Some years before, Columbus had made an unsuccessful application to the Portuguese king for assistance in the prosecution of his plan of discovery.

in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the happy event.

The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned; he exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds, whose variety of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant. The admiral's progress through the country was every where impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop which could afford a glimpse of him is described to have been crowded with spectators.

It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach they rose from their seats, and extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension, to a person of

Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, scepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested of Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural productiveness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred less from the specimens actually obtained than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal in the illumination of a race of men whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared, by their extreme simplicity, for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine. The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the *Te Deum* were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

LXXXIII.—THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.*

SPANISH BALLAD.

[From Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic, translated, with Notes, by J. G. Lockhart. These translations from the Spanish are uncommonly spirited and fine. Many of them are paraphrases, rather than translations; and the originals have gained new power and beauty from the poetical genius of Mr. Lockhart.]

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe:
"What tower is fallen, what star is set, what chief comes
there bewailing?"
"A tower is fallen, a star is set! Alas, alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and wide the
door they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand, beneath the hollow
porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming
torch.
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing, —
For all have heard the misery, — "Alas, alas for Celin!"

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerrage's blood —
"Twas at the solemn jousting — around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to
share;
But now the nobles all lament, the ladies are bewailing —
For he was Granada's darling knight — "Alas, alas for
Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order, two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;

* Pronounced *Sa'lin*.

Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful
tale ;

When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless
bewailing,

And all the people, far and near, cry, "Alas, alas for Celin!"

O, lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all ;
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished
mail,

And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their
wailing ;

Its sound is like no earthly sound — "Alas, alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands — the Moor stands at
his door ;

One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore ;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they
strew

Upon their brodered garments, of crimson, green, and blue ;
Before each gate the bier stands still ; then bursts the loud
bewailing,

From door and lattice, high and low, "Alas, alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people
cry ;

Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye ;

'Twas she that nursed him at her breast — that nursed him
long ago.

She knows not whom they all lament ; but soon she well shall
know !

With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears
receive their wailing :

Let me kiss my Celin ere I die — "Alas, alas for Celin!"

LXXXIV.—DEATH OF ALONZO DE AGUILAR.

PRESCOTT.

[For a long period the south of Spain was occupied by the Moors, the city of Granada being their capital. They were finally conquered by Ferdinand the Catholic, to whom Granada was surrendered on the 25th day of November, 1491. But many of the inhabitants of the mountain regions received with great reluctance the Christian yoke: and in December, 1500, an insurrection broke out among them. Orders were issued to the principal chiefs and cities of Andalusia to concentrate their forces at the city of Ronda, in the south of Spain, and thence to march against the insurgent Moors. Several distinguished noblemen and officers of Spain accordingly assembled with their troops at that city. Among them were Alonzo de Aguilar, the Conde de Ureña, and the Conde de Cifuentes. The historian's narrative then proceeds as follows:—]

It was determined by the chiefs to strike at once into the heart of the Red Sierra,* as it was called, from the color of its rocks, rising to the east of Ronda, and the principal theatre of insurrection. On the 18th of March, 1501, the little army encamped before Monarda, on the skirts of a mountain, where the Moors were understood to have assembled in considerable force. They had not been long in these quarters before parties of the enemy were seen hovering along the slopes of the mountain, from which the Christian camp was divided by a narrow river,—the Rio Verde, probably, which has gained such mournful celebrity in Spanish song. Aguilar's † troops, who occupied the van, were so much roused by the sight of the enemy, that a small party, seizing a banner, rushed across the stream without orders, in pursuit of them. The odds, however, were so great, that they would have been severely handled, had not Aguilar, while he bitterly condemned their temerity, advanced promptly to their support with the remainder of his corps. The Count of Ureña ‡ followed with the central division, leaving the Count of Cifuentes § with the troops of Seville to protect the camp.

The Moors fell back as the Christians advanced, and retreating nimbly from point to point, led them up the rugged

* *Sierra*, literally, a *saw*, means a range of mountains, whose peaks at a distance resemble the teeth of a saw.

† Pronounced *A-ghe-lar'*.

‡ Pronounced *U-rane'ya*.

§ Pronounced *Thee-fun'tes*.

steep far into the recesses of the mountains. At length they reached an open level, encompassed on all sides by a natural runpart of rocks, where they had deposited their valuable effects, together with their wives and children. The latter, at sight of the invaders, uttered dismal cries, and fled into the remoter depths of the sierra.

The Christians were too much attracted by the rich spoil before them to think of following, and dispersed in every direction in quest of plunder, with all the heedlessness and insubordination of raw, inexperienced levies. It was in vain that Alonzo de Aguilar reminded them that their wily enemy was still unconquered; or that he endeavored to force them into the ranks again, and restore order. No one heeded his call, or thought of any thing beyond the present moment, and of securing as much booty to himself as he could carry.

The Moors, in the mean while, finding themselves no longer pursued, were aware of the occupation of the Christians, whom they not improbably had purposely decoyed into the snare. They resolved to return to the scene of action, and surprise their incautious enemy. Stealthily advancing, therefore, under the shadows of night, now falling thick around, they poured through the rocky defiles of the enclosure upon the astonished Spaniards. An unlucky explosion, at this crisis, of a cask of powder, into which a spark had accidentally fallen, threw a broad glare over the scene, and revealed for a moment the situation of the hostile parties—the Spaniards in the utmost disorder, many of them without arms, and staggering under the weight of their fatal booty; while their enemies were seen gliding, like so many demons of darkness, through every crevice and avenue of the enclosure, in the act of springing on their devoted victims. This appalling spectacle, vanishing almost as soon as seen, and followed by the hideous yells and war cries of the assailants, struck a panic into the hearts of the soldiers, who fled, scarcely offering any resistance. The darkness of the night was as favorable to the Moors, familiar with all the intricacies of the ground, as

it was fatal to the Christians, who, bewildered in the mazes of the sierra, and losing their footing at every step, fell under the swords of their pursuers, or went down the dark gulfs and precipices which yawned all around.

Amidst this dreadful confusion, the Count of Ureña succeeded in gaining a lower level of the sierra, where he halted and endeavored to rally his panic-struck followers. His noble comrade, Alonzo de Aguilar, still maintained his position on the heights above, refusing all entreaties of his followers to attempt a retreat. "When," said he proudly, "was the banner of Aguilar ever known to fly from the field?" His eldest son, the heir of his house and honors, Don Pedro de Cordova, a youth of great promise, fought at his side. He had received a severe wound on the head from a stone, and a javelin had pierced quite through his leg. With one knee resting on the ground, however, he still made a brave defence with his sword. The sight was too much for his father, and he implored him to suffer himself to be removed from the field. "Let not the hopes of our house be crushed at a single blow," said he; "go, my son, live as becomes a Christian knight—live, and cherish your desolate mother." All his endeavors were fruitless, however, and the gallant boy refused to leave his father's side, till he was forcibly borne away by the attendants, who fortunately succeeded in bringing him in safety to the station occupied by the Count of Ureña.

Meantime, the brave little band of cavaliers, who remained true to Aguilar, had fallen one after another; and the chief, left almost alone, retreated to a huge rock which rose in the middle of the plain, and placing his back against it, still made fight, though weakened by loss of blood, like a lion at bay, against his enemies. In this situation he was pressed so hard by a Moor of uncommon size and strength, that he was compelled to turn and close with him in single combat. The strife was long and desperate, till Don Alonzo, whose corselet had become unlaced in the previous struggle, having received a severe wound in the breast, followed by another on the

head, grappled closely with his adversary, and they came rolling on the ground together. The Moor remained uppermost; but the spirit of the Spanish cavalier had not sunk with his strength, and he proudly exclaimed, as if to intimidate his enemy, "I am Don Alonzo de Aguilar;" to which the other rejoined, "And I am the Feri de Ben Estepar," a well-known name of terror to the Christians. The sound of his detested name roused all the vengeance of the dying hero; and, grasping his foe in mortal agony, he rallied his strength for a final blow; but it was too late—his hand failed, and he was soon despatched by the dagger of his more vigorous rival.

Thus fell Alonzo Hernandez de Cordova, or Alonzo de Aguilar, as he is commonly called, from the land where his family estates lay. "He was of the greatest authority among the *grandees* of his time," says Father Abarca, "for his lineage, personal character, large domains, and the high posts which he filled, both in peace and war. More than forty years of his life he served against the infidel; under the banner of his house in boyhood, and as leader of that same banner in later life, or as viceroy of Andalusia and commander of the royal armies. He was the fifth lord of his warlike and pious house who had fallen fighting for their country and religion against the accursed sect of Mahomet. And there is good reason to believe," continues the same orthodox authority, "that his soul has received the glorious reward of the Christian soldier; since he was armed on that very morning with the blessed sacraments of confession and communion."

LXXXV. — GENTLE RIVER.

SPANISH BALLAD.

[The sad death of Alonzo de Aguilar and his brave companions, as related in the foregoing lesson, fell mournfully upon the national heart of Spain, and was kept in fresh remembrance by the many expressions of sympathy and admiration which it called forth from the popular literature of the country. The following poem is a translation by the Rev. Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, in Ireland, (born 1728, died 1811,) of one of the ballads in which the fate of the hero is commemorated. The translation is found in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, a work edited by Bishop Percy with great taste and judgment, and originally published in 1765. It has since been frequently reprinted, and has exerted a most favorable influence upon English poetical literature of a date subsequent to its publication.]

GENTLE river,* gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stained with gore;
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willowed shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
Joined in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain;
Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory, died;
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

* The original is *Rio Verde*, that is, River Verde. But *verde* in Spanish also means *green*; and the translator, not being aware that it was a proper name, substituted *gentle*;—an epithet not well suited to a mountain stream.

Lo, where yonder Don Saavedra *
Through their squadrons slow retire;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind, a renegado
Loudly shouts, with taunting cry,
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra!
Dost thou from the battle fly?

"Well I know thee, haughty Christian;
Long I lived beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine."

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare;
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing, through the air.

Back the hero, full of fury,
Sent a deep and mortal wound;
Instant sank the renegado,
Mute and lifeless, on the ground.

* Don Saavedra is an imaginary personage, no nobleman of that name having really been engaged in the battle.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay ;
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo
Stout resists the paynim bands,
From his slaughtered steed dismounted,
Firm intrenched behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage ;
Loss of blood at length enfeebles ;
Who can war with thousands wage ?

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows,
Close beneath its foot retired,
Fainting sank the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expired.

LXXXVI. — BALLAD.*

MRS. HEMANS.

"THOU hast not been with a festal throng,
At the pouring of the wine ;
Men bear not from the hall of song
A mien so dark as thine.
— There's blood upon thy shield,
There's dust upon thy plume ;
Thou hast brought from some disastrous field
That brow of wrath and gloom !"

* This ballad is in the form of a dialogue between a young maiden and a knight who has returned from a field of battle in which her lover has been slain.

"And is there blood upon my shield?
Maiden, it well may be;
We have sent the streams from our battle field
All darkened to the sea;
We have given the founts a stain,
'Midst their woods of ancient pine;
And the ground is wet — but not with rain,
Deep-dyed — but not with wine.

"The ground is wet — but not with rain;
We have been in war array,
And the noblest blood of Christian Spain
Hath bathed her soil to-day.
I have seen the strong man die,
And the stripling meet his fate,
Where the mountain winds go sounding o'y,
In the Roncevalles* Strait.

"In the gloomy Roncevalles strait
There are helms and lances cleft;
And they that moved at morn, elate,
On a bed of heath are left.
There's many a fair young face
Which the war steed has gone o'er;
At many a board there is kept a place
For those that come no more."

"Alas, for love, for woman's breast,
If woe like this must be!
Hast thou seen a youth with an eagle crest
And a white plume waving free,

* Roncevalles (pronounced *Ronceval'yes*) is a pass in the Pyrenees, between France and Spain. In the year 778, the rear guard of Charlemagne's army was defeated here by the Saracens, in conjunction with the mountaineers of Gascony and Navarre.

With his proud, quick-flashing eye,
And his mien of knightly state?
Doth he come from where the swords flashed high,
In the Roncesvalles Strait?"

"In the gloomy Roncesvalles Strait
I saw and marked him well ;
For nobly on his steed he sate
When the pride of manhood fell.
—— But it is not youth which turns
From the field of spears again ;
For the boy's high heart too wildly burns
Till it rests amidst the slain."

"Thou canst not say that *he* lies low,
The lovely and the brave ;
O, none could look on his joyous brow
And think upon the grave.
Dark, dark, perchance the day
Hath been with valor's fate ;
But *he* is on his homeward way
From the Roncesvalles Strait!"

"There is dust upon his joyous brow,
And o'er his graceful head ;
And the war horse will not wake him now,
Though it bruise his greensward bed.
—— I have seen the stripling die,
And the strong man meet his fate,
Where the mountain winds go sounding by,
In the Roncesvalles Strait."

LXXXVII.—ANECDOTE OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

[This incident in the life of the Chevalier Bayard—the pride of French chivalry, and the knight without fear and without reproach—is taken from *Sketches of Venetian History*, forming part of Murray's Family Library; but the original is found in the memoirs of the chevalier by his secretary. In 1512, Brescia, a flourishing town in the north of Italy, and at that time belonging to the Venetian territory, was taken, after a bloody resistance, by the French under Gaston de Foix. Bayard, in leading on the troops to the assault, received a very severe wound in the thigh, by a pike. After the capture of the city, the narrative thus proceeds:—]

BAYARD meantime was placed upon a door torn from its hinges, and carried to the best looking house at hand. Its owner was a rich gentleman, who had sought asylum in a neighboring monastery; and his lady and two daughters, young maidens of extraordinary beauty, had concealed themselves beneath some straw in a granary, “under the protection of our Lord.” The mother, when she heard the knocking at the wicket, opened it, “as awaiting the mercy of God with constancy;” and Bayard, notwithstanding his own great pain, observing her piteous agony, incontinently placed sentinels at the gate, and ordered them to prohibit all entrance; well knowing that his name was a watchword of defence. He then assured the noble dame of protection, inquired into her condition, and despatching some archers for her husband's relief, received him courteously, and entreated him to believe he lodged none other than a friend. His wound confined him for five weeks, nor was it closed when he remounted his horse and rejoined his comrades.

Before his departure, the lady of the house—still considering herself and family as prisoners, and her mansion and whole property as the lawful property of her guest, yet perceiving his gentleness of demeanor—thought to prevail on him to compound for a moderate ransom; and having placed two thousand five hundred ducats in a basket, she besought his acceptance of it on her knees. Bayard raised her at the moment, asked her the sum, and seated her beside himself. He then assured her that had she presented him with three

hundred thousand crowns, they would not gratify him so much as the good cheer which he had tasted under her roof; and he requested permission to bid adieu to her daughters. "The damsels," says the chronicler, "were fair, virtuous, and well trained, and had afforded much pastime to the chevalier during his illness, by their choice singing, playing on the lute and spinet, and their much cunning needlework."

When they entered the chamber, they thanked him with deep gratitude, as the guardian of their honor; and the good knight, almost weeping at their gentleness and humility, answered, "Fair maidens, you are doing that which it is rather my part to do—to thank you for the good company which you have afforded me, and for which I am greatly bound and obliged to you. You know that we knight adventurers are ill provided with goodly toys for ladies' eyes, and for my part, I am sorely grieved not to be better furnished, in order that I might offer you some love token, as is your due. But your lady mother here has given me two thousand five hundred ducats, which lie on that table, and I present each of you with one thousand as an aid in your marriage portions; for my recompense I ask no more than that you will be pleased to pray God for my welfare." Then turning to the lady of the house, he continued, "These remaining five hundred ducats I take, madam, to my own use; and I request you to distribute them among the poor nuns who have been pillaged, and whose necessities no one can better know than yourself; and herewith I take my leave."

After having dined, as he quitted his chamber to take horse, the two fair damsels met him, each bearing a little offering which she had worked during his confinement. One consisted of two rich bracelets, woven with marvellous delicacy from her own beauteous hair and fine gold and silver threads; the other was a crimson satin purse, embroidered with much subtilty. Greatly did the brave knight thank them for this last courtesy, saying that such presents from so lovely hands were worth ten thousand crowns; then gul-

lently fastening the bracelets on his arm and the purse on his sleeve, he vowed to wear them both for the honor of their fair donors, while his life endured; and so he mounted and rode on.

LXXXVIII.—WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

SHAKESPEARE.

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in England, April 21, 1564, and died April 25, 1616. Very little is known of the events of his life, and of his personal character and habits. He married young, went to London immediately after his marriage, became an actor, a dramatic author, and a shareholder in one of the London theatres; acquired considerable property, and retired to his native place a few years before his death, and there lived in ease and honor. He was the author of thirty-five plays, (rejecting those of doubtful authenticity,) written between 1590 and 1613, besides poems and sonnets.

Shakespeare is pronounced by Mr. Hallam, a most conscientious critic and careful writer, to be the greatest name in all literature. It would, of course, be impossible, in the compass of a notice like this, to do any thing like justice to the universality of his powers, his boundless fertility of invention, his dramatic judgment, his wit, humor, and pathos, his sharp observation, and his profound knowledge of the human heart. Nor is it easy to point out to the young reader, within a reasonable compass, the best sources of information and criticism; for the editions of Shakespeare are numberless, and the books that have been written about him would alone make a considerable library. The following works, however, may be read and consulted with profit: Drake's Shakespeare and his Times, Hazlitt's Lectures, Mrs. Jameson's Characteristics of Women, Dr. Johnson's preface, Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Literature, Coleridge's Lectures on Shakespeare, the notes and introductory notices in Knight's pictorial edition, together with the biography prefixed, and, especially, the criticism upon Shakespeare contained in Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.

Shakespeare's life and writings teach two lessons; which, as they are not very obvious to the apprehension of the young, and as they have a somewhat practical bearing upon life, may be here set down. He is an instance directly opposed to the Byronic notion that great genius and great unhappiness invariably go together. We have every reason to believe that his temperament was cheerful and joyous, and that is certainly the spirit of his writings. He is often tragic, but never morbid. In the next place, Shakespeare is a proof that the highest poetical genius is not inconsistent with practical and successful business habits. There can be no doubt that he was himself an excellent man of business, for he accumulated an ample fortune within a few years, and by occupations in which punctuality, economy, and method are particularly important.

The following scene is taken from the historical play of King Henry VIII. Cardinal Wolsey had been prime minister of England, the possessor of enormous wealth and unbounded power, but, in losing the favor of the king, had lost all. Cromwell was a friend and member of his household, who remained faithful to his benefactor in his fallen fortunes.]

Wol. FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root;
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers, in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,*
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, am you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities —

* That is, the ruin which princes inflict

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me, —
I humbly thank his grace, — and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy — too much honor.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor, in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,*
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down! O Crom-
well,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories,

* Anne Boleyn, the second wife of King Henry VIII.

In that one woman, I have lost forever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor, fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!
By that sin fell the angels: how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee
Corruption wins not more than honesty;

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
 And ——— Prithee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To my last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

LXXXIX.—EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

LINGARD.

[JOHN LINGARD was born in Winchester, England, February 5, 1771, and died July 12, 1851. He was a clergyman of the Roman Catholic faith. The chief literary labor of his life was his *History of England*, from the earliest period down to the revolution of 1688; the latest edition of which is in ten volumes, octavo. This work has taken a high and permanent rank in the historical literature of his country. The style is simple, correct, and manly, without being remarkable for beauty or eloquence. The chief value of the work consists in its thorough and patient research into the original sources of English history. How far it is impartial, when treating upon controverted points, is a question which neither Catholics nor Protestants are exactly in a position to answer. Dr. Lingard was a sincere and conscientious Catholic, but his temperament was calm and judicial; and if he betrays any bias in favor of his own faith, it is, perhaps, no more than that unconscious bias which always attends genuine conviction. His history, at all events, should be carefully read by every one who is not content with the cheap task of deciding before he hears.]

Dr. Lingard also wrote *The History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, and some manuals of religious teaching.

Mary of Scotland, after the total defeat of her party at the battle of Langside, in 1568, fled to England, and threw herself upon the protection of Elizabeth, queen of England, by whom, however, she was kept a prisoner for nineteen years. She was then tried by a commission, for engaging in a conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth, and condemned to death. She was beheaded, February 8, 1587, at Fotheringhay Castle, in Northamptonshire; and the following is a description of her execution.]

In the midst of the great hall of the castle had been raised a scaffold, covered with black serge, and surrounded with a low railing. About seven, the doors were thrown open; the gentlemen of the county entered with their attendants; and Panlet's* guard augmented the number to between one hundred and fifty and two hundred spectators. Before eight, a message was sent to the queen, who replied that she would be ready in half an hour. At that time, Andrews, the sheriff, entered the oratory, and Mary arose, taking the crucifix from the altar in her right, and carrying her prayer book in her left hand. Her servants were forbidden to follow; they insisted; but the queen bade them to be content, and turning, gave them her blessing. They received it on their knees, some kissing her hands, others her mantle. The door closed; and the burst of lamentation from those within resounded through the hall.

Mary was now joined by the earl and her keepers, and descending the staircase, found at the foot Melville, the steward of her household, who, for several weeks, had been excluded from her presence. This old and faithful servant threw himself on his knees, and wringing his hands exclaimed, "Ah, madam, unhappy me! was ever a man on earth the bearer of such sorrow as I shall be, when I report that my good and gracious queen and mistress was beheaded, in England!" Here his grief impeded his utterance; and Mary replied, "Good Melville, cease to lament; thou hast rather cause to joy than mourn; for thou shalt see the end of Mary Stuart's troubles. Know that this world is but vanity, subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can bewail. But I pray thee, report that I die a true woman to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. May God forgive them that have long thirsted for my blood, as the hart doth for the brooks of water. O God, thou art the author of truth, and truth itself. Thou knowest the inward chambers of my thoughts, and that I always wished

*Sir Amias Panlet was the person who had the custody of Mary's person.

the union of England and Scotland. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have done nothing prejudicial to the dignity or independence of his crown, or favorable to the pretended superiority of our enemies." Then bursting into tears, she said, "Good Melville, farewell," and kissing him, "once again, good Melville, farewell, and pray for thy mistress and thy queen." It was remarked as something extraordinary, that this was the first time in her life that she had ever been known to address a person with the pronoun "thou."

Drying up her tears, she turned from Melville and made her last request, that her servants might be present at her death. But the Earl of Kent objected that they would be troublesome by their grief and lamentations, might practise some superstitious trumpery, perhaps might dip their handkerchiefs in her grace's blood. "My lords," said Mary, "I will give my word for them. They shall deserve no blame. Certainly your mistress, being a maiden queen, will vouchsafe, in regard of womanhood, that I have some of my own women about me at my death." Receiving no answer, she continued, "You might, I think, grant me a far greater courtesy were I a woman of lesser calling than the Queen of Scots." Still they were silent; when she asked with vehemence, "Am I not the cousin to your queen, a descendant of the blood royal of Henry VII., and the anointed Queen of Scotland?" At these words the fanaticism of the Earl of Kent began to yield; and it was resolved to admit four of her men and two of her women servants. She selected her steward, physician, apothecary, and surgeon, with her maids Kennedy and Curle.

The procession now set forward. It was headed by the sheriff and his officers; next followed Paulet and Drury, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent; and lastly came the Scottish queen, with Melville bearing her train. She wore the richest of her dresses—that which was appropriate to the rank of a queen dowager. Her step was firm, and her countenance cheerful. She bore without shrinking the gaze of the spectators, and the sight of the scaffold, the block, and the execu-

tioner, and advanced into the hall with that grace and majesty which she had so often displayed in her happier days, and in the palace of her fathers. To aid her as she mounted the scaffold, Paulet offered his arm. "I thank you, sir," said Mary; "it is the last trouble I shall give you, and the most acceptable service you have ever rendered me."

The queen seated herself on a stool which was prepared for her. On her right stood the two earls; on the left the sheriff and Beal, the clerk of the council; in front, the executioner from the Tower, in a suit of black velvet, with his assistant, also clad in black. The warrant was read, and Mary, in an audible voice, addressed the assembly. She would have them recollect also, that she was a sovereign princess, not subject to the parliament of England, but brought there to suffer by injustice and violence. She, however, thanked her God that he had given her this opportunity of publicly professing her religion, and of declaring, as she had often before declared, that she had never imagined, nor compassed, nor consented to, the death of the English queen, nor ever sought the least harm to her person. After her death, many things, which were then buried in darkness, would come to light. But she pardoned from her heart all her enemies, nor should her tongue utter that which might turn to their prejudice. Here she was interrupted by Dr. Fletcher, dean of Peterborough, who, having caught her eye, began to preach, and under the cover, perhaps through motives, of zeal, contrived to insult the feelings of the unfortunate sufferer. Mary repeatedly desired him not to trouble himself and her. He persisted; she turned aside. He made the circuit of the scaffold, and again addressed her in front. An end was put to this extraordinary scene by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who ordered him to pray. His prayer was the echo of his sermon; but Mary heard him not. She was employed at the time in her devotions, repeating with a loud voice, and in the Latin language, passages from the book of Psalms; and after the dean was reduced to silence, a prayer in French, in which she begged of God to pardon her sins,

declared that she forgave her enemies, and protested that she was innocent of ever consenting in wish or deed to the death of her English sister. She then prayed in English for Christ's afflicted church, for her son James, and for queen Elizabeth, and in conclusion, holding up the crucifix, exclaimed, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive my sins."

When her maids, bathed in tears, began to disrobe their mistress, the executioners, fearing the loss of their usual perquisites, hastily interfered. The queen remonstrated, but instantly submitted to their rudeness, observing to the earls with a smile, that she was not accustomed to employ such grooms, or to undress in the presence of so numerous a company.

Her servants, at the sight of their sovereign in this lamentable state, could not suppress their feelings; but Mary, putting her finger to her lips, commanded silence, gave them her blessing, and solicited their prayers. She then seated herself again. Kennedy, taking from her a handkerchief edged with gold, pinned it over her eyes; the executioners, holding her by the arms, led her to the block; and the queen, kneeling down, said repeatedly with a firm voice, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." But the sobs and groans of the spectators disconcerted the headsman. He trembled, missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound in the lower part of the skull. The queen remained motionless; and at the third stroke her head was severed from her body. When the executioner held it up, the muscles of the face were so strongly convulsed, that the features could not be recognized. He cried as usual, "God save queen Elizabeth."

"So perish all her enemies!" subjoined the dean of Peterborough.

"So perish all the enemies of the gospel!" exclaimed, in a still louder tone, the fanatical Earl of Kent.

Not a voice was heard to cry amen. Party feeling was absorbed in admiration and pity.

XC.—THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

[ROBERT BROWNING, a living poet of England, is the author of *Paracelsus*, a narrative poem, of several dramas, and of much miscellaneous poetry, narrative, lyrical, and speculative. He is a man of peculiar and original genius. His poetry is much valued by the few, but is not likely to be ever popular with the many. He combines vigorous imaginative power with a rare faculty of acute mental analysis. Poetry and philosophy seem struggling in his mind for the mastery; and much of what he has written has too strong a metaphysical flavor for the general taste. His poetry requires study; but it also rewards it. He uses words with great skill and power, but his versification is frequently rough and broken. His humor—in which he sometimes indulges—has a quaint and peculiar character, as the following specimen shows.]

HAMELIN town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles;
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking;

"'Tis clear," cried they, "our mayor's a noddy ;

And as for our corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease.
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing !"
At this the mayor and corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council ;

At length the mayor broke silence :
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;

I wish I were a mile hence !

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —

I'm sure my poor head aches again,

I've scratched it so, and all in vain.

O for a trap, a trap, a trap !"

Just as he said this, what should hap

At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?

"Bless us," cried the mayor, "what's that ?"

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ;

Any thing like the sound of a rat

Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !"

"Come in !" the mayor cried, looking bigger ;

And in did come the strangest figure !

His queer long coat from heel to head

Was half of yellow and half of red ;

And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,

And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,

No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,

But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin.
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire;
Quoth one, "It's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

He advanced to the council table,
And "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm—
The mole, the toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the cham,

Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats;
And, as for what your brain bewilders,

If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished mayor and corporation.

Into the street the piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,*

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Curling tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed, dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser,

Wherein all plunged and perished
Save one, who, stout as Julius Caesar,
Swam across, and lived to carry .

(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,*
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,

And a drawing the corks of train oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice!

The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me, —
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me, —
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

XCI. — SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" when suddenly up the face
Of the piper perked in the market-place,

With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The mayor looked blue;
So did the corporation too.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!

"Besides," quoth the mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink:

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think;

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the caliph's kitchen
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain driver;
With you don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald,
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow. Do your worst;
Blow your pipe there, till you burst."

Once more he stepped into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet,
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;

Small feet were pattering, — wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, — and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farm yard, when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running,
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter.

The mayor was dumb, and the council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood, —
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by, —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the piper's back.
But how the mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched council's bosoms beat,
As the piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters,
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.
“ He never can cross that mighty top !
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop ! ”
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the piper advanced and the children followed ;
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all ? No ; one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;

And in after years if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left ;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me ;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And every thing was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings.
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more !"

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !
The mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But soon they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
For piper and dancers were gone forever

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street;
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor;
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn:
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people, that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterranean prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long ago, in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land;
But how, or why, they don't understand.

XCH.—DEATH AND CHARACTER OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

MACAULAY.

THOMAS BARRINGTON MACAULAY, one of the most brilliant and popular of the living writers of England, was born about the beginning of the present century, and was called to the English bar in 1826. In the same year appeared his essay on Milton, in the *Edinburgh Review*, which attracted great attention by its lavish power and fervid rhetoric. Since then he has been a frequent contributor to that journal; and his contributions have been collected and published separately, and received with great favor both in England and America. His subjects are mostly drawn from English history and literature. These essays are remarkable for their brilliant rhetorical power, their splendid tone of coloring, and their affluence of illustration. With a wide range of reading, and the most docile and retentive memory, he pours over his theme all the treasures of a richly-stored mind, and sheds light upon it from all quarters. He excels in the delineation of historical characters, and in the art of carrying his reader into a distant period, and reproducing the past with the distinctness of the present. He is also an admirable literary critic, though sometimes his praise and censure might be distributed with somewhat more of discrimination and qualification. And the obvious criticism which his writings call forth is founded upon their exuberance of power and their too uniform splendor of style. The mind would sometimes be refreshed if passages of a calmer, soberer tone were here and there interspersed, on which the highly-wrought powers of attention might repose themselves. Yet does he always resist the temptation to produce effect by a slight touch of caricature.

Mr. Macaulay has also written lays of Ancient Rome, and some ballads, ~~in~~ ^{for} the same style, upon modern subjects, which are full of animation and energy, and have the true transport ^{ing} which stirs the soul and kindles the blood.

He has also had a distinguished political career. He has been, during many years, a member of Parliament; and his speeches (which have been collected and published) have the same brilliant rhetorical energy as his writings. He also resided four years in India, as a member of the Supreme Council in Calcutta.

For many years past, Mr. Macaulay has been engaged in writing a History of England, two volumes of which were published in 1843, and two more are announced as about to appear in England. The volumes published are written in a most animated and attractive style, and abound with brilliant pictures. They also embody the results of very thorough research, and their tone and spirit are generous and liberal.

The following account of the death and character of John Hampden, the great English patriot, is taken from a review of Lord Nugent's *Memorials of Hampden*, published in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1831.]

IN the early part of 1643, the shires lying in the neighborhood of London, which were devoted to the cause of the parliament, were incessantly annoyed by Rupert * and his cavalry. Essex had extended his lines so far that almost every point was vulnerable. The young prince, who, though not a great general, was an active and enterprising partisan, frequently

* Prince Rupert, nephew of Charles I., and a general in his service.

surprised posts, burned villages, swept away cattle, and was again at Oxford before a force sufficient to encounter him could be assembled.

The languid proceedings of Essex * were loudly condemned by the troops. All the ardent and daring spirits in the parliamentary party were eager to have Hampden at their head. Had his life been prolonged, there is every reason to believe that the supreme command would have been intrusted to him. But it was decreed that at this conjuncture England should lose the only man who united perfect disinterestedness to eminent talents — the only man who, being capable of gaining the victory for her, was incapable of abusing that victory when gained.

In the evening of the 17th of June, Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day, he attacked and dispersed a few parliamentary soldiers who lay at Postcombe. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were quartered there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the general. In the mean time, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy, till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. "But he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which

* The Earl of Essex was the parliamentary commander-in-chief.

broke the bone and lodged in his body. The troops of the parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which, in his youth, he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither and die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London, concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die. He was attended by a clergyman of the church of England, with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy, and by the chaplain of the Buckinghamshire Greencoats, Dr. Spurton, whom Baxter describes as a famous and excellent divine.

A short time before his death, the sacrament was administered to him. He declared that although he disliked the government of the church of England, he yet agreed with that church as to all essential matters of doctrine. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to —." In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His

soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colors, escorted his body to the grave, singing, as they marched, that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

The news of Hampden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the next Weekly Intelligencer: "The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army, now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such, that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honor and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valor, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind." He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed, in his party many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon,* whose talents, discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which at such a crisis were necessary to save the state—the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned

the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when, to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge, — it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction, — that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

XCIII.—CHARACTER OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

LORD MAHON.*

[This sketch of the great Earl of Chatham is taken from a History of England from the Peace of Utrecht (1713) to the Peace of Versailles, (1763.) by LORD MAHON. The author is a living English nobleman, who adorns a high rank with the tastes and habits of a scholar. His history is a well-written work, showing a careful examination of original authorities, and marked by a sound and discriminating judgment. Though the author's politics are those of the tory party, he is candid to those who hold different views. His strong sense of the greatness of Washington is, especially, most honorable to him.]

Lord Mahon is also the author of a *Life of Belisarius*, a *Life of Condé*, a *History of the War of the Succession in Spain*, of the *Rebellion of Forty-five*, and of various historical essays contributed to the *Quarterly Review*.]

LET us now endeavor closely to view and calmly to judge that extraordinary man who at his outset was pitted for losing

* Lord Mahon, during the present year, (1835,) has become Earl Stanhope by the death of his father; but the name under which his literary reputation was earned is retained. There are five degrees of British nobility—dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons. The eldest sons of dukes, marquises, and earls take, during the lives of their fathers, their second titles. Thus the Duke of Bedford is also Marquis of Tavistock; and his eldest son, during his father's life, is called Marquis of Tavistock. But this is a mere title of courtesy; all the sons of peers being commoners in the eye of the law. When the father dies, the son takes his father's name. Lord Morpeth, for instance, who visited our country some years since, is now the Earl of Carlisle: his father, who was then alive, having since died.

a cornetcy of horse,* and who within twenty years had made himself the first man in England, and England the first country in the world. He had received from nature a tall and striking figure, aquiline and noble features, and a glance of fire. Lord Waldegrave, after eulogizing the clearness of his style, observes that his eye was as significant as his words. In debates his single look would sometimes disconcert an orator opposed to him. His voice most happily combined sweetness and strength. It was of silvery clearness, and even when it sank to a whisper it was distinctly heard; while its higher tones, like the swell of some majestic organ, could peal and thrill above every other earthly sound.

As to style, Demosthenes was his favorite study among the ancients; among the English, Bolingbroke and Barrow. But perhaps our best clew to Lord Chatham's own mental tasks, more especially in the field of oratory, is afforded by those which he afterwards so successfully enjoined to his favorite son. It may be stated on the authority of the present Lord Stanhope, that Mr. Pitt, being asked to what he principally ascribed the two qualities for which his eloquence was most conspicuous, — namely, the lucid order of his reasonings and the ready choice of his words, — answered that he believed he owed the former to an early study of the Aristotelian logic, and the latter to his father's practice in making him every day, after reading over to himself some passage in the classics, translate it aloud and continuously into English prose.

Nor was Lord Chatham less solicitous as to his own action and manner, which, according to Horace Walpole, was as studied and as successful as Garrick's; but his care of it extended not only to speeches, but even in society. It is observed by himself in one of his letters, that "behavior, though an external thing, which seems rather to belong to the body than to the mind, is certainly founded in considerable virtues;" and

* Chatham was deprived of his commission in the army for voting against Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister, in the House of Commons.

he evidently thought very highly of the effect of both dress and address upon mankind. His very infirmities were managed to the best advantage; and it has been said of him that in his hands even his crutch could become a weapon of oratory. This striving for effect had, however, in some respects, an unfavorable influence upon his talents, and, as it appears to me, greatly injured all his written compositions. His private letters bear in general a forced and unnatural appearance; the style of homely texture, but here and there pieced with pompous epithets and swelling phrases. Thus also in his oratory his most elaborate speeches were his worst; and that speech which he delivered on the death of Wolfe, and probably intended as a masterpiece, was universally lamented as a failure.

But when without forethought, or any other preparation than those talents which nature had supplied and education cultivated, Chatham arose — stirred to anger by some sudden subterfuge of corruption or device of tyranny — then was heard an eloquence never surpassed, either in ancient or modern times. It was the highest power of expression ministering to the highest power of thought. Dr. Franklin declares that, in the course of his life, he had seen sometimes eloquence without wisdom, and often wisdom without eloquence; in Lord Chatham only had he seen both united. Yet so vivid and impetuous were his bursts of oratory, that they seemed even beyond his own control; instead of his ruling them, they often ruled him, and flashed forth unbidden, and smiting all before them. As in the oracles of old, it appeared to be not he that spake, but the spirit of the deity within. In one debate, after he had just been apprised of an important secret of state, "I must not speak to-night," he whispered to Lord Shelburne, "for when once I am up, every thing that is in my mind comes out." No man could grapple more powerfully with an argument; but he wisely remembered that a taunt is in general of far higher popular effect, nor did he therefore disdain (and in these he stood unrivalled) the keenest personal

invectives. His ablest adversaries shrunk before him, crouching and silenced.

But that which gave the brightest lustre, not only to the eloquence of Chatham, but to his character, was his loftiness and nobleness of soul. If ever there has lived a man in modern times to whom the praise of a Roman spirit might be truly applied, that man, beyond all doubt, was William Pitt. He loved power—but only as a patriot should—because he knew and felt his own energies, and felt also that his country needed them; because he saw the public spirit languishing and the national glory declined; because his whole heart was burning to revive the one and to wreath the fresh laurels round the other. He loved fame, but it was the fame that follows, not the fame that is run after; not the fame that is gained by elbowing and thrusting, and all the little arts that bring forward little men, but the fame that a minister at length will, and must, wring from the very people whose prejudices he despises and whose passions he controls. The ends to which he employed both his power and his fame will best show his object in obtaining them.

I am far, however, from maintaining that Chatham's views were always wise, or his actions always praiseworthy. In several transactions of his life I look in vain for a steady and consistent compass of his course, and the horizon is too often clouded over with party spirit or personal resentments. But his principal defect, as I conceive, was a certain impracticability and waywardness of temper, that on some occasions overmastered his judgment and hurried him along.

Yet, as I think, these frailties of temper should in justice be mainly ascribed to his broken health and to his secluded habits. When in society, Lord Chesterfield assures us that he was "a most agreeable and lively companion, and had such a versatility of wit that he could adapt it to all sorts of conversations." But to such exertions his health and spirits were seldom equal, and he therefore usually confined himself to the intercourse of his family, by whom he was most tenderly

beloved, and of a few obsequious friends, who put him under no constraint, who assented to every word he spoke, and never presumed to have an opinion of their own. Such seclusion is the worst of any in its effects upon the temper; but seclusion of all kinds is probably far less favorable to virtue than it is commonly believed. When Whitefield questioned Conrade Mathew, who had been a hermit for forty years amidst the forests of America, as to his inward trials and temptations, the old man quaintly but impressively replied, "Be assured that a single tree, which stands alone, is more exposed to storms than one that grows among the rest."

The most splendid passage in Lord Chatham's public life was certainly the closing one; when, on the 7th of April, 1778, wasted by his dire disease, but impelled by an overruling sense of duty, he repaired for the last time to the House of Lords, tottering from weakness, and supported on one side by his son-in-law, Lord Mahon, on the other by his second son, William, ere long to become, like himself, the savior of his country. Of such a scene even the slightest details have interest; and happily they are recorded in the words of an eye witness. Lord Chatham, we are told, was dressed in black velvet, but swathed up to the knees in flannel. From within his large wig little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye. He looked, as he was, a dying man: "Yet never," adds the narrator, "was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species." He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches and supported by his two relations. He took his hand from his crutch and raised it, lifting his eyes towards heaven, and said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave. I am risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this house." The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the house were here

most affecting; had any one dropped a handkerchief, the noise would have been heard. At first, he spoke in the low and feeble tone of sickness; but as he grew warm, his voice rose in peals as high and harmonious as ever. He gave the whole history of the American war, detailing the measures to which he had objected, and the evil consequences which he had foretold, adding at the close of each period, "And so it proved." He then expressed his indignation at the idea, which he heard had gone forth, of yielding up the sovereignty of America; he called for prompt and vigorous exertion; he rejoiced that he was still alive to lift up his voice against the first dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy.

After him, the Duke of Richmond attempted to show the impossibility of still maintaining the dependence of the colonies. Lord Chatham heard him with attention, and when his grace had concluded, eagerly rose to reply; but this last exertion overcame him, and after repeated attempts to stand firm, he suddenly pressed his hand to his heart, and fell back in convulsions. The Duke of Cumberland, Lord Temple, and other peers caught him in their arms, and bore him to a neighboring apartment, while the lords left in the house immediately adjourned in the utmost confusion and concern. He was removed to Hayes, and lingered till the 11th of May, when the mighty spirit was finally released from its shattered frame.

Who that reads of this soul-stirring scene. — who that has seen it portrayed by that painter* whose son has since raised himself by his genius to be a principal light and ornament of the same assembly, — who does not feel, that were the choice before him, he would rather live that one triumphant hour of pain and suffering than through the longest career of thriving and successful selfishness?

* Copley, whose son, Lord Lyndhurst, has been lord chancellor of England.

XCIV.—CHARACTER OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH

[SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH was born at Alderney, in Scotland, October 24, 1765, and died May 26, 1832. His first profession was that of medicine, but he soon abandoned this for the law, and was called to the English bar in 1793. In 1801 he went to London, and returned to England in 1812, to enter Parliament in.] He wrote *Vindicta* (Oxford), a work in defence of the French revolution in 1793; *Burke*, a History of England, (continued) a dissertation on the progress of ethical philosophy, a Life of St. Thomas More, and various miscellaneous essays. He was a learned and accomplished man. His style is finished and laboured with a universal air of dignity and elegance. He was a faithful friend of constitutional liberty,—his writings breathe a generous and liberal spirit, and are marked by an elevated morality.

The Life of Sir James Mackintosh has been published in two octavo volumes, republished in America. It is considered an instructive work. He was a man of remarkable conversational powers, and a most interesting friend.]

MR. FOX united, in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from parade and dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe.

His conversation, when it was not repressed by modesty or indifference, was delightful. The pleasantness, perhaps, of no man of what so unlaborious an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, philosophy, learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years, he had known almost every man in Europe whose intercourse could strengthen or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature

was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which, by the custom of England, is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasing; and the poetical character of his mind was displayed in his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages, of the west—those of the ancient Greeks and of the modern Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it.

To speak of him justly, as an orator, would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his language. But no sooner had he spoken for some time than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed, above all moderns, that union of reason, simplicity, and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes.

“I knew him,” says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet written after their unhappy difference,* “when he was nineteen; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw.” The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough

* This difference arose from their discordant views upon the French revolution.

good nature, which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no very unfit representative of that old English national character, which, if it ever changed, we should be sanguine, indeed, to expect to be succeeded by a better.

The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardor of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. "I admired," says Mr. Gibbon, "the powers of a superior man, as they were blended in his attractive character with all the softness and simplicity of a child. No human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood."

From these qualities of his public and private character it probably arose that no English statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends and so many zealous adherents. The union of ardor in public sentiment with mildness in social manners, was in Mr. Fox an inherent quality.

The same fascinating power over the attachment of all who came within his sphere is said to have belonged to his father; and those who know the survivors of another generation will feel that this delightful quality is not yet extinct in the race.

Perhaps nothing can more strongly prove the deep impression made by this part of Mr. Fox's character than the words of Mr. Burke, who, in January, 1797, six years after all intercourse between them had ceased, speaking to a person honored with some degree of Mr. Fox's friendship, said, "To be sure; he is a man made to be loved." And these emphatic words were uttered with a fervor of manner which left no doubt of their heartfelt sincerity.

These few hasty and honest sentences are sketched in a temper too sober and serious for intentional exaggeration, and with too pious an affection for the memory of Mr. Fox to profane it by intermixture with the factious brawls and wrangles of the day. His political conduct belongs to history. The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the

opinions of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age; but he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth; by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men; by his liberal principles favorable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and to the progressive civilization of mankind; by his ardent love for a country of which the well-being and greatness were indeed inseparable from his own glory; and by his profound reverence for that free constitution which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal and in a comprehensively philosophical sense.

XCV.—TRUE REGARD FOR ANCESTRY.

WEBSTER.

[DANIEL WEBSTER was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782, and died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October 24, 1852. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1801, admitted to the bar in 1805, and settled in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1807. He was a member of the House of Representatives from New Hampshire from 1815 to 1817. In the latter part of 1816 he removed to Boston, and resided here, or at Marshfield, during the remainder of his life. He was chosen to the House of Representatives from the district of Boston in 1822, and was a member of that body till 1827, when he was elected to the United States Senate by the legislature of Massachusetts. He continued there during the remainder of his life, with the exception of two intervals, when he held the office of Secretary of State, first under the administration of President Harrison and Tyler, and secondly under that of President Fillmore.]

For the last twenty-five years of his life, Mr. Webster's biography is identified with the history of his country. Having been a leader of one of its great political parties, the time has hardly yet come for a calm and unbiased judgment to be passed upon his services; but no candid mind will ever question the sincerity and comprehensiveness of his patriotism, still less the splendor of his intellectual powers. He was a great lawyer, a great statesman, a great debater, and a great writer. As a writer—in which point of view alone we have now to regard him—he stands among the very first of his class. No style can be found more suited for the subjects on which it treats than his. It is strong, simple, and dignified; vehement and impassioned when necessary; readily rising into eloquence, and occasionally touched with high imaginative beauty. He excels in the statement of a case or the exposition of a principle; and in his occasional discourses there are passages of a lofty moral grandeur by which the heart and mind are alike affected. Some of his state papers may fairly challenge comparison with the best productions of the kind which the past has transmitted to us.

The following passage is taken from a discourse in commemoration of the first settlement of New England, pronounced at Plymouth, December 22, 1829.]

It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness, with what is distant, in place or time; and, looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. Human and mortal although we are, we are nevertheless not mere insulated beings, without relation to the past or the future. Neither the point of time, nor the spot of earth, in which we physically live, bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments. We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation. By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example and studying their character; by partaking their sentiments and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils, by sympathizing in their sufferings, and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs, we seem to belong to their age, and to mingle our own existence with theirs. We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake in the rewards which they enjoyed.

And in like manner, by running along the line of future time, by contemplating the probable fortunes of those who are coming after us, by attempting something which may promote their happiness, and leave some not dishonorable memorial of ourselves for their regard when we shall sleep with the fathers, we protract our own earthly being, and seem to crowd whatever is future, as well as all that is past, into the narrow compass of our earthly existence. As it is not vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination, which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb, which, amidst this universe of worlds, the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send them with something of the feeling which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the contemplation of the myriads of fellow-beings with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space, so neither is it false or vain to consider ourselves as interested and connected with our whole race, through all time; allied to

our ancestors; allied to our posterity; closely compacted on all sides with others; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being, which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present, and the future, and terminating at last with the consummation of all things earthly, at the throne of God.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and grovelling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it.

Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry only because it is congenial to our nature. Poetry is, in this respect, but the handmaid of true philosophy and morality; it deals with us as human beings, naturally reverencing those whose visible connection with this state of existence is severed, and who may yet exercise we know not what sympathy with ourselves; and when it carries us forward, also, and shows us the long-continued result of all the good we do in the prosperity of those who follow us, till it bears us from ourselves, and absorbs us in an intense interest for what shall happen to the generations after us, it speaks only in the language of our nature, and affects us with sentiments which belong to us as human beings.

XCVI.—AN INDIAN FIGHT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[This account of the attack upon a New England village by a band of Indians, and of their repulse, is taken from SIR WALTER SCOTT'S novel of *Peveril of the Peak*, and is there given by Major Bridgenorth, a Puritan soldier and gentleman, to Julian Peveril, the hero of the story and the lover of Bridgenorth's daughter. The incident is substantially true, and took place at the town of Hadley, in Massachusetts, in 1675. William Goffe was the person whose opportune and unexpected appearance turned the tide of battle. He was one of the regicides, as they were popularly called; that is, one of the judges by whom Charles I., King of England, was condemned to death. Upon the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660, Goffe, together with Edward Whalley, his father-in-law, (also one of King Charles's judges) fled to New England; and here they lived for many years, in strict seclusion, though more than one effort was made by the English government to arrest them. Whalley died in 1678, and Goffe about two years afterwards; both at Hadley. Here they had lived, since 1664, under the roof of Mr. Russell, the minister, who had two concealed rooms built in his house for their accommodation. They were both brave men and tried soldiers.]

John Dixwell, another of the regicides, came also to New England, some time after Whalley and Goffe, and remained here till his death.]

AMONG my wanderings, the transatlantic settlements have not escaped me; more especially the country of New England, into which our native land has shaken from her lap, as a drunkard flings from him his treasures, so much that is precious in the eyes of God and of his children. There thousands of our best and most godly men—such whose righteousness might come between the Almighty and his wrath, and prevent the ruin of cities—are content to be the inhabitants of the desert, rather encountering the unenlightened savages than stooping to extinguish, under the oppression practised in Britain, the light that is within their own minds. There I remained for a time, during the wars which the colony maintained with Philip, a great Indian chief, or sachem, as they were called, who seemed a messenger sent from Satan to buffet them. His cruelty was great, his dissimulation profound, and the skill and promptitude with which he maintained a destructive and desultory warfare inflicted many dreadful calamities on the settlement. I was, by chance, at a small village in the woods, more than thirty* miles from Boston, and in its situation exceedingly

* Hadley is about ninety miles from Boston.

lonely, and surrounded with thickets. Nevertheless, there ~~was~~ no idea of any danger from the Indians at that time, for men trusted to the protection of a considerable body of troops, who had taken the field for protection of the frontiers, and who lay, or were supposed to lie, betwixt the hamlet and the enemy's country. But they had to do with a foe whom the evil one himself had inspired at once with cunning and cruelty.

It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had assembled to take sweet counsel together in the Lord's house. Our temple was but constructed of wooden logs: but when shall the chant of trained hirelings, or the sounding of tin and brass tubes amid the aisles of a minster, arise so sweetly to heaven as did the psalm in which we united at once our voices and our hearts! An excellent worthy, who now sleeps in the Lord, Nehemiah Solgrace, long the companion of my pilgrimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when a woman, with disordered looks and dishevelled hair, entered our chapel in a distracted manner, screaming incessantly, "The Indians! The Indians!" In that land no man dares separate himself from his means of defence; and whether in the city or in the field, in the ploughed land or the forest, men keep beside them their weapons, as did the Jews at the rebuilding of the Temple. So we sallied forth with our guns and pikes, and heard the whoop of these incarnate demons, already in possession of a part of the town, and exercising their cruelty on the few whom weighty causes or indisposition had withheld from public worship; and it was remarked as a judgment, that, upon that bloody Sabbath, Adrian Hanson, a Dutchman, a man well enough disposed towards man, but whose mind was altogether given to worldly gain, was shot and scalped as he was summing his weekly gains in his warehouse. In fine, there was much damage done; and although our arrival and entrance into combat did in some sort put them back, yet being surprised and confused, and having no appointed leader of our band, the cruel enemy shot hard at us, and had some advantage.

It was pitiful to hear the screams of women and children

amid the report of guns and the whistling of bullets, mixed with the ferocious yells of these savages, which they term their war whoop. Several houses in the upper part of the village were soon on fire; and the roaring of the flames, and crackling of the great beams as they blazed, added to the horrible confusion; while the smoke which the wind drove against us gave further advantage to the enemy, who fought, as it were, invisible, and under cover, whilst we fell fast by their unerring fire. In this state of confusion, and while we were about to adopt the desperate project of evacuating the village, and, placing the women and children in the centre, of attempting a retreat to the nearest settlement, it pleased Heaven to send us unexpected assistance.

A tall man, of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of us, as we hastily agitated the resolution of retreating. His garments were of the skin of the elk, and he wore sword and carried gun. I never saw any thing more august than his features, overshadowed by locks of gray hair, which mingled with a long beard of the same color. "Men and brethren," he said, in a voice like that which turns back the flight, "why sink your hearts? and why are you thus disquieted? Fear ye that the God we serve will give you up to yonder heathen dogs? Follow me, and you shall see this day that there is a captain in Israel." He uttered a few but distinct orders, in the tone of one who was accustomed to command; and such was the influence of his appearance, his mien, his language, and his presence of mind, that he was implicitly obeyed by men who had never seen him until that moment. We were hastily divided, by his orders, into two bodies; one of which maintained the defence of the village with more courage than ever, convinced that the unknown was sent by God to our rescue. At his command they assumed the best and most sheltered positions for exchanging their deadly fire with the Indians; while, under cover of the smoke, the stranger sallied from the town at the head of the other division of the New England men

and, fetching a circuit, attacked the red warriors in the rear. The surprise, as is usual amongst savages, had complete effect; for they doubted not that they were assailed in their turn, and placed betwixt two hostile parties by the return of a detachment from the provincial army. The heathens fled in confusion, abandoning the half-won village, and leaving behind them such a number of their warriors, that the tribe hath never recovered its loss.

Never shall I forget the figure of our venerable leader, when our men, and not they only, but the women and children of the village, rescued from the tomahawk and scalping knife, stood crowded around him, yet scarce venturing to approach his person, and more minded, perhaps, to worship him as a descended angel than to thank him as a fellow-mortal. "Not unto me be the glory," he said; "I am but an implement, frail as yourselves, in the hand of Him who is strong to deliver. Bring me a cup of water, that I may allay my parched throat ere I assay the task of offering thanks where they are most due." I was nearest to him as he spoke, and I gave into his hand the water he requested. At that moment we exchanged glances, and it seemed to me that I recognized a noble friend whom I had long since deemed in glory; but he gave me no time to speak, had speech been prudent. Sinking on his knees, and signing us to obey him, he poured forth a strong and energetic thanksgiving for his deliverance from the battle, which, pronounced with a voice as clear as a war trumpet, thrilled through the joints and marrow of the hearers. I have heard many an act of devotion in my life, had Heaven vouchsafed me grace to profit by them; but such a prayer as this, uttered amid the dead and the dying, with a rich tone of mingled triumph and adoration, was beyond them all; it was like the song of the inspired prophetess who dwelt beneath the palm tree between Ramah and Bethel. He was silent; and for a brief space we remained with our faces bent to the earth, no man daring to lift his head. At length we looked up, but our deliverer was no longer among us; nor was he ever again seen in the land which he had rescued.

XCVII.—THE INDIANS.

[CHARLES SPRAGUE was born in Boston, October 26, 1791, and has constantly resided here. He made himself first known as a poet by several prize prologues at the opening of theatres, which had a polish of numbers and a vigor of expression not often found in compositions of this class. In 1823 he was the successful competitor for a prize offered for the best ode to be recited at a Shakespeare pageant at the Boston Theatre. This is the most fervid and brilliant of all his poems, and has much of the lyric rush and glow. In 1829 he recited a poem called *Curiosity*, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, which is polished in its versification, and filled with carefully wrought and beautiful pictures. In 1850 he pronounced an ode at the centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston, (from which the following extract is taken,) which is a finished and animated performance. He has also written many smaller pieces, of much merit.]

Mr. Sprague has written a fourth of July oration, and an address on Intemperance, which are glowing and energetic productions.

Mr. Sprague presents an encouraging example of the union of practical business habits with the tastes of a scholar and the sensibilities of a poet. He has been for many years cashier of a bank, and performs his prosaic duties with as much attentiveness and skill as if he had never written a line of verse.]

YET while, by life's endearments crowned,
To mark this day we gather round,
And to our nation's founders raise
The voice of gratitude and praise,
Shall not one line lament that lion race,
For us struck out from sweet creation's face?
Alas, alas for them!—those fated bands,
Whose monarch tread was on these broad, green lands.
Our fathers called them ~~savage~~—them, whose bread,
In the dark hour, those ~~famished~~ fathers fed.

* * *

We call them savage. O, be just!
Their outraged feelings scan;
A voice comes forth,—'tis from the dust,—
The savage was a man!
Think ye he loved not? Who stood by,
And in his toils took part?
Woman was there to bless his eye—
The savage had a heart!
Think ye he prayed not? When on high
He heard the thunders roll,

What bade him look beyond the sky?
The savage had a soul ! *

I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead ;
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws,
He turned to nature for a creed ;
 Beneath the pillared dome
 We seek our God in prayer,
 Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
 And the Great Spirit worshipped there.
But one, one fellow throb with us he felt ;
To one divinity with us he knelt ;
Freedom, the selfsame freedom we adore,
Bade him defend his violated shore,
 He saw the cloud, ordained to grow
 And burst upon his hills in woe ;
 He saw his people withering by,
 Beneath the invader's evil eye ;
Strange feet were trampling on his fathers' bones ;
 At midnight hour he woke to gaze
 Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
And listen to his children's dying groans.
 He saw, and, maddening at the sight,
 Gave his bold bosom to the fight ;
 To tiger rage his soul was driven ;
 Mercy was not, nor sought nor given ;
 The pale man from his lands must fly ;
 He would be free, or he would die.

* * *

Alas for them ! — their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore ;
No more for them the wild deer bounds ;
The plough is on their hunting-grounds ;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods ;

Their pleasant springs are dry ;
Their children — look ! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west
Their children go — to die.

O, doubly lost ! Oblivion's shadows close
Around their triumphs and their woes.
On other realms, whose suns have set,
Reflected radiance lingers yet ;
There sage and bard have shed a light
That never shall go down in night ;
There time-crowned columns stand on high,
To tell of them who cannot die ;
Even we, who then were nothing, kneel
In homage there, and join earth's general peal.
But the doomed Indian leaves behind no trace,
To save his own or serve another race ;
With his frail breath his power has passed away ;
His deeds, his thoughts, are buried with his clay :
Nor lofty pile nor glowing page
Shall link him to a future age,
Or give him with the past a rank ;
His heraldry is but a broken bow,
His history but a tale of wrong and woe,
His very name must be a blank.

Cold, with the beast he slew he sleeps ;
O'er him no filial spirit weeps ;
No crowds throng round, no anthem notes ascend,
To bless his coming and embalm his end ;
Even that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue ;
By foes alone his deathsong must be sung ;
No chronicles but theirs shall tell
His mournful doom to future times ;
May these upon his virtues dwell,
And in his fate forget his crimes.

XCVIII.—WESTERN EMIGRATION.

EVERETT.

[EDWARD EVERETT was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1794, was graduated at Harvard College in 1811, and settled over the church in Brattle Street, in Boston, as successor to Mr. Buckminster, in 1813. In 1815 he was appointed professor of Greek literature in Harvard College, and immediately proceeded to Europe, with a view of making an ample preparation for the duties of his new position. He remained in Europe about four and a half years, during which period he went through an extensive course both of travel and study. Upon his return, he assumed the duties of his professorship, and also those of editor of the *North American Review*.

He continued in the discharge of both till his election to the House of Representatives, in 1825. He remained in Congress till 1835, in which year he was chosen governor of Massachusetts, and re-elected for four successive years. In 1841 he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of London, and discharged the duties of that post till 1845. Upon his return to America, he was chosen president of Harvard College, and held that office till 1849. He was secretary of state for a short period, at the close of Mr. Fillmore's administration, and in 1853 was chosen to the Senate of the United States by the legislature of Massachusetts, but resigned his place the next year on account of ill health, and has since resided as a private citizen in Boston.

The variety of Mr. Everett's life and employments is but a type of the versatility of his powers and the wide range of his cultivation. He is one of the most finished men of our time. His works consist mainly of occasional discourses, speeches, and of contributions to the *North American Review*; the last of which are very numerous, and deal with a great diversity of subjects, including Greek and German literature, the fine arts, politics, political economy, history, and American literature. His orations and speeches have been published in two large octavo volumes. His style is rich and glowing, but always under the control of sound judgment and good taste. His learning and scholarship are never needlessly obtruded; they are woven into the web of his discourse, and not embossed upon its surface. He writes under the inspiration of a generous and comprehensive patriotism, and his speeches are eminently suited to create and sustain a just and high-toned national sentiment. Whatever he does is done well; and his brilliant natural powers have through life been trained and aided by those habits of vigorous industry which are falsely supposed by many to be found only in connection with dulness and mediocrity.

The following extract is from a discourse on *American literature*, pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, in August, 1824.]

THE rapid march of the population westward has been attended by circumstances in some degree novel in the history of the human mind. It is a fact, somewhat difficult of explanation, that the refinement of the ancient nations seemed comparatively devoid of an elastic and expansive principle. With the exception of the colonies in Asia Minor, the arts of Greece were enchain'd to her islands and her coasts; they did not penetrate far into the interior, at least not in every

direction. The language and literature of Athens were as much unknown to the north of Pindus, at a distance of two hundred miles from the capital of Grecian refinement, as they were in Scythia. Thence, whose mountain tops may almost be seen from the porch of the temple of Minerva, at Sunium, was the proverbial abode of barbarism. Though the colonies of Greece were scattered on the coasts of Asia, of Italy, of France, of Spain, and of Africa, no extension of their population far inward took place, and the arts did not penetrate beyond the walls of the cities where they were cultivated.

How different is the picture of the diffusion of the arts and improvements of civilization, from the coast to the interior of America! Population advances westward, with a rapidity which numbers may describe, indeed, but cannot represent with any vivacity to the mind. The wilderness, which one year is impassable, is traversed the next by the caravans of industrious emigrants, carrying with them the language, the institutions, and the arts of civilized life. It is not the irruption of wild barbarians, sent to inflict the wrath of God on a degenerate empire; it is not the inroad of disciplined banditti, put in motion by reasons of state or court intrigue. It is the human family, led on by Providence to possess its broad patrimony. The states and nations which are springing up in the valley of the Missouri are bound to us by the dearest ties of a common language, a common government, and a common descent.

Before New England can look with coldness on their rising myriads, she must forget that some of the best of her own blood is beating in their veins; that her hardy children, with their axes on their shoulders, have been among the pioneers in this march of humanity; that, young as she is, she has become the mother of populous states. What generous mind would sacrifice to a selfish preservation of local preponderance the delight of beholding civilized nations rising up in the desert, and the language, the manners, the principles in which he has been reared, carried, with his household gods,

to the foot of the Rocky Mountains? Who can forget that this extension of our territorial limits is the extension of the empire of all we hold dear — of our laws, of our character, of the memory of our ancestors, of the great achievements in our history? Whithersoever the sons of the thirteen states shall wander, to southern or western climes, they will send back their hearts to the rocky shores, the battle fields, the infant settlements of the Atlantic coast. These are placed beyond the reach of vicissitude. They have become already matter of history, of poetry, of eloquence.

Divisions may spring up, ill blood may burn, parties be formed, and interests may seem to clash; but the great bonds of the nation are linked to what is past. The deeds of the great men to whom this country owes its origin and its growth, are a patrimony, I know, of which its children will never deprive themselves. As long as the Mississippi and the Missouri shall flow, those men and those deeds will be remembered on their banks. The sceptre of government may go where it will, but that of patriotic feeling can never depart from Judah. In all that mighty region which is drained by the Missouri and its tributary streams, — the valley coëxtensive, in this country, with the temperate zone, — will there be, as long as the name of America shall last, a father that will not take his children on his knee, and recount to them the events of the twenty-second of December, the nineteenth of April, the seventeenth of June, and the fourth of July?

XCIX. — DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

PARKMAN.

[FRANCIS PARKMAN, a native of Boston, was graduated at Harvard College in 1844. His *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac* (from which the following extract is taken) was published in Boston, in 1851. It is an interesting work, containing the results of much patient research, and written in a flowing and attractive style.

Mr. Parkman is also the author of an agreeable book of travelling sketches among the Indian tribes of the west, called *California and Oregon Trail*.]

THE eventful night of the twelfth * was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before day-break, thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels, and floated downward, in perfect order, with the current of the ebb tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospects of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci, had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions or the impetuous energy of his action. He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river, and the low voice of Wolfe as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which had recently appeared, and which he had just received from England. Perhaps, as he uttered those strangely appropriate words,—

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave,”—

the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. “Gentlemen,” he said, as he closed his recital, “I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow.”

They reached the landing-place in safety—an indentation in the shore about a league from the city, and now bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the currents, the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights that towered above him in the gloom. “You can try it,” he

* September, 1759.

coolly observed to an officer near him; "but I don't think you'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald Macdonald, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steep slopes below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots, and bushes. The guard turned out, and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment they were cut to pieces, dispersed, or made prisoners; while men after men came swarming up the height, and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile the vessels had dropped downward with the current, and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops were disembarked, and with the dawn of day the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and from the ramparts of Quebec the astonished people saw the plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark red lines of the English forming in array of battle. * * *

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and, at intervals, warm, light showers descended, besprinkling both alike. The coppice and cornfields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharpshooters, who kept up a distant, spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten, the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and in a few moments all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks, not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred; and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the

assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given. At once, from end to end of the British line, the muskets rose to the level, as if with the sway of some great machine, and the whole blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the columns of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead.

The smoke, rolling along the field, for a moment shut out the view; but when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed—men and officers tumbled in heaps, columns resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone; and when the British muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic.

For a few minutes, the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, trampling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced, and swept the field before them. The ardor of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run, and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the very gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords, and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

In the short action and pursuit, the Frenchmen lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder, some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles, to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet; the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec. Bougainville, with his detachment, arrived from the upper country, and hovering about their rear, threatened an attack; but

when he saw what greeting was prepared for him, he abandoned his purpose, and withdrew. Townshend and Murray, the only general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn, and thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown: yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness, as the tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist; but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more, and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward, waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and staggering to one side, fell to the earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier, raised him together in their arms, and bearing him to the rear, laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon; but he shook his head, and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fled in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way every where." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace," he murmured; and turning on his side, he calmly breathed his last.

C.—CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

LORD BROUGHAM.

[HENRY BROUGHAM, Lord Brougham, was born at Edinburgh, in the year 1778, but of an English family long established in the county of Westmoreland. He was educated in Scotland; called to the Scotch, and subsequently to the English, bar; entered Parliament in 1810; was made Lord Chancellor (and a peer) in 1830, and held the office till 1834. He has attained great distinction as an advocate, orator, statesman, and man of letters. His public life has been brilliant and successful; and his name is closely and honorably identified with all the great reforms which have been going on in England during the last thirty or forty years—including the abolition of the slave-trade, parliamentary reform, Catholic emancipation, reform in the civil and criminal law, and the education of the people.]

He has always been a man of prodigious industry and unwearied activity of mind, never allowing any of the shreds and fragments of time to be wasted. He has thus gone through an amount of labor under which ordinary energies would have broken down. While yet quite young, he engaged with ardor and success in scientific investigation, and some papers by him, on mathematical subjects, published in the Transactions of the Royal Society, made him widely and favorably known. Under the constant pressure of public and professional duties, he has found time for literary labor. His *Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the principal European Powers* was published in 1813. Among his subsequent publications are, *Historical Sketches of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.* A Dialogue on Instinct, Political Philosophy, *Lives of Men of Letters*. A translation of the oration of Demosthenes on the Crown; besides several treatises contributed to the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, including an essay on the Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Science. His speeches at the bar and in parliament have been collected and published in four large octavo volumes. To these are to be added several occasional pamphlets, papers in the *Edinburgh Review*, and notes to a new edition of Paley's *Natural Theology*.

His style is vigorous, manly, and energetic; going straight to the point aimed at, but without rising to any very lofty height of eloquence, or being marked by any rare grace of expression. In his delineation of character, he seizes upon the prominent mental and moral traits, and presents them strongly. His powers of sarcasm and invective are great, and freely used. His opinions are sometimes expressed with more confidence than is warranted by the amount of his knowledge upon the subject in hand. He is more remarkable for the wide range of his studies and the variety of his acquisitions than for accuracy and depth in any one department. Of the institutions and public men of our own country he has always written and spoken in the most friendly and generous spirit.

This sketch of Franklin is from the *Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III.*

ONE of the most remarkable men certainly of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher, was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that, having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest

discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires in the world.

In this truly great man every thing seems to concur that goes towards the constitution of exalted merit. First, he was the architect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and his industry, first to the place in society which may be attained with the help only of ordinary abilities, great application, and good luck; but next, to the loftier heights which a daring and happy genius alone can scale; and the poor printer's boy, who at one period of his life had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night, rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the ambassador of a commonwealth which he had formed, at the court of the haughty monarchs of France who had been his allies.

Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both. No ordinary apprentice, no commonplace journeyman, ever laid the foundations of his independence in habits of industry and temperance more deep than he did, whose genius was afterwards to rank him with the Galileos and Newtons of the old world. No patrician born to shine in courts, or assist at the councils of monarchs, ever bore his honors in a lofty station more easily, or was less spoiled by the enjoyment of them, than this common workman did when negotiating with royal representatives, or caressed by all the beauty and fashion of the most brilliant court in Europe.

Again, he was self-taught in all he knew. His hours of study were stolen from those of sleep and of meals, or gained by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went on. Assisted by none of the helps which affluence tenders to the studies of the rich, he had to supply the place of tutors by redoubled diligence, and of commentaries by repeated perusal. Nay, the possession of books was to be obtained by copying what the art which he himself exercised furnished easily to others.

Next, the circumstances, under which others succumb he made to yield, and bent to his own purposes — a successful leader of a revolt that ended in complete triumph after appearing desperate for years; a great discoverer in philosophy without the ordinary helps to knowledge; a writer famed for his chaste style without a classical education; a skilful negotiator, though never bred to politics; ending as a favorite, nay, a pattern of fashion when the guest of frivolous courts, the life which he had begun in garrets and in workshops.

Lastly, combinations of faculties in others deemed impossible appeared easy and natural in him. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also eminently a man of action. Ingenious reasoning, refined and subtle consultation, were in him combined with prompt resolution and inflexible firmness of purpose. To a lively fancy he joined a learned and deep reflection; his original and inventive genius stooped to the convenient alliance of the most ordinary prudence in every-day affairs; the mind that soared above the clouds, and was conversant with the loftiest of human contemplations, disdained not to make proverbs and feign parables for the guidance of apprenticed youths and maidens at service; and the hands that sketched a free constitution for a whole continent, or drew down the lightning from heaven, easily and cheerfully lent themselves to simplify the apparatus by which truths were to be illustrated or discoveries pursued.

His whole course, both in acting and in speculation, was simple and plain, ever preferring the easiest and shortest road, nor ever having recourse to any but the simplest means to compass his ends. His policy rejected all refinements, and aimed at accomplishing its purposes by the most rational and obvious expedients. His language was unadorned, and used as the medium of communicating his thoughts, not of raising admiration; but it was pure, expressive, racy. His manner of reasoning was manly and cogent, the address of a rational being to others of the same order; and so concise, that preferring decision to discussion, he never exceeded a quarter of

an hour in any public address. His correspondence on business, whether private or on state affairs, is a model of clearness and compendious shortness; nor can any state papers surpass in dignity and impression those of which he is believed to have been the author in the earlier part of the American revolutionary war.

His mode of philosophizing was the purest application of the inductive principle, so eminently adapted to his nature, and so clearly dictated by common sense, that we can have little doubt that it would have been suggested by Franklin, if it had not been unfolded by Bacon, though it is as clear that in this case it would have been expounded in far more simple terms. But of all this great man's scientific excellences, the most remarkable is the smallness, the simplicity, the apparent inadequacy of the means which he employed in his experimental researches. His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all; and if, at any time, he had been led to employ instruments of a less ordinary description, he never rested satisfied until he had, as it were, afterwards translated the process, by resolving the problem with such simple machinery, that you might say he had done it wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity was demonstrated were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key. Upon the integrity of this great man, whether in public or private life, there rests no stain. Strictly honest, and even scrupulously punctual in all his dealings, he preserved in the highest fortune that regularity which he had practised, as well as inculcated, in the lowest.

In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society, delightful. There was a constant good humor and a playful wit, easy and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid, natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm, and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the most elevated. With all his strong opinions,

so often solemnly declared, so imperishably recorded in his deeds, he retained a tolerance for those who differed from him, which could not be surpassed in men whose principles hang so loosely about them as to be taken up for a convenient cloak, and laid down when found to impede their progress. In his family he was every thing that worth, warm affections, and sound prudence could contribute to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved.

CI.—THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

BRYANT.

HERE are old trees—tall oaks and gnarled pines—
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long, dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword: thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched

His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain : yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward ; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands ;
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes ; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou ; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age ;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear ; while his sly imps by stealth,

'Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters, or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. O, not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
A while from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

CIL—WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.

IRVING.

[This sketch of Washington's manner of life, from the close of the old French war to the beginning of the revolution, is from the first volume of Irving's *Life of Washington*.]

MOUNT VERNON was his harbor of repose, where he repeatedly furled his sail, and fancied himself anchored for life. No impulse of ambition tempted him thence; nothing but the call of his country, and his devotion to the public good. The place was endeared to him by the remembrance of his brother Lawrence, and of the happy hours he had passed there with that brother in the days of boyhood; but it was a delightful place in itself, and well calculated to inspire the rural feeling.

The mansion was beautifully situated on a swelling height, crowned with wood, and commanding a magnificent view up and down the Potomac. The grounds immediately about it were laid out somewhat in the English taste. The estate was apportioned into separate farms, devoted to different kinds of culture, each having its allotted laborers; much, however, was

still covered with wild woods, seamed with deep dells and runs of water, and indented with inlets—haunts of deer and lurking-places of foxes. The whole woody region along the Potomac from Mount Vernon to Belvoir, and far beyond, with its range of forests, and hills, and picturesque promontories, afforded sport of various kinds, and was a noble hunting ground. Washington had hunted through it with old Lord Fairfax in his stripling days; we do not wonder that his feelings throughout life incessantly reverted to it.

"No estate in United America," observes he in one of his letters, "is more pleasantly situated—in a high and healthy country; in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold; on one of the finest rivers in the world, a river well stocked with various kinds of fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, &c., in great abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tide water; several valuable fisheries appertain to it; the whole shore, in fact, is one entire fishery."

These were as yet the aristocratical days of Virginia. The estates were large, and continued in the same families by entail. Many of the wealthy planters were connected with old families in England. The young men, especially the elder sons, were often sent to finish their education there, and on their return brought out the tastes and habits of the mother country. The governors of Virginia were from the higher ranks of society, and maintained a corresponding state. The "established" or Episcopal church predominated throughout the "ancient dominion," as it was termed; each county was divided into parishes, as in England—each with its parochial church, its parsonage, and glebe.

A style of living prevailed among the opulent Virginia families in those days that has long since faded away. The houses were spacious, commodious, liberal in all their appointments, and fitted to cope with the free-handed, open-hearted hospitality of the owners. Nothing was more common than to see handsome services of plate, elegant equipages, and superb carriage horses—all imported from England.

At that period, a large Virginia estate was a little empire. The mansion house was the seat of government, with its numerous dependencies, such as kitchen, smoke house, workshops, and stables. In this mansion the planter ruled supreme; his steward, or overseer, was his prime minister and executive officer; he had his legion of house negroes for domestic service, and his host of field negroes for the culture of tobacco, Indian corn, and other crops, and for other out of door labor. Their quarter formed a kind of hamlet apart, composed of various huts, with little gardens and poultry yards, all well stocked, and with swarms of little negroes gambolling in the sunshine. Then there were large wooden edifices for curing tobacco, the staple and most profitable production, and mills for grinding wheat and Indian corn, of which large fields were cultivated for the supply of the family and the sustenance of the negroes.

The Virginia planters were prone to leave the care of their estates too much to their overseers, and to think personal labor a degradation. Washington carried into his rural affairs the same method, activity, and circumspection that had distinguished him in military life. He kept his own accounts, posted up his books, and balanced them with mercantile exactness. We have examined them, as well as his diaries recording his daily occupations, and his letter books, containing entries of shipments of tobacco, and correspondence with his London agents. They are monuments of his business habits. The products of his estate also became so noted for the faithfulness, as to quantity and quality, with which they were put up, that it is said any barrel of flour that bore the brand of George Washington, Mount Vernon, was exempted from the customary inspection in the West India ports. He rose early, often before daybreak in the winter when the nights were long. On such occasions he lighted his own fire, and wrote or read by candle light. He breakfasted at seven in summer, at eight in winter. Two small cups of tea, and three or four cakes of Indian meal, (called hoe cakes,) formed his frugal repast.

Immediately after breakfast he mounted his horse, and visited those parts of the estate where any work was going on, seeing to every thing with his own eyes, and often aiding with his own hand.

Dinner was served at two o'clock. He ate heartily, but was no epicure; nor was he critical about his food. His beverage was small beer or cider, and two glasses of old Madeira. He took tea, of which he was very fond, early in the evening, and retired for the night about nine o'clock. If confined to the house by bad weather, he took the occasion to arrange his papers, post up his accounts, or write letters, passing part of the time in reading, and occasionally reading aloud to the family.

Washington delighted in the chase. In the hunting season, when he rode out early in the morning to visit distant parts of the estate, he often took some of the dogs with him, for the chance of starting a fox, which he occasionally did, though he was not always successful in killing him. He was a bold rider and an admirable horseman, though he never claimed the merit of being an accomplished fox hunter. In the height of the season, however, he would be out with the fox hounds two or three times a week, accompanied by his guests at Mount Vernon, and the gentlemen of the neighborhood, especially the Fairfaxes of Belvoir, of which estate his friend George William Fairfax was now the proprietor. On such occasions there would be a hunting dinner at one or other of those establishments, at which convivial repasts Washington is said to have enjoyed himself with unwonted hilarity.

Occasionally he and Mrs. Washington would pay a visit to Annapolis, at that time the seat of government of Maryland, and partake of the gayeties which prevailed during the session of the legislature. The society of these seats of provincial governments was always polite and fashionable, and more exclusive than in these republican days, being, in a manner, the outposts of the English aristocracy, where all places of dignity or profit were secured for younger sons and poor but

proud relatives. During the session of the legislature, dinners and balls abounded, and there were occasional attempts at theatricals. The latter was an amusement for which Washington always had a relish, though he never had an opportunity of gratifying it effectually. Neither was he disinclined to mingle in the dance; and we remember to have heard venerable ladies, who had been belles in his day, pride themselves on having had him for a partner, though, they added, he was apt to be a ceremonious and grave one.

In this round of rural occupation, rural amusement, and social intercourse, Washington passed several tranquil years, the halcyon season of his life. His already established reputation drew many visitors to Mount Vernon; some of his early companions in arms were his occasional guests, and his friendships and connections linked him with some of the most prominent and worthy people of the country, who were sure to be received with cordial but simple and unpretending hospitality. His marriage was not blessed with children; but those of Mrs. Washington experienced from him parental care and affection, and the formation of their minds and manners was one of the dearest objects of his attention. His domestic concerns and social enjoyments, however, were not permitted to interfere with his public duties. He was active by nature, and eminently a man of business by habit. As judge of the county court, and member of the House of Burgesses, he had numerous calls upon his time and thoughts, and was often drawn from home; for whatever trust he undertook he was sure to fulfil with scrupulous exactness.

CIII.—AMERICA IN 1774.

BURKE.

[EDMUND BURKE was born in Dublin, January 1, 1730, and died July 8, 1797. He entered parliament in 1766, and his abilities and industry soon made him favorably known, and gradually advanced him to a position of commanding influence in the affairs of his country. He continued in parliament till 1794. There were three great subjects which occupied, severally, the beginning, the middle, and the end of Burke's public career; and these were the relations of England to her colonies in North America, the affairs of India, and the French revolution. He had a wonderfully extensive and minute acquaintance with America, and the measures he counselled were wise and conciliatory; and had they been adopted, they might have postponed the independence of our country, though such an event was inevitable, sooner or later. His speeches on American affairs cannot now be read without the highest admiration alike of their ability and their temper and spirit.]

The affairs of India, and especially the impeachment of Warren Hastings, the governor general, occupied Burke's time and thoughts for many years. As to the wisdom of his course and the soundness of his views upon this subject, there may be room for doubt; but there can be none as to the sincerity of his convictions, or the splendid intellectual powers he put forth in support of them.

During the last years of his life, the French revolution was the absorbing object of his thoughts, and he viewed it with the utmost aversion and alarm. His writings on this subject are marked by a tone of more passionate fervor, and by a style of more declamatory richness, than the productions of his early manhood.

Burke's mind was also much busied at one time with the project of economical reform. His speech on that subject is one of the best of his works, and may still be read with profit, as to the principles on which administrative reforms should be conducted.

Burke's mind was remarkable for a combination of qualities not often found together. Its groundwork was laid in practical good sense; but upon this was reared a splendid superstructure of imagination and eloquence. To great quickness of perception and brilliant readiness of power were added an industry that shrunk from no amount of toil, and a faculty of presenting in the clearest possible light the most intricate mass of facts. Burke's influence as a practical statesman was impaired by his impatient spirit and his tempestuous sensibilities, which often led him to say and do unwise things; but these very traits have added to his name as a writer, from the warm glow of human feeling which they throw over his speculations. His works have been frequently re-printed, and are read and studied by statesmen both in England and America; for they abound in those wise principles and sound axioms in government which are as applicable to republican institutions as to those under which he lived.

Burke's influence as a public man was much increased by the excellence and purity of his private life, in which the rumor of political hostility could never find a stain. He was an affectionate husband and a dutiful father. The death of his son—an only child—in 1794 well nigh broke his heart; and the passages in his subsequent writings in which he alludes to his bereavement are among the most beautiful and pathetic in the language.

The following paragraph has been often quoted, but generally without the explanation which it requires to make it intelligible. It is from a speech on conciliation with America, delivered in March, 1775, just before conciliation became impossible. Burke is urging the duty and expediency of healing counsels towards the colonies, by argu-

ments founded on their rapid growth. He had just submitted some statistical tables to his hearers, by which it appeared that in the beginning of the century, the export trade to the colonies was one twelfth of the whole trade of Great Britain; but at the moment the orator was speaking, it was more than one third,—the whole trade having also advanced from six to sixteen millions.* This is the “great consideration” with which the passage begins. The speaker, having proved his position by dry statistics, now proceeds, in a passage of the highest beauty, to present the same truth to the imagination of his hearers in a picturesque form.

I CANNOT prevail on myself to hurry over this great consideration. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst† might remember all the stages of the progress. He was in 1704 of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things. He was then old enough “to read the deeds of his ancestors, and could understand the nature of virtue.”‡ Suppose that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate, men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that when, in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation, which (by the happy issue of moderate and healing counsels) was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, lord chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, while he enriched the family

* At the present time, the annual export trade of Great Britain to the United States is about thirty millions sterling.

† Earl Bathurst, at the time of the delivery of this speech, was nearly ninety years old. He was a nobleman of social habits, and some literary taste, but no wise remarkable, and is remembered much more through this passage of Burke's, than by any thing he himself ever did or said.

‡ The original is in Latin, of which the words in quotation marks are a translation.

with a new one.* If, amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honor and prosperity, that angel should have drawn up the curtain and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and while he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of national interest, a small seminal principle rather than a formed body, and should tell him, "Young man, there is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought on by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests, and civilizing settlements, in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life." If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not require all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day! †

* The second son of Lord Bathurst was made lord high chancellor in 1772, and raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Apsley. There is but one other instance in English history—that of Sir Thomas More—of a man's reaching this rank in the life of his father. At this time, Lord Bathurst was advanced in the peerage, and made an earl. This is what Burke means by "turning back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain;" the father, in this case, having been promoted for his son's services, whereas, usually, the honors of the son are gained by the worth of the father.

† Lord Bathurst died a few months after this speech was delivered.

This beautiful description of Burke's has been more than once imitated by succeeding speakers. There is a noble parallel passage in Mr. Webster's Plymouth discourse, pronounced in 1820; in which he traces the growth of New England during the eighteenth century by a corresponding reference to the life of John Adams, then living in a venerable old age, and who survived to see his son, John Quincy Adams, reach the highest place in the gift of the people, as Earl Bathurst lived to see his son attain the highest secular post which a subject of the English crown can reach. The compiler

CIV.—THE RETIREMENT OF WASHINGTON.

GUITOT.

[F. P. G. GUITOT was born at Nismes, in France, in October, 1787. He has been highly distinguished both as a statesman and a man of letters. He was a cabinet minister of Louis Philippe during the greater part of his reign, and shared in his fall in 1848. He is the author of various historical works, most of which have been translated into English. He stands in the first rank of modern historians. He is distinguished for patient research, clear insight, and philosophical comprehension. His style is remarkable for vigor, eloquence, and precision.]

The following extract is from an essay on Washington, prefixed to a French version of Sparks's *Life and Writings*, (abridged,) published in Paris in 1840.]

WASHINGTON did well to withdraw from public business. He had entered upon it at one of those moments, at once difficult and favorable, when nations, surrounded by perils, summon all their virtue and all their wisdom to surmount them. He was

ventures to subjoin in a note an extract from a speech delivered by him at the dinner given by the young men of Boston to Charles Dickens, February 1, 1842, in which the recent growth of our country is presented in a similar form:—

“It is now sixty-seven years since the rapid growth of our country was sketched by Mr. Burke, in the course of his speech on conciliation with America, in a passage whose picturesque beauty has made it one of the commonplaces of literature, in which he represents the angel of Lord Bathurst drawing up the curtain of futurity, unfolding the rising glories of England, and pointing out to him America, a little speck scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, yet which was destined, before he tasted of death, to show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which then attracted the admiration of the world. There are many now living whose lives extend over the whole of this period; and during that space, what memorable changes have taken place in the relations of the two countries! Let us imagine the angel of that illustrious orator and statesman, when the last words of that profound and beautiful speech were dying upon the air, withdrawing him from the congratulations of his friends, and unfolding to him the future progress of that country, whose growth up to that period he had so felicitously sketched: ‘There is that America, whose interests you have so well understood and so eloquently maintained, which, at this moment, is taking measures to withdraw from the protection and defy the power of the mother country. But mourn not that this bright jewel is destined to fall from your country’s crown. It is in obedience to the same law of Providence which sends the full-fledged bird from the nest, and the man from his father’s house. Man shall not be able to sever what the immutable laws of Providence have joined together. The chafing chains of

admirably suited to this position. He held the sentiments and opinions of his age without slavishness or fanaticism. The past, its institutions, its interests, its manners, inspired him with neither hatred nor regret. His thoughts and his ambition did not impatiently reach forward into the future. The society, in the midst of which he lived, suited his tastes and his judgment. He had confidence in its principles and its destiny,* but a confidence enlightened and qualified by an accurate instinctive perception of the eternal principles of social order. He served it with heartiness and independence, with that combination of faith and fear which is wisdom in the affairs of the world, as well as before God. On this account, especially, he

colonial dependence shall be exchanged for ties light as air, yet strong as steel. The peaceful and profitable interchange of commerce, the same language, a common literature, similar laws, and kindred institutions shall bind you together with cords which neither cold-blooded policy, nor grasping selfishness, nor fratricidal war shall be able to snap. Discoveries in science and improvements in art shall be constantly contracting the ocean which separates you, and the genius of steam shall link your shores together with a chain of iron and flame. A new heritage of glory shall await your men of genius in those now unpeopled solitudes. The grand and lovely creations of your myriad-minded Shakspeare, the majestic line of Milton, the stately energy of Dryden, and the compact elegance of Pope, shall form and train the minds of uncounted multitudes yet slumbering in the womb of the future. Her gifted and educated sons shall come over to your shores with a feeling akin to that which sends the Mussulman to Mecca. Your St. Paul's shall kindle their devotion; your Westminster Abbey shall warm their patriotism; your Stratford-on-Avon and Abbotsford shall awaken in their bosoms a depth of emotion in which your own countrymen shall hardly be able to sympathize. Extraordinary physical advantages, and the influence of genial institutions, shall there give to the human race a rate of increase hitherto unparalleled; but the stream, however much it be widened and prolonged, shall retain the character of the fountain from which it first flowed. Every wave of population that gains upon that vast green wilderness shall bear with it the blood, the speech, and the books of England, and aid in transmitting to the generations that come after it her arts, her literature, and her laws.' If this had been revealed to him, would it not have required all the glow of his imagination, and all the strength of his judgment, to believe it? Let us, who are seeing the fulfilment of the vision, utter the fervent prayer that no sullen clouds of coldness or estrangement may ever obscure these fair relations, and that the madness of men may never mar the benevolent purposes of God."

was qualified to govern it; for democracy requires two things for its tranquillity and its success; it must feel itself to be trusted and yet restrained, and must believe alike in the genuine devotedness and the moral superiority of its leaders. On these conditions alone can it govern itself while in a process of development, and hope to take a place among the durable and glorious forms of human society. It is the honor of the American people to have, at this period, understood and accepted these conditions. It is the glory of Washington to have been their interpreter and instrument.

He did the two greatest things which, in politics, man can have the privilege of attempting. He maintained, by peace, that independence of his country which he had acquired by war. He founded a free government, in the name of the principles of order, and by reestablishing their sway.

When he retired from public life, both tasks were accomplished, and he could enjoy the result. For, in such high enterprises, the labor which they have cost matters but little. The sweat of any toil is dried at once on the brow where God places such laurels.

He retired voluntarily, and a conqueror. To the very last, his policy had prevailed. If he had wished, he could still have kept the direction of it. His successor was one of his most attached friends, one whom he had himself designated. Still the epoch was a critical one. He had governed successfully for eight years—a long period in a democratic state, and that in its infancy. For some time, a policy opposed to his own had been gaining ground. American society seemed disposed to make a trial of new paths, more in conformity, perhaps, with its bias. Perhaps the hour had come for Washington to quit the arena. His successor was there overcome. Mr. Adams was succeeded by Mr. Jefferson, the leader of the opposition. Since that time the democratic party has governed the United States.*

* This essay was written during the administration of President Van Buren.

Is this a good or an evil? Could it be otherwise? Had the government continued in the hands of the federal party, would it have done better? Was this possible? What have been the consequences, to the United States, of the triumph of the democratic party? Have they been carried out to the end, or have they only begun? What changes have the society and constitution of America undergone, what have they yet to undergo, under their influence?

These are great questions; difficult, if I mistake not, for natives to solve, and certainly impossible for a foreigner.

However it may be, one thing is certain; that which Washington did—the founding of a free government, by order and peace, at the close of the revolution—no other policy than his could have accomplished. He has had this true glory—of triumphing so long as he governed; and of rendering the triumph of his adversaries possible, after him, without disturbance to the state.

More than once, perhaps, this result presented itself to his mind without disturbing his composure. “With me a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions; and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.”

The people of the United States are virtually the arbiters of their own fortunes. Washington had aimed at that high object. He reached his mark. Who has succeeded like him? Who has seen his own success so near and so soon? Who has enjoyed to such a degree, and to the last, the confidence and gratitude of his country?

Still at the close of his life, in the delightful and honorable retirement at Mount Vernon, which he had so longed for, this great man, serene as he was, was inwardly conscious of a slight feeling of lassitude and melancholy; a feeling very natural at the close of a long life employed in the affairs of men. Power is an oppressive burden, and men are hard to serve, when one

is struggling virtuously and strenuously against their passions and their errors. Even success does not efface the sad impressions which the contest has given birth to, and the exhaustion which succeeds the struggle is still felt in the quiet of repose.

The disposition of the most eminent men, and of the best among the most eminent, to keep aloof from public affairs, in a free democratic society, is a serious fact. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, all ardently sighed for retirement. It would seem as if, in this form of society, the task of government were too severe for men who are capable of comprehending its extent, and desirous of discharging the trust in a proper manner.

Still to such men alone this task is suited, and ought to be intrusted. Government will be, always and every where, the greatest exercise of the faculties of man, and consequently that which requires minds of the highest order. It is for the honor, as well as for the interest, of society that such minds should be drawn into the administration of its affairs, and retained there; for no institutions, no securities, can supply their place.

And on the other hand, in men who are worthy of this destiny, all weariness, all sadness of spirit, however it might be permitted in others, is a weakness. Their vocation is labor. Their reward is, indeed, the success of their efforts, but still only in labor. Very often they die, bent under the burden, before the day of recompense arrives. Washington lived to receive it. He deserved and enjoyed both success and repose. Of all great men, he was the most virtuous, and the most fortunate. In this world God has no higher favors to bestow.

CV. — CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

ANONYMOUS.

[The following sketch of the character of Washington appeared in the *London Courier* of January 24, 1800. It will be read with interest, not merely as a discriminating and well-written production, but as a tribute to the excellence of that illustrious man, from a contemporary, a foreigner, and one of a people against whom he had conducted a successful revolution — a tribute as honorable to the candor of the writer as it is gratifying to our national pride. It is not often that contemporary opinions so perfectly anticipate the judgment of posterity.]

THE melancholy account of the death of General Washington was brought by a vessel from Baltimore, which arrived off Dover. General Washington was, we believe, in his sixty-eighth year. The height of his person was about five feet eleven; his chest full, and his limbs, though rather slender, well shaped and muscular. His eye was of a light gray color, and in proportion to the length of his face, his nose was long. Mr. Stuart, the eminent portrait painter, used to say that there were features in his face totally different from what he had observed in that of any other person; the sockets for the eyes, for instance, were larger than any he had ever met with before, and the upper part of his nose broader. All his features, he observed, were indicative of the strongest passions; yet, like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command have always made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world. He always spoke with great diffidence, and sometimes hesitated for a word, but always to find one particularly well adapted to his meaning. His language was manly and expressive. At levees, his discourse with strangers turned principally upon the subject of America; and if they had been through remarkable places, his conversation was free and peculiarly interesting, for he was intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He was much more open and unreserved in his behavior at levees than in private, and in the company of ladies still more so, than solely with men.

Few persons ever found themselves for the first time in the presence of General Washington without being impressed with

a certain degree of veneration and awe ; nor did these emotions subside on a closer acquaintance ; on the contrary, his person and deportment were such as tended to augment them. The hard service he had seen, and the important and laborious offices he had filled, gave a kind of austerity to his countenance, and reserve to his manners ; yet he was the kindest husband, the most humane master, and the steadiest friend. The whole range of history does not present to our view a character upon which we can dwell with such entire and unmingled admiration.

The long life of General Washington is unstained by a single blot. He was a man of rare endowments, and such fortunate temperament that every action he performed was equally exempted from the charge of vice or weakness. Whatever he said, or did, or wrote, was stamped with a striking and peculiar propriety. His qualities were so happily blended and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The powers of his mind and the dispositions of his heart were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation. His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant. His virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious, and practical. Yet his character, though regular and uniform, possessed none of the littleness which sometimes belongs to men of that description. It formed a majestic pile, the effect of which was not impaired, but improved, by order and symmetry. There was nothing in it to dazzle by wildness and surprise by eccentricity. It was of a higher species of moral beauty. It contained every thing great or elevated, but it had no false and tinsel ornament. It was not the model cried up by fashion and circumstance ; its excellence was adapted to a true and just moral taste, incapable of change from the varying accidents of manners, opinions, and times.

General Washington is not the idol of a day, but the hero of ages. Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted^d

that situation which was preëminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle ; his moderation conciliated every opposition ; his genius supplied every resource ; his enlarged view could plan, devise, and improve every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory ; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported. His conduct was, on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness. Far superior to low and grovelling motives, he seemed ever to be influenced by that ambition which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted ever as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spirit. His excellent mind needed not even the stimulus of ambition, or the prospect of fame. Glory was a secondary consideration. He performed great actions ; he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and the success of his patriotic efforts.

As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiased choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. As he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion, he had neither to contend with the opposition of rivals nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed, so it required no jealous precautions, no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle ; it was beneficent and liberal ; it was wise and just. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic. In voluntarily re-igning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honor, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the state he had contributed to establish the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his

virtues. It is some consolation amidst the violence of ambition and criminal thirst of power, of which so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honorable to admire and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror for the freedom of his country! a legislator for its security! a magistrate for its happiness! His glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues, he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed, that "Nature might have stood up to all the world and owned him as her work." His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of General Washington, which his contemporaries reverence and admire, will be transmitted to posterity; and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished.

CVI.—DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA IN BOSTON HARBOR.

HANSCHOFF.

[GEORGE HANSCHOFF was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1817. In the following year he went to Europe, and remained there about four years, mostly in Germany. For some years after his return, he was employed in the practical duties of a teacher, first in Harvard College, and afterwards as one of the principals of a seminary upon Round Hill, in Northampton. In 1838, he was appointed collector of the port of Boston; and in 1844, he took a seat in the cabinet of President Polk, as secretary of the navy; and resigning that post in 1846, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the court of Great Britain, and continued in that station till 1849. Since that date, he has been a resident of the city of New York.]

His great work, *The History of the United States*, has now reached six volumes, the first having been published in 1834. It is a production of marked and peculiar merit, presenting the results of extensive and elaborate research in a condensed form, and showing an uncommon power of analysis and generalization. His style is vivid, animated, and picturesque; full of point and energy; but somewhat abrupt in its transitions, and rather wanting in simplicity and repose. His speculations are often acute and profound, but they occupy more of his pages than the taste of some of his readers approves; and the dispassionate seeker after truth is occasionally merged in the fervid and eloquent advocate.

The following account of the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor is taken from the sixth volume of his *History*. The revolutionary war, as is well known, grew out of a number of aggressive acts on the part of the mother country, the last of which was an attempt to collect a tax upon tea, which the colonists were resolved to resist. On the 28th day of November, 1773, the ship *Partmouth* appeared in Boston harbor,

with one hundred and fourteen chests of tea. The ship was owned by Mr. Rotch, a Quaker merchant. In a few days after, two more tea ships arrived. They were all put under strict guard by the citizens, acting under the lead of a committee of correspondence, of which Samuel Adams was the controlling spirit. The people of the neighboring towns were organized in a similar manner, and sustained the spirit of Boston. The purpose of the citizens was to have the tea sent back without being landed; but the collector and comptroller refused to give the ships a clearance unless the teas were landed, and Governor Hutchinson also refused his permit, without which they could not pass the Castle. The ships were also liable to seizure, if the teas were not landed on the twentieth day after their arrival. Various attempts were made by the committee of citizens to have the ships sent back, but without success: many town meetings were held, and the public mind became strongly excited. And this was the state of things on the sixteenth day of December, eighteen days after the arrival of the Dartmouth. The narrative thus proceeds.]

THE morning of Thursday, the sixteenth of December, 1773, dawned upon Boston—a day by far the most momentous in its annals. Beware, little town; count the cost, and know well if you dare defy the wrath of Great Britain, and if you love exile, and poverty, and death, rather than submission! At ten o'clock, the people of Boston, with at least two thousand men from the country, assembled in the Old South. A report was made that Rotch had been refused a clearance from the collector. "Then," said they to him, "protest immediately against the custom house, and apply to the governor for his pass, so that your vessel may this very day proceed on her voyage to London."

The governor had stolen away to his country house at Milton. Bidding Rotch make all haste, the meeting adjourned to three in the afternoon. At that hour Rotch had not returned. It was incidentally voted, as other towns had done, to abstain wholly from the use of tea; and every town was advised to appoint its committee of inspection, to prevent the detested tea from coming within any of them. Then, since the governor might refuse his pass, the momentous question recurred, whether it be the sense and determination of this body to abide by their former resolutions with respect to not suffering the tea to be landed. On this question, Samuel Adams and Young* addressed the meeting, which was become far the

* Dr. Thomas Young, a physician, and afterwards an army surgeon, was a zealous patriot, and a leading speaker and writer of the time

most numerous ever held in Boston, embracing seven thousand men. There was among them a patriot of fervent feeling; passionately devoted to the liberty of his country: still young, his eye bright, his cheek glowing with hectic fever. He knew that his strength was ebbing. The work of vindicating American freedom must be done soon, or he will be no party to the great achievement. He rises, but it is to restrain; and being truly brave and truly resolved, he speaks the language of moderation. "Shouts and hosannas will not terminate the trials of this day, nor popular resolves, harangues, and acclamations vanquish our foes. We must be grossly ignorant of the value of the prize for which we contend, of the power combined against us, of the inveterate malice and insatiable revenge which actuate our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosom, if we hope that we shall end this controversy without the sharpest conflicts. Let us consider the issue before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw." Thus spoke the younger Quincy. "Now that the hand is to the plough," said others, "there must be no looking back;" and the whole assembly of seven thousand voted unanimously that the tea should not be landed.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which they met was dimly lighted: when, at a quarter before six, Rotch appeared, and satisfied the people by relating that the governor had refused him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word — "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." On the instant, a shout was heard at the porch: the war whoop resounded; a body of men, forty or fifty in number, disguised as Indians, passed by the door, and encouraged by Samuel Adams, Hancock, and others, repaired to Griffin's Wharf, posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of the three tea ships, and in about three hours, three hundred and forty chests of tea, being the whole quantity that had been imported, were

emptied into the bay, without the least injury to other property. "All things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to government." The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea chests was distinctly heard. A delay of a few hours would have placed the tea under the protection of the admiral at the Castle. After the work was done, the town became as still and calm as if it had been holy time. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

CVII.—THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

LONGFELLOW.

* * * *

ALL is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide
With ceaseless flow
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,

Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea.

* * * *

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand ;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see ! she stirs !
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
“ Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray ;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms.”

How beautiful she is ! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care !
Sail forth into the sea, O ship !
Through wind and wave, right onward steer !
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be !
For gentleness, and love, and trust,
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;
And in the wreck of noble lives,
Something immortal still survives !

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock ;
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea :
Our hearts, our hope, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee — are all with thee.

CVIII. — SPEECH OF ULYSSES.

SHAKESPEARE.

[This speech of Ulysses is from the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, in which the incidents and characters are taken from, or suggested by, the *Iliad* of Homer: and it is one of the triumphs of Shakspeare's unequalled genius, that he has treated so familiar a subject in a manner so original. The character of Ulysses, especially, is drawn with great skill and power.

In the play, as in Homer's epic, Achilles is represented as having, from a quarrel with Agamemnon, withdrawn from all coöperation with the army, and as living in sulky solitude among his own troops. The object of the other leaders is to induce him to join them and act with them once more. Ulysses instructs the generals and officers to pass Achilles by without any notice. Achilles is naturally chafed at this neglect, and when Ulysses appears, the latter skilfully induces him to remark upon it. He then addresses this speech to Achilles, as if it were the immediate suggestion of the moment. The young reader will notice how adroitly this is managed. Ulysses has to deal with a haughty and undisciplined spirit, who would have been only confirmed in his wrong course by any thing like a scolding or a lecture; but the shrewd speaker contrives to administer the lesson without wounding the self-love of the pupil. How admirably, too, those arguments and considerations are pressed upon Achilles which would be most likely to influence an ambitious young man, with whom love of glory was the ruling passion!

Shakspeare stands alone in the variety and comprehensiveness of his powers. He is like four or five men of the highest class of genius blended into one. He had the imagination of Milton and the philosophical glance of Bacon; he was as great an orator as Demosthenes, and as wise as Franklin.]

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes;
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright. To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;

Or, like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on. Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours;
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin * —
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt † o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object.

CIX.—THE WORTH OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

EVERETT.

BUT I am met with the great objection, What good will the monument do? I beg leave to exercise my birthright as a Yankee, and answer this question by asking two or three more, to which, I believe, it will be quite as difficult to furnish a satisfactory reply. I am asked, What good will the monument do? and I ask, What good does any thing do? What is good? Does any thing do any good? The persons who suggest this objection of course think that there are some projects

* That is, all mankind agree in this one natural trait.

† Gilt here means gold.

and undertakings that do good ; and I should therefore like to have the idea of *good* explained, and analyzed, and run out to its elements. When this is done, if I do not demonstrate, in about two minutes, that the monument does the same kind of good that any thing else does, I will consent that the huge blocks of granite, already laid, should be reduced to gravel, and carted off to fill up the mill pond ; for that, I suppose, is one of the good things.

Does a railroad or canal do good ? Answer, Yes. And how ? It facilitates intercourse, opens markets, and increases the wealth of the country. But what is this good for ? Why, individuals prosper and get rich. And what good does that do ? Is mere wealth, as an ultimate end, — gold and silver, without an inquiry as to their use, — are these a good ? Certainly not. I should insult this audience by attempting to prove that a rich man, as such, is neither better nor happier than a poor one. But as men grow rich, they live better. Is there any good in this, stopping here ? Is mere animal life — feeding, working, and sleeping like an ox — entitled to be called good ? Certainly not. But these improvements increase the population. And what good does that do ? Where is the good in counting twelve millions instead of six, of mere feeding, working, sleeping animals ? There is then no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence, which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience ; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions (and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good) which flow from them.

Now, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments, sentiments which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country, — feelings like those which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle field, — are good ; good, humanly speaking, of the highest order. It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them ; and whatever tends to animate and strengthen such feelings does as much right

down, practical good, as filling up low grounds and building railroads. This is my demonstration. I wish not to be misunderstood. I admit the connection between enterprises which promote the physical prosperity of the country, and its intellectual and moral improvement; but I maintain that it is only this connection that gives these enterprises all their value; and that the same connection gives a like value to every thing else which, through the channel of the senses, the taste, or the imagination, warms and elevates the heart.

CX.—AUTUMN LESSONS.

GREENWOOD.

[FRANCIS WILLIAM RYTT GREENWOOD was born in Boston, February 5, 1797, was graduated at Harvard College in 1814, and settled in 1818 as pastor over the New South Church, in Boston. But he was soon obliged to leave this post of duty, on account of his failing health. In 1824, he was settled as colleague to the late Mr. Freeman over the church worshipping in King's Chapel. He died August 2, 1843. He was a man of rare purity of life, who preached the gospel by his works as well as his words. His manner in the pulpit was simple, impressive, and winning; and his sermons were deeply imbued with true religious feeling. His style was beautifully transparent and graceful, revealing a poetical imagination under the control of a pure taste. He was a frequent contributor to the *North American Review* and the *Christian Examiner*, and for a time was one of the editors of the latter periodical. A selection from his sermons, with an introductory memoir, was published after his death; and a volume had appeared during his lifetime, under the title of *Sermons of Consolation*.

Dr. Greenwood had considerable knowledge of natural history, and was an accurate observer of nature, with remarkable powers of description. Some of his lighter productions, contributed to the gift annuals of the day, have great merit as vivid and picturesque delineations of natural scenes and objects. The following extract is from one of his sermons.]

THE feelings excited by the autumnal season are unvaried; but they are so true, so deep, so near to the fountains of our life, that they are always fresh, always powerful. Time after time we may go into the autumnal woods, and while the yellow leaves fall slowly down, and touch the earth with a sound so soft that it is almost silence, the self-same thoughts shall be suggested to us, and yet without appearing hackneyed or old. They shall be as affecting the last time as the first. They

shall even, like the words of fine poetry, or of ancient prayer, endear themselves by repetition. Are they not poetry? Are they not prayer? When nature and the heart converse together, they converse like old friends, on familiar and domestic things, on truths which cannot lose their interest—the common but eternal truths of mortality.

So complete is the system that runs through the visible universe, that there are evident analogies and sympathies between our mortal condition and the condition of all outward things. These analogies and sympathies are the same in every age. They are observed, felt, uttered in every age. The utterance of them is transmitted from mouth to mouth. They often arise to the same heart and the same lips; but man cannot weary of the final truths of his mortal condition. They are his poetry, his prayer; his poetry while they rest in the present world; and his prayer when they are united with the future and with God.

And what are the suggestions of autumn? What do we think, and what do we say, when we behold the leaves falling, the grass withering, and the flower fading? The peasant, as he pauses in his toil; the cottage dame, as she sits at her door; the man of business, when he quits the paved and crowded streets; the young as well as the old; ay, and the giddy and gay as well as the serious,—all express essentially the same sentiment which poets express, and which the prophet proclaimed, and the apostle repeated, long centuries ago. “All flesh is grass,” said the prophet, “and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field.” “For all flesh is as grass,” repeats the apostle, “and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.” That is the moral which never tires. That is the feeling which is as old as the time when the first leaf fell dry and shrivelled at the feet of the first man, and as recent as the present season of decadence and death.

The conviction that all the goodness of man’s mortal frame, that all the glory of man’s earthly prospects, hopes, and plans, is the beauty of withering even, and the array of perishing

flowers, is borne to all hearts by the sighing winds of autumn. O bond unbroken between Nature's frailest children and ourselves! Who is not conscious of its reality and its force? O primitive brotherhood between herbs and blossoms and the sons of men; between the green things which spring up and then wither, and the bright things which unfold and then fade; between these and countenances which bloom and then change, eyes which sparkle and then are quenched, breathing and blessed forms which appear in loveliness and then are gone! Who does not acknowledge its claims of kindred? "Surely the people is grass;" surely there is no more stability in the strongest of mankind than in "the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

Go into the fields and woods, when "the wind of the Lord" has blown upon them; when the blasts and the frosts of autumn have been dealing with them. A change has passed over every thing, from the loftiest and broadest tree of the forest down to the little wild plants at its roots. Winged seeds are borne about by the fitful gusts. Leaves descend in dark showers. Dry and bare stems and stalks hoarsely rattle against each other, the skeletons of what they were. You cannot raise your eyes but you look upon the dying; you cannot move but you step upon the dead. Leaves and flowers are returning to the dust; can you forbear thinking that in this universal destiny they are like yourself? Dust *thou* art, and unto dust thou shalt return. Can you forbear thinking that the successive generations of men, like the successive generations of leaves and flowers, have been cut off by the death frost, and mingled with common earth?

And are not individual names whispered to your memory by the dying fragrance and the rustling sounds—names of those who flourished, faded, and fell in your sight? Perhaps you think of the fair infant, who, like the last tender leaf put forth by a plant, was not spared for its tenderness, but compelled to drop like the rest. Perhaps your thoughts dwell on young man who, full of vigor and hope, verdant in fresh

affections, generous purposes, and high promise, and bearing to you some name which means more to the heart than to the ear, — friend, brother, son, husband, — was chilled in a night, and fell from the tree of life. Or perhaps there rises up before you the form of the maiden, delicate as the flower, and as fragile also, who was breathed upon by that mysterious wind, lost the hues of health, and though nursed and watched with unremitting care, could not be preserved, but faded away.

You are not alone in the brown woods, though no living being is near you. Thin and dim shades come round you, stand with you among the withered grass, walk with you in the leaf-strewn path. Forms of the loved, shades of the lost, mind-created images of those who have taken their place with the leaves and flowers of the past summer, — they speak not, they make no sound; but how surely do they bear witness to the words of the prophet and the apostle, till you hear their burden in every breeze, the spontaneous dirge of nature! “The grass withereth, the flower fadeth,” is the annually repeated strain from the fields and woods, and man’s heart replies, “All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.” The listening Psalmist heard the same theme and the same response; and he, too, has repeated and recorded them. “As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.”

CXI. — THE BLIND PREACHER.

KOSEGARTEN.

[L. T. KOSEGARTEN (born 1758, died 1818) was a German poet and man of letters. He was a clergyman, and professor of history at one of the universities of Germany. The translation is by Rev. C. T. BROOKS, of Newport, R. I.]

BLIND with old age, the venerable Bedé
Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish forth
The news from heaven — the tidings of great joy.

From town to town,—through all the villages,—
With trusty guidance, roamed the aged saint,
And preached the word with all the fire of youth.

One day, his boy had led him to a vale
That lay all thickly sowed with mighty rocks.
In mischief, more than malice, spake the boy :
“Most reverend father, there are many men
Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice.”
The blind old man, so bowed, straightway rose up,
Chose him his text, expounded, then applied ;
Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted,
So fervently, that soon the gushing tears
Streamed thick and fast down to his hoary beard.

When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,
He prayed, “Our Father,” and pronounced aloud,
“Thine is the kingdom and the power, thine
The glory now, and through eternity,”
At once there rang, through all that echoing vale,
A sound of many voices, crying,
“Amen ! most reverend sire, Amen ! Amen !”

Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy
Knelt down before the saint, and owned his sin ;
“Son,” said the old man, “hast thou, then, ne’er read,
‘When men are dumb, the stones shall cry aloud’ ?—
Henceforward, mock not, son, the word of God !
Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,
Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart
Of flesh grows hard and stubborn like the stone,
A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves.”

CXII. — THE ROMAN EMPIRE A PREPARATION FOR CHRISTIANITY.

WATLAND.

[FRANCIS WATLAND was born in the city of New York, March 11, 1796, and was graduated at Union College in 1812. In 1821 he was settled over the First Baptist Church in Boston, was elected president of Brown University, in Rhode Island, in 1827, and held that office till the present year, (1855.) He has published various sermons, a treatise on Political Economy, the Elements of Moral Science, and several occasional discourses. He has a vigorous and logical mind, and writes with clearness and energy. He has a wide range and strong grasp of thought, and a power both of intellectual construction and analysis. His deep religious convictions, and his sensibility to moral beauty, save his writings from the dryness which is apt to characterize the productions of minds of so much logical acuteness.

The following extract is from one of his sermons.]

ONE other condition remains yet to be observed. You well know that the nations inhabiting the shores of the Mediterranean were originally distinct in government, dissimilar in origin, diverse in laws, habits, and usages, and almost perpetually at war. To pass from one to the other without incurring the risk of injury, nay, even of being sold into slavery, was almost impossible. A stranger and an enemy were designated by the same word. Beginning with Spain, and passing through Gaul, Germany, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and Carthage, until you arrive again at the Pillars of Hercules, every state was most commonly the enemy of every other. It was necessary that those various peoples should all be moulded by the same pressure into one common form; that one system of laws should bind them all in harmony; and that, under one common protection, a citizen might be able to pass through all of them in security. This seems to have been needful in order that the new religion might be rapidly and extensively promulgated.

In order to accomplish this purpose, as I suppose, was the Roman empire raised up, and intrusted with the sceptre of universal dominion. Commencing with a feeble colony on the banks of the Tiber, she gradually, by conquest and conciliation, incorporated with herself the many warlike tribes of ancient

Italy. In her very youth, after a death struggle of more than a century, she laid Carthage, the former mistress of the Mediterranean, lifeless at her feet. From this era she paused not a moment in her career of universal conquest. Nation after nation submitted to her sway. Army after army was scattered before her legions, like the dust of the summer threshing floor. Her proconsuls sat enthroned in regal state in every city of the civilized world; and the barbarian mother, clasping her infant to her bosom, fled to the remotest fastnesses of the wilderness when she saw, far off in the distance, the sunbeams glittering upon the eagles of the republic.

Far different, however, were the victories of Rome from those of Alexander. The Macedonian soldier thought mainly of battles and sieges, the clash of onset, the flight of satraps, and the subjugation of kings. He overran; the Romans always conquered. Every vanquished nation became, in turn, a part of the Roman empire. A large portion of every conquered people was admitted to the rights of citizenship. The laws of the republic threw over the conquered the shield of her protection. Rome may, it is true, have oppressed them; but then she delivered them from the capricious and more intolerable oppression of their native rulers. Hence her conquests really marked the progress of civilization, and extended in all directions the limits of universal brotherhood.

The Roman citizen was free of the civilized world; every where he might appeal to her laws, and repose in security under the shadow of her universal power. Thus the declaration, "Ye have beaten us openly, and uncondemned, being Romans," brought the magistrates of Philippi suppliant at the feet of the apostle Paul; his question, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?" palsied the hands of the lictors at Jerusalem; and the simple words, "I appeal unto Caesar," removed his cause from the jurisdiction even of the proconsul at Cæsarea, and carried it at once into the presence of the emperor. You cannot but perceive that this universal domination of a single civilized power

must have presented great facilities for the promulgation of the gospel. In many respects, it resembled the dominion of Great Britain at the present day in Asia. Wherever her red cross floats, there the liberty of man is, to a great extent, protected by the constitution of the realm. Whatever be the complexion or the language of the nations that take refuge beneath its folds, they look up to it every where, and bid defiance to every other despotism.

CXL.—THE DUTY OF LABOR.

DEWEY.

FORVILLE DEWEY was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, in 1794, and was graduated at Williams College in 1814. He was for many years settled over a church in New Bedford, and subsequently over one in New York; but at the present time (1855) he is not connected with any religious society. He has published several volumes of sermons, some occasional discourses, and a journal of travels in Europe.

Dr. Dewey is an original and suggestive thinker. He combines the power of dealing adequately with the highest themes connected with man's spiritual nature and destiny with that of enforcing the practical duties of life in the most pungent and powerful manner. His style is finished and natural, glowing at times with high imaginative beauty, and winning its way to the heart by touches of deep and simple pathos. He is a most earnest and persuasive preacher; and his sermons, whether heard or read, take strong hold upon the mind. The following extract is from a sermon on the passion for a fortune.]

SUCH, I repeat, is the world, and such is man. The earth he stands upon, and the air he breathes, are, so far as his improvement is concerned, but elements to be wrought by him to certain purposes. If he stood on earth passively and unconscious, imbibing the dew and sap, and spreading his arms to the light and air, he would be but a tree. If he grew up capable neither of purpose nor of improvement, with no guidance but instinct, and no powers but those of digestion and locomotion, he would be but an animal. But he is more than this; he is a man; he is made to improve; he is made, therefore, to think, to act, to work. Labor is his great function, his peculiar distinction, his privilege. Can he not think so? Can he not see, that from being an animal, to eat, and drink, and

sleep, to become a worker, — to put forth the hand of ingenuity, and to pour his own thought into the moulds of nature, fashioning them into forms of grace and fabrics of convenience, and converting them to purposes of improvement and happiness, — can he not see, I repeat, that this is the greatest possible step in privilege?

Labor, I say, is man's great function. The earth and the atmosphere are his laboratory. With spade and plough, with mining shafts and furnaces and forges, with fire and steam, amidst the noise and whirl of swift and bright machinery, and abroad in the silent fields, beneath the roofing sky, man was made to be ever working, ever experimenting. And while he, and all his dwellings of care and toil, are borne onward with the circling skies, and the shows of heaven are around him, and their infinite depths image and invite his thought, still in all the worlds of philosophy, in the universe of intellect, man must be a worker. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, fulfil nothing, without working.

Not only can he gain no lofty improvement without this, but without it he can gain no tolerable happiness. So that he who gives himself up to utter indolence finds it too hard for him, and is obliged in self-defence, unless he be an idiot, to do something. The miserable victims of idleness and ennui, driven at last from their chosen resort, are compelled to work, to do something; yes, to employ their wretched and worthless lives in — “killing time.” They must hunt down the hours as their prey. Yes, time, that mere abstraction, that sinks light as the air upon the eyelids of the busy and the weary, to the idle is an enemy, clothed with gigantic armor; and they must kill it, or themselves die. They cannot live in mere idleness; and all the difference between them and others is, that they employ their activity to no useful end. They find, indeed, that the hardest work in the world is, to do nothing!

CXIV.—"THE WORLD IS BRIGHT BEFORE THEE."

HALLECK.

[FITZGERIENE HALLECK was born in Guilford, Connecticut, in August, 1795. He first became known as a poet by his share in a series of graceful and humorous pieces which appeared in the New York Evening Post, under the signature of "Croaker & Co.," and were the joint productions of himself and his friend Joseph Rodman Drake. In 1813 appeared *Fanny*, a light and airy sketch of city life and manners, without the author's name, but universally ascribed to Mr. Halleck, and at length acknowledged by him. In 1827, after a visit to Europe, he published a small volume, called *Alnwick Castle and other Poems*, portions of which had appeared before in a fugitive form. In this volume are found his spirited and stirring stanzas on *Marco Bozzaris*, which have been so universally read and admired. Mr. Halleck has written very little, but that little is of great excellence. His poetry is polished and graceful, and finished with great care, under the guidance of a most fastidious taste. A vein of sweet and delicate sentiment runs through all his serious productions, and he combines with this a power of humor of the most refined and exquisite cast. He has the art of passing from grave to gay, or the reverse, by the most skilful and happily-managed transitions.]

The world is bright before thee ;

Its summer flowers are thine ;

Its calm, blue sky is o'er thee,

Thy bosom pleasure's shrine ;

And thine the sunbeam given

To nature's morning hour,

Pure, warm, as when from heaven

It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,

The death dirge of the gay,

That tells, ere dawn of morrow,

These charms may melt away —

That sun's bright beam be shaded,

That sky be blue no more,

The summer flowers be faded,

And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not ; though lonely

Thy evening home may be ;

Though beauty's bark can only

Float on a summer sea,

Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
 There's still, beyond his art,
 The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
 The sunbeam of the heart.

CXV. — THE GATHERING OF THE FAIRIES.

DRAKE.

[JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born in the city of New York, August 7, 1795, and died in September, 1820. He wrote *The Culprit Fay*, a poem in which the characters and incidents of fairy mythology are transferred to our own soil. It shows a playful and creative fancy, and a fine ear for the music of verse. Dr. Drake (he was a physician by profession) also wrote some smaller pieces; among them, some spirited and well-known stanzas to the American flag. The following extract is from the opening of *The Culprit Fay*.]

'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night —
 The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
 Nought is seen in the vault on high
 But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
 And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
 A river of light, on the welkin blue.
 The moon looks down on old Cro'nest; *
 She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw,
 In a silver cone, on the wave below.
 His sides are broken by spots of shade,
 By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
 And through their clustering branches dark
 Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark —
 Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
 Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,

* A hill on the North River.

A burnished length of wavy beam,
In an eel-like, spiral line below ;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And nought is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell :
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well ;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elfe
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry ;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell,) —
" Midnight comes, and all is well !
Hither, hither, wing your way !
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen ;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees.
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze ;
Some from the humbird's downy nest —
They had driven him out by elin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,

Hadeslumbered there till the charmed hour ;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering ising-stars * inlaid ;
 And some had opened the four o'clock,
 And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
 Above — below — on every side,
 Their little minim forms arrayed
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride.

CXVI.—BURKE'S KNOWLEDGE OF INDIA.

MACAULAY.

[This beautiful and picturesque passage is from a review of Gleig's *Life of Warren Hastings*, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1841, and is one of Macaulay's most brilliant and elaborate papers. His remarks on the rare combination of qualities in Burke's mind are as true as they are fine. Macaulay himself lived four years in India, and thus was enabled to color his picture with hues drawn from his own memory. The young reader will notice what rhetorical effect is gained by the enumeration of particulars in speaking of Burke's knowledge of India. This is a great art in rhetoric. The strongest statement, in general terms, that Burke thoroughly understood India, would be nothing, in point of energy, to the accumulated and multiplied impression made by all these little details coming one after the other.]

His knowledge of India was such as few, even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country, have attained, and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East, with an industry such as is seldom found united with so much genius and so much sensibility: Others have perhaps been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials. But the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian

* This expression must mean the bits of mica found in the crevices of rocks.

information, which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once poetical and philosophical, found something to instruct or delight. His reason analyzed and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination animated and colored them. Out of darkness, and dulness, and confusion, he formed a multitude of ingenious theories and vivid pictures.

He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. India and its habitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and cocoa tree, the rice field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the imaan prays with his face to Mecca, the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river's side, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady,—all these were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield* and St. James's Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns to the wild moor where the gypsy camp was pitched, from the bazaar, humming like a beehive with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Numeonaras of the execution of Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London.

* The name of Burke's estate.

CXVII.—SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

AN ENGLISH PICTURE.—*Tennyson.*

NOT wholly in the busy world, nor quite
 Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.
 News from the humming city comes to it
 In sound of funeral or of marriage bells.
 And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear
 The windy clanging of the minster clock ;
 Although between it and the garden lies
 A league of grass, washed by a slow, broad stream,
 That, stirred with languid pulses of the oar,
 Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
 Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
 Crowned with the minster towers.

MAN CARED FOR BY ANGELS.—*Spenser.*

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is: else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts. But O, the exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
 To come to succor us that succor want !
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The fleeting skies, like flying pursuivant
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;

And all for love, and nothing for reward.
O, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

INGRATITUDE.—*Shakspeare.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky;
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy tooth is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

FABLE.—*Schiller, translated by Coleridge.*

For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace;
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
And spirits, and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths,—all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason.
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.—*Coleridge.*

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
 Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
 It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
 If any man obtain that which he merits,
 Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear friend; renounce this canting strain.
 What would'st thou have a good great man obtain?
 Place, titles, salary, a gilded chain—
 Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?
 Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
 The good great man; three treasures—love, and light,
 And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.* —*Byron.*

I see before me the gladiator lie;
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who
 won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,

* A celebrated marble statue in the Capitol at Rome.

But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play;
 There was their Dacian mother — he, ~~their sire,~~
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday:
 All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

NIGHT. — *J. Blanco White.*

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
 Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus, with the host of heaven came:
 And lo! creation widened in man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
 While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
 Why do we then shun death, with anxious strife?
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD. — *Ben Jonson.*

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
 I thought to form unto my zealous muse
 What kind of creature I could most desire
 To honor, serve, and love; as poets use.
 I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
 Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
 I meant the daystar should not brighter rise,
 Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat;
 I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
 Hating that solemn vice of greatness — pride;

I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her : that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she.

WOODS IN MAINE. — *Emerson.*

In unploughed Maine he sought the lumberer's gang,
Where from a hundred lakes young rivers sprang ;
He trod the unplanted forest floor, whereon
The all-seeing sun for ages hath not shone ;
Where feeds the moose and walks the surly bear,
And up the tall mast runs the woodpecker.
He heard when in the grove at intervals,
With sudden roar, the aged pine tree falls —
One crash, the death hymn of the perfect tree,
Declares the close of its green century.
Low lies the plant to whose creation went
Sweet influence from every element ;
Whose living towers the years conspired to build,
Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild.

MUSIC OF NATURE. — *Coleridge.*

Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled ;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute, still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument.

CXVIII.—TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

MACAULAY.

[This description of the trial of Warren Hastings is from the review of Gleig's *Life of Hastings*. He was governor general of India from 1774 to 1785; and on his return to England was impeached by the House of Commons, and tried by the House of Lords, for numerous acts of injustice and oppression. The trial began in 1788 and dragged on its slow length till 1795, when he was finally acquitted. The judgments of men entitled to respect are still divided as to the amount of blame to be attached to Hastings. He was a man of great abilities, but there can be no doubt that he was often unscrupulous in his conduct, and cruel in his government. He constantly acted upon the dangerous doctrine, that a good end justifies the use of any means to attain it. He was nearly ruined by the expenses of his trial, which are said to have amounted to nearly four hundred thousand dollars.]

THE place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus;* the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings; the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party, inflamed with just resentment: the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice, with the placid courage that has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under garter king-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the upper house, as the upper house then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Elliott, Lord Heathfield, recently enrolled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and the sons of the king.

* Westminster Hall was built by William Rufus, for a banqueting hall.

Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing.*

The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman empire* thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate that still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest scholar and the greatest painter of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr† to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her‡ to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she,§ the

* Gibbon.

† Samuel Parr, a clergyman and man of learning, but hardly the "greatest scholar of the age."

‡ Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom the Prince of Wales was supposed to have secretly married.

§ The first wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a woman remarkable for beauty and musical genius, whom Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted as St. Cecilia.

beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the St. Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montagne. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene,—such was the aspect with which the great protonotary presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him; men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession—the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards chief justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards chief justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who, nearly twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became vice-chancellor and master of the rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as his accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables

for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the lower house, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides.* There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every other orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverently fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit—the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three, he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen

* Hyperides was an Athenian orator and statesman, contemporary with Demosthenes, whose genius and private life are supposed to have some resemblance to those of Sheridan.

who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone — culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age, which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles, Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.*

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been, by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation to the amiable poet.

On the third day, Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly-raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company, and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings, as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile chancellor,† and, for a moment, seemed to pierce the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence,

* Charles, Earl Grey, an eminent English statesman, was living when this article was written, but has since died.

† Lord Thurlow, a stern, rough man, and friendly to Hastings.

excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling bottles were handed round; hysterical cries and sobs were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice, till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honors he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

CXIX.—THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, a much-admired living poet of England, was born about the year 1810. He has published two volumes of miscellaneous poetry; also *The Princess*, a narrative in blank verse; a volume called *In Memoriam*, containing a succession of poems called forth by the death of a dear friend; and *Maud*, in which an unhappy love story is told in a broken and fragmentary way.

He is a man of rare and fine genius, whose poetry is addressed to refined, cultivated, and intellectual minds. The music of his verse is exquisite, and he has a rich and delicate taste in the use of language. He is a poet of poets; and, in general, is only fully appreciated by those who have something of the poetical faculty themselves. He is also more valued by women than by men, and by young men than by old. He is evidently a man of the finest and most sensitive organization, and his poetry is of the most intense and ethereal cast; such as fairies might write, if they wrote at all. He has an uncommon power of presenting pictures to the eye, and often in a very few words. His pages are crowded with subjects for the artist. A portion of what he has written is rather remote from the beaten track of human sympathies and feelings; but that he has the power of writing popular poetry is shown by his well-known *May Queen*.

His volume called *In Memoriam* is a very remarkable book. It is a collection of one hundred and twenty-nine short poems, written in a peculiar and uniform metre, which were called forth by the early death of Arthur Henry Hallam, the eldest son of the historian, the intimate friend of Tennyson, and a young man of rare excellence of mind and character. Such a book will not be welcome to all minds, nor to any mind at all periods and in all moods; but it contains some of the most exquisite poetry which has been written in our times, and some of the deepest and sweetest effusions of feeling to be found any where.

The incident on which the following ballad is founded is said to have actually occurred in the history of a noble English family. It is one of the most pleasing, but not one of the most striking and characteristic of his poems. To comprehend his peculiar genius, one should read *The Lotus Eaters*, *Ulysses*, *Locksley Hall*, and *The Two Voices*.]

IN her ear he whispers gayly, "
"If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter,
"There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
Presses his, without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father's roof.
"I can make no marriage present;
Little can I give my wife;
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life."
They, by parks and lodges going,
See the lordly castles stand;
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses,
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes, by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers:

Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and ordered gardens great;
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer;
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage, growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O, but she will love him truly;
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns,
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns, —
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before;
Many a gallant, gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with foot-step firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round, and kindly,
“All of this is mine and thine.”
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face, from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.

Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove ;
But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirit sank ;
Shaped her heart, with woman's meekness,
To all duties of her rank :
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such,
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born. " "
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmured, " O, that he
Were once more that landscape painter,
Which did win my heart from me ! " "
So she drooped, and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side ;
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh House, by Stamford town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her and said,
" Bring the dress, and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed. " "
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, dressed
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

CXX. — DIALOGUE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA.

CERVANTES.

[MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA was born in a small town near Madrid, in Spain, in October, 1547, and died in April, 1623. His life was one of poverty and suffering. He lost the use of his left hand in the great naval battle of Lepanto, fought against the Turks in 1571, and was for five years a slave in Algiers. He wrote many works; but that by which he is best known is his immortal romance of *Don Quixote*; almost the only book of Spanish origin which is universally read and admired, and to which allusions may be freely made, in any literature, with the perfect useance of their being comprehended.]

As is well known, the principal character, *Don Quixote*, is a Spanish gentleman, whose head has been turned by reading romances of chivalry, and who, under the impulse of this delusion, sallies forth upon a tour of knight errantry. The humor of the work — besides the ridiculous adventures into which the knight is led — rests upon the contrast between the hero and his squire, *Sancho Panza*, a simple and prosaic peasant, who cannot comprehend his master's vagaries, and who has himself a vein of shrewd mother wit and native humor running through his mind. Besides its infinite wit, *Don Quixote* is full of good sense and practical wisdom, and abounds with passages of beautiful description, rich poetry, and high eloquence, and is written in a style of matchless excellence. Cervantes shows an admirable judgment in this respect; though *Don Quixote* is constantly falling into the most ludicrous mishaps, — though he is beaten, baffled, and mocked at, — yet such is his nobleness of nature, so lofty are his sentiments, so high is his courage, and so pure his disinterestedness, that we never lose our respect for him. Though often made ridiculous, he never becomes contemptible.

Don Quixote has been often translated into English, but never so well as it deserves. The following version, which has never before appeared in print, is by Mr. Ticknor, the author of the *History of Spanish Literature*, from which an extract is found on the two hundred and ninety-third page. *Don Quixote* has always promised *Sancho Panza* that if he served him faithfully he should be rewarded with the government of an island, as was often the case with the squires of knights errant in the romances of chivalry. They fall in with a powerful Spanish nobleman, who, to carry on the joke, actually does intrust *Sancho* with the government of a town, making him believe that it is an island. This dialogue is the conclusion of a conversation in which *Don Quixote* has been endeavoring to instruct his squire in the principles on which his trust should be administered.]

“*Sir*,” answered *Sancho*, “I see, indeed, that all the things you have told me are good, pious, and profitable; but of what use will they all be if I don’t remember one of them? Very likely all that you said about not letting my nails grow too long, and marring again if I get a chance, I shall not forget; but for all the rest of that stew, and gallimaufry, and medley, I shan’t remember any more about it than about last year’s

clouds. So you must give it to me written down; for supposing I can't read or write, I can give it to my confessor, and he may pack it into me, and remind me of it whenever I need it."

"Ah, sinner that I am," answered Don Quixote, "what a sorry look it has in governors, not to be able to read and write! For you must know, Sancha, that for a man not to know how to read, or to be left-handed, argues one of two things; either that he was born of very low and vulgar parents, or else that he himself was so ill conditioned and perverse that he could neither be taught good manners nor good learning. This indeed is a great deficiency in you, and I wish you could at least learn to sign your name."

"But I do know how to sign my name; for when I was head of a brotherhood in my village, I learned to make letters, such as they put on bundles, and this they said was my name; and besides, I will pretend that my right hand is lame, and make somebody else sign for me, for there is a remedy for every thing but death; and now I have the rule and the rod in my own hands, I will do as I like, for he whose father is a judge needn't be afraid of a trial; and since I am governor, — which is more than being a judge, — let them look to it. They may fight and backbite, but if they come for wool, they shall go back shorn." When Heaven means well with a man, all the house knows it, and a rich man's follies go for wisdom in this world; and as I am rich, being a governor, and generous too, as I mean to be, nobody will see any faults in me. Cover yourself with honey, and you will have plenty of flies. A man is worth just as much as he has got, my grandmother used to say, and you'll never be avenged of a man of substance."

"Confound you and your proverbs!" said Don Quixote, interrupting him. "Here you have been stringing them together for an hour, and putting me to the torture with every one of them. These proverbs, I assure you, will some day bring you to the gallows. Your subjects will depose you, or

at least rebel ; and tell me, blockhead, where do you find such proverbs, or how in your stupidity you apply them ; for I work as if I were digging to find only one, and apply it properly."

"Why, 'fore Heaven, master mine," quoth Sancho, "your worship is offended with a very small matter this time. Nobody can be the worse for my using my own estate, and I have no other, nor any goods either, except proverbs, and more proverbs. Why, now this minute four have popped up to my lips, as pat to the purpose as pears to a paunier. But they shan't come out, not they ; I'll be silent, and be called Gravity."

"No you won't, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; "you can't hold your tongue — you're always talking amiss and getting into scrapes. However, I should just like to know what these four mighty pat proverbs are, that you have thought of ; for I have a good memory myself, and cannot remember a single one."

"Why, what better could there be ?" said Sancho — "Never trust your thumb between another man's grinders ; and when a man says, 'Get out of my house ; what's my wife to you ?' there is no answering that man ; and whether the jug hits the stone, or the stone the jug, it's a bad thing for the jug. Now, all these fit like a glove. For no one should take it upon himself to be free with his governor, or with any body above him, for if he does he'll suffer for it ; as he will who puts his finger between two grinders, and even if they ain't grinders, if they are double teeth, it's all the same. Then, again, there is no use in answering the governor, whatever he may say, any more than a man who says, 'Get out of my house ; what's my wife to you ?' And then as to the stone hitting the jug, a blind man can see through that. And so I say, he that spies a mote in his neighbor's eye had better look to the beam in his own, so that nobody may say, the dead body was frightened at the man without a lead. Then, too, your wor-

ship won't deny that the fool knows more in his own house than a wise man does in a stranger's."

"Yes I will, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "for a fool knows nothing in his own house, nor in any body's else. No safe building of knowledge can rest on the foundations of folly. But let us say no more about the matter, Sancho; for, after all, if you govern badly, the fault will be yours, but the disgrace will be mine. However, I console myself with the thought that I have truly done my duty by you, and counselled you to the best of my judgment; and so I acquit myself of my obligation and promise. God guide you, Sancho, and govern you in your government, and relieve me from the scruple of conscience that sticks to me, that you will turn your whole island upside down — a thing which I could prevent by explaining to the duke what you are, and telling him plainly that this little, round, fat body of yours is nothing but a sack full of proverbs and mischief."

"Nay, sir," quoth Sancho, "if your worship does not think me the man for this government, I give it up at once; for I'm sure the paring of one of my soul's nails is dearer to me than my whole body. I hope I can live plain, dry Sancho, on bread and onions, as well as Governor Sancho on partridges and capons; for when we are asleep we are all alike, high and low, poor and rich. Then, if your worship will only recollect, you will remember that it was all your worship that put me upon this notion of a government, for I know no more about governing islands than a buzzard. And if it is really likely that the evil one will get me if I am a governor, why, there is an end of the matter; for I'd much rather be plain Sancho, and go to heaven, than be governor, and go to the other place."

"Thank Heaven, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "your last words show, in my opinion, that you deserve to be governor of a thousand islands. You have a good heart, without which all the knowledge in the world is nothing worth. Commend

yourself to God, hold fast your integrity, strive always — I mean with intent and firm effort — to do the best you can, whatever happens ; for Heaven always favors good purposes. And now let us to dinner, for their graces must be waiting for us."

CXXI. — THE SEA SHORE.

CRABBE.

[GEORGE CRABBE was born at Aldborough, in the county of Suffolk, England, December 24, 1754, and died February 8, 1832. He was a clergyman of the church of England. In early manhood he was rescued from poverty and despair, and his future fortunes secured, by the generous kindness of Edmund Burke. His poetical works, consisting of tales and sketches, in the heroic stanza, were published after his death, in eight small volumes; the first containing a well-written memoir by one of his sons.

Crabbe was a writer of truly original genius. His poetry is remarkable for simplicity, energy, pathos, and stern truth. He describes men and manners as they are, and does not paint them in hues borrowed from the imagination. The sufferings, the temptations, and the virtues of the poor have found in him a faithful chronicler. His pictures are sometimes a little repulsive from their sharp and severe truth ; since the very form of verse seems to require something of idealizing light. His poetry is less popular with the young than with those who have lived long enough to appreciate its fidelity to nature and its sad sincerity.

This description of the ocean is from *The Borough*, a poem delineating the scenes and characters of a seaport town in England. As a literary exercise, it may be compared with Byron's well-known and magnificent stanzas, inspired by the same subject, at the close of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. It is hardly possible for two poetical pictures of the same object to be more unlike. Byron's is of "imagination all compact." His lines are a series of grand generalizations, and transcripts of the emotions which the sight of the ocean awakens in minds of poetical sensibility. Crabbe's verses are a minutely accurate daguerreotype of the actual scene, in which every thing is reproduced with perfect fidelity ; but the poet himself seems to stand aside, and merely acts the part of one who explains the successive scenes of a panorama.]

TURN to the watery world ! — but who to thee
 (A wonder yet unviewed) shall paint the sea ?
 Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
 When lulled by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,
 Its colors changing, when from clouds and sun
 Shades after shades upon the surface run ;
 Imbrowned and horrid now, and now serene
 In limpid blue and evanescent green :

And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail,* and cheat th' experienced eye.

Be it the summer noon ; a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place ;
Then, just the hot and stony beach above,
Light, twinkling streams in bright confusion move ;
(For, heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends ;)
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion ; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking ; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchored ; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide.

Yet sometimes comes a rustling cloud, to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake ;
As an awakened giant with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.

View now the winter storm ! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud :
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before
Had rolled in view of boating men on shore,
And sometimes hid and sometimes showed his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising — all the deep
Is restless change ; the waves so swelled and steep,

* The effect of a bank of fog is to give to ships an apparent height greater than the real.

Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells ;
But nearer land, you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase ;
May watch the mightiest till the shoul they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch ;
Curled as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Rolled by their rage, and shall to ages last.

Far off the petrel, in the troubled way,
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray ;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.

High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild ducks stretch ;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide ;
All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight go forth.

Inshore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge ;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak, complaining cry,
Or clap the sleek, white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.

CXXII.—BURNING OF MOSCOW.

ALISON.

[**SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON**, son of the well-known author of the *Essay on Taste*, was born in Scotland in 1792, and admitted to the Scotch bar in 1814. His great work is *The History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the restoration of the Bourbons*, the first volume of which appeared in 1833. It is a voluminous and elaborate production, showing very faithful examination of original sources of information; but its value as an authority is impaired by the strong partisan feelings of the writer, who is a zealous friend of monarchical institutions, and looks with little favor upon democracy. He writes like a man who has no wish or purpose to be unfair; but his point of view is always that of an Englishman and a Tory; and out of his own country his judgments will not be received as decisive. His *History* has also been written too rapidly, and often betrays marks of haste. The chapter on America, as it originally appeared in his first edition, was full of blunders and rash judgments. In the subsequent issues an improvement is discernible.

His style is rich, flowing, and declamatory. His descriptive powers are of a high order; and his pictures of natural scenery, and his sketches of battles, are animated and picturesque; but they are bestowed upon us with rather too liberal a hand. The chief faults of his style are diffuseness and looseness of texture. The work would be improved by a rigorous process of compression.

Sir Archibald Alison is the author of two works on the Criminal Law of Scotland, of the *Life of the Duke of Marlborough*, of an *Essay on the Principles of Population*, of a *History of Europe since the Peace of 1815 to the present Time*, and of various contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, which have been collected and published separately in three octavo volumes; and all these works have been written in hours stolen from the diligent and successful practice of the law.

Sir Archibald Alison is a baronet; that honor having been bestowed upon him, as upon his illustrious countryman Sir Walter Scott, whom he rivals in literary industry, for his merit as a writer.

This account of the burning of Moscow is from *The History of Europe during the French Revolution*. Napoleon's Russian expedition in 1812 is one of the most striking episodes in all history. Nothing in modern times equals the magnitude of his preparations, and the imposing array of forces with which he entered Russia; and the imagination of man can conceive of nothing more tragical than the horrors of his retreat and the fearful sufferings of his troops.]

THE sight of the grotesque towers and venerable walls of the Kremlin* first revived the emperor's imagination, and rekindled those dreams of Oriental conquest which from his earliest years had floated in his mind. His followers, dispersed over the vast extent of the city, gazed with astonishment on the sumptuous palaces of the nobles and the gilded domes of the churches. The mixture of architectural decoration and

* The Kremlin is a part of Moscow, in the centre of the city, containing the palace of the czars, a number of churches, two convents, and many public buildings.

shady foliage, of Gothic magnificence and Eastern luxury, excited the admiration of the French soldiers, more susceptible than any other people of impressions of that description. Evening came on: with increasing wonder the French troops traversed the central parts of the metropolis, recently so crowded with passengers; but not a living creature was to be seen to explain the universal desolation. It seemed like a city of the dead. Night approached: an unclouded moon illuminated those beautiful palaces — those vast hotels, those deserted streets; all was still — the silence of the tomb. The officers broke open the doors of some of the principal mansions in search of sleeping quarters. They found every thing in perfect order; the bedrooms were fully furnished, as if guests were expected; the drawing rooms bore the marks of having been recently inhabited; even the work of the ladies was on the tables, the keys in the wardrobes; but not an inmate was to be seen. By degrees a few of the lowest class of slaves emerged, pale and trembling, from the cellars, showed the way to the sleeping apartments, and laid open every thing which these sumptuous mansions contained; but the only account they could give was, that the inhabitants had fled, and that they alone were left in the deserted city.

But the terrible catastrophe soon commenced. On the night of the 13th September, 1812, a fire broke out in the Exchange, behind the Bazaar, which soon consumed that noble edifice, and spread through a considerable part of the crowded streets in the vicinity. This, however, was but the prelude to more extended calamities. At midnight on the 15th, a bright light was seen to illuminate the northern and western parts of the city; and the sentinels on duty at the Kremlin soon saw that the splendid buildings in those quarters were in flames. The wind changed repeatedly in the night; but to whatever quarter it veered the conflagration extended itself; fresh fires were every instant seen breaking out in all directions; and Moscow soon exhibited the appearance of a sea of flame agitated by the wind. The French soldiers, drowned in sleep, or overcome

by intoxication, were incapable of arresting its progress; and burning fragments, floating through the hot air, began to fall on the roofs and courts of the Kremlin. The fury of an autumnal tempest added to the horrors of the scene; it seemed as if the wrath of Heaven had combined with the vengeance of man to destroy the invaders in the city they had conquered.

But it was during the night of the 18th and 19th that the conflagration attained its greatest violence. Then the whole city was wrapped in flames; and volumes of fire of various colors ascended to the heavens in many places, diffusing a prodigious light on all sides, and an intolerable heat. These masses of flame threw out a frightful hissing noise, and loud explosions, the effect of the vast stores of oil, tar, resin, spirits, and other combustible materials, with which the greater part of the warehouses were filled. Large pieces of canvas, unrolled from the outside of the buildings by the violence of the heat, floated on fire through the air, and sent down a flaming shower, which spread the conflagration in quarters the most remote from those where it originally commenced. The wind, previously high, was raised by the sudden rarefaction of the air, produced by the heat, to a perfect hurricane. The howling of the tempest drowned even the roar of the conflagration; the whole heavens were filled with the whirl of the masses of smoke and flame, which rose on all sides and made midnight as bright as day; while even the bravest hearts, subdued by the sublimity of the scene, and the feeling of human impotence in the midst of such elemental strife, sank and trembled in silence.

The return of day did not diminish the terrors of the conflagration. An immense crowd of people, who had taken refuge in the cellars, or vaults of buildings, came forth as the flames reached the dwellings; the streets were filled with multitudes flying in every direction with the most precious articles of furniture; while the French army, whose discipline this fearful event had entirely dissolved, assembled in drunken crowds, and loaded themselves with the spoils of the city. Never in

modern times had such a scene been witnessed. The men were loaded with valuable furniture and rich goods, which often took fire as they were carried along, and which they were obliged to throw down to save themselves. Women had sometimes two or three children on their backs, and as many led by the hand, while, with trembling steps and piteous cries, they sought their devious way through the labyrinth of flame. Many old men, unable to walk, were drawn on hurdles, or wheelbarrows, by their children and grandchildren, while their burned beards and smoking garments showed with what difficulty they had been rescued from death. French soldiers, tormented by hunger and thirst, and released from all discipline by the horrors that surrounded them, not content with the booty in the streets, rushed headlong into the burning houses to ransack their cellars for wine and spirits, and beneath the ruins great numbers perished miserably, the victims of intemperance and the flames. Meanwhile the fire, fanned by the tremendous gale, advanced with frightful rapidity, devouring alike, in its course, the palaces of the great, the temples of religion, and the cottages of the poor. For thirty-six hours the conflagration continued at its height, and in that time above nine tenths of the city was destroyed. The remainder, abandoned to pillage and deserted by the inhabitants, offered no resources for the army. Moscow had been conquered, but the victors had gained only a heap of ruins.

Imagination cannot conceive the horrors into which the people who could not abandon their houses were plunged by this unparalleled sacrifice. Bereft of every thing, they wandered among the ruins, eagerly searching for missing relatives; the wrecks of former magnificence were ransacked equally by the licentious soldiery and the suffering natives, while numbers rushed in from the neighboring country to share in the general license. The most precious furniture, splendid jewelry, East Indian and Turkish stuffs, stores of wine and brandy, gold and silver plate, rich furs, gorgeous hangings of silk and satin, were spread about in promiscuous confusion, and became the prey

of the least intoxicated among the multitude. A frightful tumult succeeded to the stillness which had reigned in the city when the French troops first entered it. The cries of the pillaged inhabitants, the coarse imprecations of the soldiers, were mingled with the lamentations of those who had lost parents, children, their all, in the conflagration. Pillage became universal; the ruins were covered with motley groups of soldiers, peasants, and marauders of all countries and aspects, seeking for the valuable articles they once contained.

CXXXIII. — CANNING AND BROUGHAM.

ANONYMOUS.

[This account of a passage of words between Canning and Brougham appeared originally in the *European Magazine*. The debate took place in April 1823. Canning had recently come into the cabinet, as secretary for foreign affairs, in consequence of the death (by his own hands) of the Marquis of Londonderry, more generally known as Lord Castlereagh. The charge brought against Canning was, that he had come into office without extorting any distinct pledges from his colleagues in favor of Catholic emancipation, to which he was well known to be friendly; and this formed the burden of Brougham's attack. Canning's defence was, that if that concession had been insisted upon, it would have been impossible to form an administration to carry on the government of the country; and that it was better to secure some desirable results, than to lose the whole by insisting upon having either the whole or none.

The tone of debate in the English House of Commons is more guarded and decorous than that of our House of Representatives; and Canning's language was an unusually vehement expression of feeling.]

THOUGH they resembled each other in standing foremost and alone in their respective parties, they were in every other respect opposed as the zenith and nadir; or as light and darkness.

This difference extended even to their personal appearance. Canning was airy, open, and prepossessing; Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. The head of Canning had an air of extreme elegance: that of Brougham was much the reverse; but still, in whatever way it was viewed, it gave a sure indication of the terrible power of the inhabitant within. Canning's features were handsome; his eye, though deeply ensconced under his eyebrows, was full of

sparkle and gayety. The features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme : while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square ; his mouth, nose, and eyes seemed huddled together in the centre of his face — the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations ; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when he was roused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man.

Canning's passions appeared upon the open campaign of his face, drawn up in a ready array, and moved to and fro at every turn of his oration, and every retort in that of his antagonist : those of Brougham remained within, as in a citadel which no artillery could batter and no mine blow up ; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said ; and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained its cold and brassy hue, and he triumphed over the passions of other men by seeming to be wholly without passion himself. The whole form of Canning was rounded, and smooth, and graceful ; that of Brougham angular, long, and awkward. When Canning rose to speak, he elevated his countenance, and seemed to look round for the applause of those about him, as an object dear to his feelings ; while Brougham stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power that was within himself. From Canning there was expected the glitter of wit and the flow of spirit — something showy and elegant. Brougham stood up as a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery — whose aim and effect no living man could divine. You bent forward to catch the first sentence of the one, and felt human nature elevated in the specimen before you ; you crouched and shrank back from the other, and dreams of ruin and annihilation darted across your mind. The one seemed to dwell among men, to join in their joys,

and to live upon their praise; the other appeared a son of the desert, who had deigned to visit the human race merely to make them tremble at his strength.

The style, and the eloquence and structure of their orations, were equally different. Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods for the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouthable, the better. Canning arranged his words like one who could play skilfully upon that sweetest of all instruments, the human voice; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning and of the understanding. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear track; every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every coruscation of wit and genius was brilliant and delightful; it was all felt, and it was all at once. Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and obliquity of his course; nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way; but as the curve lessened, and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other during the early part of the session of 1823—Brougham as if wishing to overthrow the secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office; and the secretary ready to parry the charge, and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered; and it is more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible and personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, though it had been begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson, and Huskisson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least not admitted and appreciated. Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was at the outset disjointed and ragged,

and apparently without aim or application. He carcered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or in which principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or lucre of place; but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connection, that ordinary men could discover, with the business before the house. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose,—when the mass had become big and black,—he bound it about and about with the cords of illustration and of argument; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and effect might be the more tremendous; and while doing this, he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger, to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision; and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The house soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing his eye fearfully, first towards the orator, and then towards the secretary.

There was—save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under tone of thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself—a silence as if the angel of retribution had been opening, in the faces of all parties, the scroll of their private sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the house. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point; he glanced towards every part of the house in succession, and sounded the death knell of the secretary's forbearance and prudence. With both his clinched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gulf, and more torturing in its

than ever has been hurled at mortal man within the

same walls. The result was instantaneous — was electric: it was as when the thunder cloud descends upon some giant peak — one flash, one peal! — the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, "It is false!" — to which followed a dull chapter of apologies. From that moment, the house became more a scene of real business than of airy display and of angry vituperation.

CXXIV. — PICTURES FROM SHELLEY.

SHELLEY.

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born in the county of Sussex, England, August 4, 1792, and was drowned, by being upset in a pleasure boat off the coast of Tuscany, in July, 1822. He wrote *The Revolt of Islam*, a long and unintelligible poem in the Spenserian stanza: two dramas, *Prometheus Unbound* and *Cenci*; and a number of descriptive, reflective, and miscellaneous poems. He was a man of rare and fine genius. Portions of his writings are clouded with mysticism, as he made his poetry the medium of expressing his peculiar views in humanity, philosophy, and religion; but passages of great beauty are scattered through every thing that came from his pen. His imagination was rich, creative, and ethereal. His ear was particularly exquisite, and some of his stanzas have never been surpassed in their dreamy and delicate music. He was very sensitive to beauty in all its forms; and no poet has ever written about flowers, and woods, and fountains, and all the aspects of the outward world, in finer and truer strokes. He was an accurate observer as well as an impassioned lover of nature, and his pictures are both faithful and ideal. What we miss in his poetry is the expression of the common sympathies and daily affections of humanity — that element which makes Burns and Goldsmith so popular. His poetry sometimes reminds us of a frosted window, illumined by moonlight — beautiful, fantastic, but cold. And yet Shelley, though shrinking fastidiously from contact with individuals, was full of love for the family of man, and inspired by the most glowing visions of human perfectibility. His *Cenci* is a play of great literary merit, and written in a different style from his other poetry; but the subject is so painful that it is difficult to read it, and would be impossible to represent it.

Shelley made several translations from Greek, German, and Spanish, and they are among the very best in the language. In one respect he is equalled by few, and surpassed by none, of his contemporaries; and that is, the precision of his language and the purity of his diction. He is a great artist in the choice and collocation of his words; and no poet of our times is more worthy of study by those who are desirous of enriching their poetical vocabulary. He also wrote some essays and sketches in prose, which, with a selection from his letters, were published after his death.

Shelley made many mistakes in life from his headlong enthusiasm and reckless defiance of public opinion; but he had noble qualities, and was much beloved by his friends. His mind was working itself clear of its youthful extravagances, and gaining rapidly in vigor and clearness, at the time of his premature and melancholy death.]

DAYBREAK.

DAY had awakened all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee :
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out, on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim :
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill :
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are their prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

EARLY DAWN.

The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn,
Beyond the purple mountains : through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it ; now it wanes : it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air :
'Tis lost ! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers : hear I not
The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn ?

MORNING.

Methought among the lawns together
We wandered, underneath the young, gray dawn,
And multitudes of dense, white, fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind ;
And the white dew on the new-bladed grass,
Just piercing the dark earth, hung silently.

NIGHT.

How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace ; — all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;
Where silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

AIR CHARIOTS.

The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingéd steeds,
Which trample the dim winds : in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer, urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there ;
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars :
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed ;
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair : they all
Sweep onward.

'THE AVALANCHE.

Hark ! the rushing snow !
The sun-awakened avalanche ! whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
Flake after flake ; in heaven-defying * minds
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.

WINTER.

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests, and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick ; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold :
Alas, then, for the homeless beggar old !

MUSIC.

My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm, conducting it,
While all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, forever
Upon that many winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses !

* This passage is from *The Prometheus Unbound*, a drama founded on the early Greek mythology, in which there is a strife between Jupiter, the ruler of heaven, and Prometheus, the friend of humanity. "Heaven-defying" is here used as an epithet of praise, applied to those who resist oppression.

-CXXV.—LABOR AND POVERTY.

CARLYLE.

[THOMAS CARLYLE was born in Dumfriesshire, in Scotland, in 1796, and has resided for many years in or near London. While quite young, he wrote several papers for Brewster's Edinburgh Encyclopædia; but he first began to attract attention by his contributions to the Edinburgh Review, and especially by an admirable paper on Burns. He rose by degrees into great popularity and commanding influence as a writer, but was known and valued at an earlier period in America than at home. His works are quite numerous: among them are a Life of Schiller, Sartor Resartus,* a History of the French Revolution, Past and Present, Heroes and Hero-worship. Latter Day Pamphlets, a Life of Sterling. The Life and Letters of Cromwell, Chartism, and several volumes of contributions to periodical literature.

Carlyle is an original thinker, and a powerful writer. His early and familiar acquaintance with the literature of Germany has given a peculiar character to his style, by which some are repelled and some are attracted; the latter being now the larger part. Portions of his later writings read like literal translations from the German. He is fond of odd turns of expression, and has a family of pet words, which he introduces on all occasions. His style is thus very marked, and never to be mistaken for that of any other author. His writings are not easy reading at first; but those who like them at all like them much.

Carlyle's mind embodies the principle of protest and dissent. It seems a sort of necessity with him to set his face against the spirit of the time. He has no great faith in representative assemblies; he distrusts the philanthropic and benevolent associations of the age; he doubts the unmixt good of mechanical inventions and improvements. And yet he has a deep sympathy with all who suffer. He honors truth, and inculcates stern self-reliance; he reverences greatness, and acknowledges the divine right of power. His writings push this last doctrine too far, and give up too much the rights of the weak to the power of the strong. He seems inclined to justify every thing that a great man does, simply because he is great. His very able book on Cromwell is open to this objection.

Carlyle's writings will richly repay those who have learned to like—or even not to dislike—his quaint and rugged style. In all matters requiring research, he is very thorough and exact. He has a great power of picturesque and animated painting. His accounts of the opening of the States General, of the death of Mirabeau, and of the king's flight to Varennes—all in *The History of the French Revolution*—are instances of this. He abounds in pungent, biting humor, which gleams up through his rough sentences like seams of fire through the rifts of a volcanic soil. Nor is the source of tears barred from his touch. The article on Johnson, in his miscellaneous writings, is one of the most pathetic and deep-hearted productions that ever was written.

The following extract is from his *Sartor Resartus*, one of his early works, containing a variety of speculations on life and literature, in the form of a biography of an imaginary German professor.]

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously con-

* Two Latin words, meaning “the tailor patched.” There is a good deal of humor in the book on the subject of dress and clothes.

quers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; incrustated must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable—for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; struggling towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavor are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him, in return, that he may have light and guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakingly touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such now any where be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor. We must all toil, or steal, (howsoever we name our stealing,) which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst, but for him also there is food and drink; he is heavy laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest. In his smoky cribs, a clear, dewy heaven of rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated? Alas! was this, too, a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded? That there should one man die ignorant, who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does.

CXXVI.—A SHIPWRECK STORY.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

THE Grosvenor, East Indiaman, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separated into two parties, never more to meet on earth.

There is a solitary child among the passengers—a little boy of seven years old, who has no relation there; and when the first party is moving away, he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be

supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity ; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment.

From which time forth, this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed, on a little raft, across broad rivers, by the swimming sailors ; they carry him by turns through the deep sands and long grass, he patiently walking at all other times ; they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat ; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his especial friend, lags behind. Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they never — O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it ! — forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful cockswain goes back, and is seen to sit down by his side ; and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day ; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation ; and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby ; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill ; how he feeds him when he himself is griped with want ; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sunburnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand, and bury their good friend the cooper — these two companions alone in the wilderness ; and then the time comes when they both are ill, and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day — they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third, they move very softly about in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey ; for the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that

he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying, — and the child is dead.

His faithful friend the steward lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great; he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert, and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit — who can doubt it! — with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.”

CXXVII. — THE FALLING LEAF.

MONTGOMERY.

[JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, in Scotland, November 4, 1771, and died in 1854. For the greater part of his life he resided at Sheffield, England, and was editor of a newspaper there published. He wrote a number of poems; some of considerable length. Among them are *The Wanderer in Switzerland*, *The World before the Flood*, *The West Indies*, *The Pelican Island*, and *Greenland*, besides many miscellaneous pieces. His poetry is distinguished for its religious tone, its purity of feeling, and its gentle, sympathetic spirit. His longer poems contain many noble descriptive passages, but he has not strength of wing for a protracted flight. His genius is essentially lyric, and many of his fugitive pieces are beautiful alike in sentiment and style.]

WERE I a trembling leaf
On yonder stately tree,
After a season gay and brief,
Condemned to fade and flee, —

I should be loath to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurned by all,
Till trodden down to clay.

I would not choose to lie
All on a bed of grass,
Where thousands of my kindred lie,
And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread
 My thin and withered face
 In hortus siccus,* pale and dead,
 A mummy of my race.

No ; on the wings of air
 Might I be left to fly,
 I know not, and I heed not where,
 A waif of earth and sky.

Or cast upon the stream,
 Curled like a fairy boat,
 As through the changes of a dream,
 To the world's end I'd float.

Who, that hath ever been,
 Could bear to be no more ?
 Yet who would tread again the scene
 He trod through life before.

On with intense desire,
 Man's spirit will move on ;
 It seems to die, yet, like heaven's fire,
 It is not quenched, but gone.

CXXVIII. — GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.

WORDSWORTH.

[This passage, explaining the process by which the beings of Grecian mythology were formed, is from *The Excursion*, Wordsworth's longest and most elaborate poem. It is as remarkable for philosophical truth as for poetical beauty.]

THE lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
 Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores,

* A collection of dried plants ; literally, a *dry garden*

Under a cope of sky more variable,
 Could find commodious place for every god,
 Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
 From the surrounding countries, at the choice
 Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
 As nicest observation furnished hints
 For studious fancy, his quick hand bestowed .
 On fluent operations a fixed shape ;
 Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
 And yet — triumphant o'er this pompous show
 Of art, this palpable array of sense,
 On every side encountered ; in despite
 Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
 By wandering rhapsodists ; and in contempt
 Of doubt, and bold denial hourly urged .
 Amid the wrangling schools — a spirit hung,
 Beautiful region, o'er thy towns and farms,
 Statues and temples, and memorial tombs.

* * * *

In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
 On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
 With music lulled his indolent repose ;
 And in some fit of weariness, if he,
 When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
 A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
 Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched
 Even from the blazing chariot of the sun
 A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,
 And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
 The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
 Up towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart
 Called on the lovely wanderer who bestowed
 That timely light, to share his joyous sport.
 And hence a beaming goddess, with her nymphs,
 Across the lawn, and through the darksome grove
 (Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
 By echo multiplied from rock or cave)

Swept in the storm of chase : as moon and stars
 Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
 When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked
 His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and thanked
 The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
 Gliding apace, with shadows in their train, -
 Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
 Into fleet Orreads sporting visibly.
 The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their wings,
 Lacked not for love fair objects, whom they wooed
 With gentle whisper. Withered boughs grotesque,
 Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
 From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
 In the low vale, or on steep mountain side ;
 And sometimes intermixed with stirring horns
 Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard, —
 These were the lurking satyrs, a wild brood
 Of gamesome deities ; or Pan himself,
 The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring God.

CXXIX. — NOBLE REVENGE.

DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY was born in Manchester, England, August 15, 1785. Died for some years in Grassano, in the county of Westminster, and has latterly resided in Scotland. He first attracted attention as a writer by his *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, published in 1822, which was much admired for the splendor of its descriptions, the vividness of its pictures, and the impassioned eloquence of its style. Since then he has written a great number of papers in periodical journals, especially in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which have been collected and published in America : * filling thus far (and the list is not exhausted) not less than eighteen small sized volumes.

De Quincey is a man of great learning and great genius. He has been a diligent student of Greek literature, of German literature, of political economy, and of metaphysical philosophy. His style is distinguished for elaborate splendor and imperial magnificence. He writes in long sentences, containing clause within clause, and unfolding and expanding like a piece of stately music. He has a rare power of painting solemn and gorgeous pictures : not by a few quick touches, but in lines slowly drawn and with colors carefully laid on. He has equal skill in expressing the language of strong and deep passion — the sorrow that softens the heart and the remorse which lacerates it. He has also a peculiar vein of humor, which produces its effects by ampli-

* By Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

fication, and by slowly adding one ludicrous conception to another. And combined with these are a rare faculty of acute metaphysical analysis, which divides and defines with the sharpest precision, and a biting critical discernment which eats into the heart of ignorance and presumption.

The writings of De Quincy are well worth studying, on account of their rhetorical power and their wealth of expression; the more so, from the fact that they are, in one respect, unlike most of the prose writings of our time. Our popular prose writers, in general, write in short, compact sentences; in which the thought is done up in the most portable forms. The world moves on at so rapid a rate that there is a sort of necessity for this; and for many objects this is the most effective way. But all the reserved powers and hidden harmonies of the English language can only be fully brought out by a writer like De Quincy, who constructs elaborate periods, and whose mind moves not by sudden and short springs, but by long and majestic flights.

The following anecdote is told by him in his *Autobiographical Sketches*, which form one volume of his works as collected and published in this country.]

A YOUNG officer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity, (as sometimes happens in all ranks,) and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured soldier any practical redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer, that he would “make him repent it.” This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer’s anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him towards a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy’s hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty. A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership; the party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed

up from your eyes in clouds of smoke ; for one half hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife — fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over ; the redoubt has been recovered ; that which was lost is found again ; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what once was a flag, whilst with his right hand he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not ; mystery you see none in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded ; “ high and low ” are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause ? This soldier, *this* officer—who are they ? O reader ! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting ; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed forever. As one who recovers a brother whom he had accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning ; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up forever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it : “ Sir,” he said, “ I told you before that I would make you repent it.”

CXXX.—DISTINCTION BETWEEN MIND AND MATERIAL FORMS.

CHANNING.

[WILLIAM LEMLY CHANNING was born at Newport, Rhode Island, April 7, 1780, was graduated at Harvard College in 1798, and died October 2, 1842. He was settled as a clergyman over the church in Federal Street, in Boston, in 1803, and continued in that relation till a short time before his death. His works, which consist of sermons, occasional discourses, essays, and reviews, all have a common resemblance, and tend towards a common object. They set forth the dignity of man's nature, his capacity for improvement, the beauty of spiritual truth, and the charm of spiritual freedom; and press upon the attention of man those views and considerations which shall induce him to be true to his destiny, and to obey his highest aspirations. Some of his earlier writings were controversial; but that was not the element in which his mind most gladly moved; and he preferred to unfold those truths in morals and religion which are felt and recognized by all Christians. In the latter part of his life, his mind was more turned towards practical subjects. He wrote upon war, temperance, popular education, the duties of the rich towards the poor, and especially slavery. Upon this last subject, his writings are marked by a fervor and earnestness which meet the claims of the most zealous opponent of slavery, and yet are free from any thing vituperative or needlessly irritating.]

Dr. Channing's style is admirably suited for the exposition of moral and spiritual truth. It is rich, flowing, and perspicuous; even its diffuseness, which is its obvious literary defect, is no disadvantage in this aspect. There is a persuasive charm over all his writings, flowing from his earnestness of purpose, his deep love of humanity, his glowing hopes, and his fervid religious faith. He has a poet's love of beauty and a prophet's love of truth. He lays the richest of gifts upon the purest of altars. The heart expands under his influence, as it does when we see a beautiful countenance beaming with the truest expression of benevolence and sympathy.

He was a man of slight frame and delicate organization. His manner in the pulpit was simple and unassuming; and the tones of his voice were full of sweetness and penetrating power. He was not one of those speakers who produce a great effect upon those who hear them for the first time, but those who were accustomed to his teachings recognized in him all the elements of the highest eloquence.

[The following extract is from a sermon on the doctrine of immortality.]

WHEN we look at the organized productions of nature, we see that they require only a limited time, and most of them a very short time, to reach their perfection, and accomplish their end. Take, for example, that noble production, a tree. Having reached a certain height, and borne leaves, flowers, and fruit, it has nothing more to do. Its powers are fully developed; it has no hidden capacities, of which its buds and fruit are only the beginnings and pledges. Its design is fulfilled; the principle of life within it can effect no more. Not

so the mind. We can never say of this, as of the full-grown tree in autumn, It has answered its end; it has done its work; its capacity is exhausted. On the contrary, the nature, powers, desires, and purposes of the mind are all undefined. We never feel, when a great intellect has risen to an original thought, or a vast discovery, that it has now accomplished its whole purpose, reached its bound, and can yield no other or higher fruits. On the contrary, our conviction of its resources is enlarged; we discern more of its affinity to the inexhaustible intelligence of its Author. In every step of its progress, we see a new impulse gained, and the pledge of nobler acquirements.

So, when a pure and resolute mind has made some great sacrifice to truth and duty, has manifested its attachment to God and man in singular trials, we do not feel as if the whole energy of virtuous principle were now put forth, as if the measure of excellence were filled, as if the maturest fruits were now borne, and henceforth the soul could only repeat itself. We feel, on the contrary, that virtue by illustrious efforts replenishes instead of wasting its life; that the mind, by perseverance in well doing, instead of sinking into a mechanical tameness, is able to conceive of higher duties, is armed for a nobler daring, and grows more efficient in charity. The mind, by going forward, does not reach insurmountable prison walls, but learns more and more the boundlessness of its powers, and of the range for which it was created.

Let me place this topic in another light, which may show, even more strongly, the contrast of the mind with the noblest productions of matter. My meaning may best be conveyed by reverting to the tree. We consider the tree as having answered its highest purpose when it yields a particular fruit. We judge of its perfection by a fixed, positive, definite product. The mind, however, in proportion to its improvement, becomes conscious that its perfection consists not in fixed, prescribed effects, not in exact and defined attainments, but in an original, creative, unconfinable energy, which yields new prod-

ucts, which carries into it new fields of thought, and new efforts for religion and humanity.

This truth indeed is so obvious, that ever the least improved may discern it. You all feel, that the most perfect mind is not that which works in a prescribed way, which thinks and acts according to prescribed rules, but that which has a spring of action in itself, which combines anew the knowledge received from other minds, which explores its hidden and multiplied relations, and gives it forth in fresh and higher forms. The perfection of the tree, then, lies in a precise or definite product. That of the mind lies in an indefinite and boundless energy. The first implies limits. To set limits to the mind would destroy that original power in which its perfection consists. Here, then, we observe a distinction between material forms and the mind; and from the destruction of the first, which, as we see, attain perfection and fulfil their purpose in a limited duration, we cannot argue to the destruction of the last, which plainly possesses the capacity of a progress without end.

We have pointed out one contrast between the mind and material forms. The latter, we have seen, by their nature have bounds. The tree, in a short time, and by rising and spreading a short distance, accomplishes its end. I now add, that the system of nature to which the tree belongs requires that it should stop where it does. Were it to grow forever, it would be an infinite mischief. A single plant, endued with the principle of unlimited expansion, would in the progress of centuries overshadow nations, and exclude every other growth — would exhaust the earth's whole fertility. Material forms, then, must have narrow bounds, and their usefulness requires that their life and growth should often be arrested, even before reaching the limits prescribed by nature.

But the indefinite expansion of the mind, instead of warring with and counteracting the system of creation, harmonizes with and perfects it. One tree, should it grow forever, would exclude other forms of vegetable life. One mind, in propor-

tion to its expansion, awakens, and in a sense creates, other minds. It multiplies, instead of exhausting, the nutriment which other understandings need. A mind, the more it has of intellectual and moral life, the more it spreads life and power around it. It is an ever-enlarging source of thought and love. Let me here add, that the mind, by unlimited growth, not only yields a greater amount of good to other beings, but produces continually new forms of good. This is an important distinction. Were the tree to spread indefinitely, it would abound more in fruit, but in fruit of the same kind; and, by excluding every other growth, it would destroy the variety of products, which now contribute to health and enjoyment. But the mind, in its progress, is perpetually yielding new fruits, new forms of thought, and virtue, and sanctity. It always contains within itself the germs of higher influences than it has ever put forth, the buds of fruits which it has never borne. Thus the very reason which requires the limitation of material forms — I mean the good of the whole system — seems to require the unlimited growth of mind.

CXXXI. — MOUNT AUBURN.

STORY.

[JOSEPH STORY was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts, September 18, 1779, was graduated at Harvard College in 1798, and died September 10, 1845. He was admitted to the bar in 1801, and elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1811, at the early age of thirty-two. In 1829 he became a professor in the law school connected with Harvard College. He was very eminent as a judge, a juridical writer, and a teacher of law. In legal learning he had no superior — hardly an equal — among all his contemporaries. His treatises on legal subjects are highly valued, and received as authoritative expositions of law both in England and America. As an instructor, he had great power over the minds of his pupils, not merely by his learning and ability, but by his contagious enthusiasm, and his warm, unaffected sympathy. No man ever carried into mature and declining life more of the spirit of youth.]

Judge Story retained through life a strong love of letters, and occupied as he was with his engrossing duties as a judge, a teacher of law, and a writer of law books, he found time to make many contributions to the general literature of the country, consisting of occasional discourses, obituary notices, and miscellaneous sketches and reviews. These were collected and published in a separate volume in 1835, and an

enlarged edition has appeared since his death. His style is animated and flowing. He wrote a good deal of poetry in his youth; and he preserved through life something of the poetical temperament, and read good poetry to the last with the liveliest pleasure. Portions of his prose writings have that glow of feeling and richness of description which show the susceptibilities of a poet.

It is difficult for any friend of Judge Story's to speak of his private character in terms which shall not seem extravagant to those who did not know him. No man was ever more free from any taint of selfishness, envy, or uncharitableness. He had the sunniest temper, the most cheerful spirit, and the most affectionate heart. He was always busy and always happy. His tastes were simple and his habits domestic. He had remarkable conversational powers, and was a most entertaining and instructive companion. He was abundant in kind offices to others, and full of interest in every good work that was going on around him.

The following extract is from an address delivered on the consecration of the cemetery at Mount Auburn, September 24, 1831.]

A RURAL cemetery seems to combine in itself all the advantages which can be proposed to gratify human feelings, or tranquillize human fears; to secure the best religious influences, and to cherish all those associations which cast a cheerful light over the darkness of the grave.

And what spot can be more appropriate than this for such a purpose? Nature seems to point it out, with significant energy, as the favorite retirement for the dead. There are around us all the varied features of her beauty and grandeur—the forest-crowned height, the abrupt acclivity, the sheltered valley, the deep glen, the grassy glade, and the silent grove. Here are the lofty oak, the beech, that “wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,” the rustling pine, and the drooping willow; the tree that sheds its pale leaves with every autumn, a fit emblem of our own transitory bloom; and the evergreen, with its perennial shoots, instructing us that “the wintry blast of death kills not the buds of virtue.” Here is the thick shrubbery to protect and conceal the new-made grave; and there is the wild flower creeping along the narrow path, and planting its seeds in the upturned earth. All around us there breathes a solemn calm, as if we were in the bosom of a wilderness, broken only by the breeze, as it murmurs through the tops of the forest, or by the notes of the warbler, pouring forth his matin or his evening song.

Ascend but a few steps, and what a change of scenery to

surprise and delight us ! We seem, as it were in an instant, to pass from the confines of death to the bright and balmy regions of life. Below us flows the winding Charles, with its rippling current, like the stream of time hastening to the ocean of eternity. In the distance, the city—at once the object of our admiration and our love—rears its proud eminences, its glittering spires, its lofty towers, its graceful mansions, its curling smoke, its crowded haunts of business and pleasure, which speak to the eye, and yet leave a noiseless loneliness on the ear. Again we turn, and the walls of our venerable university rise before us, with many a recollection of happy days passed there in the interchange of study and friendship, and many a grateful thought of the affluence of its learning, which has adorned and nourished the literature of our country. Again we turn, and the cultivated farm, the neat cottage, the village church, the sparkling lake, the rich valley, and the distant hills, are before us, through opening vistas ; and we breathe amidst the fresh and varied labors of man.

There is, therefore, within our reach, every variety of natural and artificial scenery which is fitted to awaken emotions of the highest and most affecting character. We stand, as it were, upon the borders of two worlds ; and as the mood of our minds may be, we may gather lessons of profound wisdom by contrasting the one with the other, or indulge in the dreams of hope and ambition, or solace our hearts by melancholy meditations.

Who is there, that, in the contemplation of such a scene, is not ready to exclaim, with the enthusiasm of the poet,—

“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green, grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain’s murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave ! ”

What a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind in the contemplation of such a scene ! How much of the future,

even in its far-distant reaches, rises before us with all its persuasive realities! Take but one little, narrow space of time, and how affecting are its associations! Within the flight of one half century, how many of the great, the good, and the wise will be gathered here! How many in the loveliness of infancy, the beauty of youth, the vigor of manhood, and the maturity of age, will lie down here, and dwell in the bosom of their mother earth! The rich and the poor, the gay and the wretched, the favorites of thousands, and the forsaken of the world, the stranger in his solitary grave, and the patriarch surrounded by the kindred of a long lineage! How many will here bury their brightest hopes, or blasted expectations! How many bitter tears will here be shed! How many agonizing sighs will here be heaved! How many trembling feet will cross the pathways, and, returning, leave behind them the dearest objects of their reverence or their love!

And if this were all, sad indeed, and funereal, would be our thoughts; gloomy indeed would be these shades, and desolate these prospects.

But — thanks be to God — the evils which he permits have their attendant mercies, and are blessings in disguise. The bruised reed will not be utterly laid prostrate. The wounded heart will not always bleed. The voice of consolation will spring up in the midst of the silence of these regions of death. The mourner will revisit these shades with a secret, though melancholy pleasure. The hand of friendship will delight to cherish the flowers and the shrubs that fringe the lowly grave or the sculptured monument. The earliest beams of the morning will play upon these summits with a refreshing cheerfulness, and the lingering tints of evening hover on them with a tranquillizing glow. Spring will invite hither the footsteps of the young by its opening foliage, and autumn detain the contemplative by its latest bloom. The votary of learning and science will here learn to elevate his genius by the holiest studies. The devout will here offer up

the silent tribute of pity, or the prayer of gratitude. The rivalries of the world will here drop from the heart; the spirit of forgiveness will gather new impulses; the selfishness of avarice will be checked; the restlessness of ambition will be rebuked; vanity will let fall its plumes; and pride, as it sees "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," will acknowledge the value of virtue as far, immeasurably far, beyond that of fame.

But that which will be ever present, pervading these shades like the noonday sun, and shedding cheerfulness around, is the consciousness, the irrepressible consciousness, amidst all these lessons of human mortality, of the higher truth, that we are beings, not of time, but of eternity; that "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality;" that this is but the threshold and starting-point of an existence, compared with whose duration the ocean is but as a drop—nay, the whole creation an evanescent quantity.

CXXXII.—HYMN AT THE CONSECRATION OF A CEMETERY.

NEWELL.

[This beautiful hymn was sung at the consecration of a cemetery belonging to the city of Cambridge, in October, 1854. It was written by the Rev. WILLIAM NEWELL, a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1824, and pastor of the First Congregational Church in Cambridge. Dr. Newell has published very little; but this poem shows him to be capable of giving beautiful expression to genuine religious feeling.]

CHANGING, fading, falling, flying
From the homes that gave them birth,
Autumn leaves, in beauty dying,
Seek the mother breast of earth.

Soon shall all the songless wood
Shiver in the deepening snow,
Mourning in its solitude,
Like some Rachel in her woe.

Slowly sinks yon evening sun,
Softly wanes the cheerful light,
And — the twelve hours' labor done —
Onward sweeps the solemn night.

So on many a home of gladness
Falls, O Death, thy winter gloom ;
Stands there still in doubt and sadness
Many a Mary at the tomb.

But the genial spring, returning,
Will the sylvan pomp renew,
And the new-born flame of morning
Kindle rainbows in the dew.

So shall God, his promise keeping,
To the world by Jesus given,
Wake our loved ones, sweetly sleeping,
At the breaking dawn of heaven.

Light from darkness ! Life from death !
Dies the body, not the soul ;
From the chrysalis beneath
Soars the spirit to its goal.

Father, when the mourners come
With the slowly moving bier,
Weeping at the open tomb
For the lovely and the dear, —

Breathe into the bleeding heart
Hopes that die not with the dead ;
And the peace of Christ impart
When the joys of life have fled !

CXXXIII.—THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

BRYANT.

[This poem, one of Bryant's latest productions, which appeared originally in Putnam's Magazine, is one of the most beautiful compositions that ever was written; admirable in sentiment, admirable in expression. From such poetry we learn how much we owe to those poets whose genius is under the control of moral feeling; who make the imagination and the sense of beauty ministering servants at the altar of the highest good and the highest truth.]

WITHIN this lowly grave a conqueror lies;
 And yet the monument proclaims it not,
 Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
 The emblems of a fame that never dies —
 Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf
 Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
 A simple name alone,
 To the great world unknown,
 Is graven here, and wild flowers rising round,
 Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
 Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
 No man of iron mould and bloody hands;
 Who sought to wreak upon the cowering hands
 The passions that consumed his restless heart;
 But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
 Gentlest in mien and mind
 Of gentle womankind,
 Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
 One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
 Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May;
 Yet at the thought of others' pain, a shade
 Sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that moulders here
 Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,

And armies mustered at the sign as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy east,—
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men
And fiery youths to be the vultures' feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave;

Alone her task was wrought;

Alone the battle fought;

Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look

That altered not beneath the frown they wore;

And soon the lowering brood were fumed, and took

Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.

Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,

And calmly broke in twain

The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her path.

By that victorious hand despair was slain.

With love she vanquished hate, and overcame

Evil with good in her great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state;

Glory that with the fleeting season dies;

But when she entered at the sapphire gate,

What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!

How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,

And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!

And He who, long before,

Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,

The mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,

Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat;

He who, returning glorious from the grave,

Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
 Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
 O gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
 Consoled, though sad, in hope, and yet in tear.
 Brief is the time, I know,
 The warfare scarce begun;
 Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won;
 Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee.
 The victors' names are yet too few to fill
 Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory,
 That ministered to thee, is open still.

CXXXIV.—THE OLD MANSE AT CONCORD.

HAWTHORNE.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE is a native of Salem, Massachusetts, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825. He is the author of *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and *The House of the Seven Gables*; of *Twice-told Tales*, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, and *The Snow Image* and other *Twice-told Tales*—the last three being collections of papers contributed to annuals and periodicals. He has also written three or four books for children.

Hawthorne is a man of peculiar and original genius; and no writer of our times is less indebted to the thoughts and words of other men than he. Reserved in his tastes, and secluded in his habits, his mind has grown by a self-contained law of increase. He combines a rare imaginative faculty with a vein of deep, often mournful, reflection. He has an unequalled power of moving in that twilight region which lies between the real and the unreal, of bringing forms before the eye which seem half of the earth and half beyond it, and of so clearing up his mystery as still to leave the shadow of doubt resting upon it. He is a fine and sharp observer, and paints characters with admirable discrimination and effect. His scenes and incidents are mostly drawn from the history and life of New England; and it is a proof of no common genius in him to have found the elements of romantic interest in a soil generally deemed unpropitious to such growth. His popularity is very great, and perhaps would be greater were it not for the frequent intrusion into his pages of dark and sad visions, which fascinate but do not alarm. *The Scarlet Letter*, the most original of all his productions, is a powerful but painful book. It is read with absorbing interest, but is not often taken up a second time.

Hawthorne's style is of rare beauty and finish. He writes with perfect correctness, — hardly any living writer, English or American, is equal to him in this respect, — and yet without stiffness or appearance of elaboration. The music of his delicious cadences never falls upon the ear, because it is always natural, and never monotonous. He has a poet's sense of beauty; and his descriptions of natural scenes have all the elements of poetry except the garb of verse.

The following extract from the *Mosses from an Old Manse* is a part of his description of the old manse in Concord, Massachusetts.]

PERHAPS the reader — whom I cannot help considering as my guest in the Old Manse, and entitled to all courtesy, in the way of sight-showing — perhaps he will choose to take a nearer view of the memorable spot.* We stand now on the river's brink. It may well be called the Concord, — the river of peace and quietness, — for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered, imperceptibly, towards its eternity, the sea. Positively, I had lived three weeks beside it, before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. It never has a vivacious aspect, except when a north-western breeze is vexing its surface, on a sunshiny day. From the incurable indolence of its nature, the stream is happily incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild, free mountain torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away in lazy liberty, without turning a solitary spindle, or affording even water power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks. The torpor of its movement allows it nowhere a bright, pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand, in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairie, kissing the long meadow grass, and bathes the overhanging boughs of cedar bushes and willows, or the roots of elm and ash trees, and clumps of maples. Flags and rushes grow along its placid shore; the yellow water-lily spreads its broad, flat leaves on the margin; and the fragrant, white pond lily bounds, generally selecting a position just so far from the river's brink that it cannot be grasped, save at the hazard of plunging in.

It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing, as it does, from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel, and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which

* The Manse was now the scene of the Concord fight, in April, 1775.

the yellow lily sucks its rank life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautified results — the fragrance of celestial flowers — to the daily life of others.

The reader must not, from any testimony of mine, contract a dislike towards our slumberous stream. In the light of a calm and golden sunset, it becomes lovely beyond expression; the more lovely for the quietude that so well accords with the hour, when even the wind, after blustering all day long, usually hushes itself to rest. Each tree and rock, and every blade of grass, is distinctly imaged, and, however unsightly in reality, assumes ideal beauty in the reflection. The minutest things of earth, and the broad aspect of the firmament, are pictured equally without effort, and with the same felicity of success. All the sky glows downward at our feet; the rich clouds float through the unruffled bosom of the stream, like heavenly thoughts through a peaceful heart. We will not, then, malign our river as gross and impure, while it can glorify itself with so adequate a picture of the heaven that broods above it; or, if we remember its tawny hue and the muddiness of its bed, let it be a symbol that the earthliest human soul has an infinite spiritual capacity, and may contain the better world within its depths. But, indeed, the same lesson might be drawn out of any mud puddle in the streets of a city — and, being taught us every where, it must be true. * * * *

The Old Manse! — we had almost forgotten it, but will return thither through the orchard. This was set out by the last clergyman, in the decline of his life, when the neighbors laughed at the hoary-headed man for planting trees, from which he could have no prospect of gathering fruit. Even had that been the case, there was only so much the better motive for planting them, in the pure and unselfish hope of benefiting his successors — an end so seldom achieved by more ambitious efforts. But the old minister, before reaching his patriarchal age of ninety, ate the apples from this orchard

during many years, and added silver and gold to his annual stipend, by disposing of the superfluity. It is pleasant to think of him, walking among the trees in the quiet afternoons of early autumn, and picking up here and there a windfall while he observes how heavily the branches are weighed down, and computes the number of empty flour barrels that will be filled by their burden. He loved each tree, doubtless, as if it had been his own child. An orchard has a relation to mankind, and readily connects itself with matters of the heart. The trees possess a domestic character; they have lost the wild nature of their forest kindred, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man, as well as by contributing to his wants.

I have met with no other such pleasant trouble in the world, as that of finding myself, with only the two or three mouths which it was my privilege to feed, the sole inheritor of the old clergyman's wealth of fruits. Throughout the summer there were cherries and currants; and then came autumn, with his immense burden of apples, dropping them continually from his overladen shoulders, as he trudged along. In the stillest afternoon, if I listened, the thump of a great apple was audible, falling without a breath of wind, from the mere necessity of perfect ripeness. And, besides, there were pear trees, that slung down bushels upon bushels of heavy pears; and peach trees, which, in a good year, tormented me with peaches, neither to be eaten nor kept, nor, without labor and perplexity, to be given away. The idea of an infinite generosity and inexhaustible bounty, on the part of our mother Nature, was well worth obtaining through such cares as these. That feeling can be enjoyed in perfection only by the natives of summer islands, where the bread-fruit, the cocoa, the palm, and the orange grow spontaneously, and hold forth the ever-ready meal; but, likewise, almost as well, by a man long habituated to city life, who plunges into such a solitude as that of the Old Manse, where he plucks the fruit of trees that he did not plant; and which, therefore, to my

heterodox taste, bear the closer resemblance to those that grew in Eden.

Not that it can be disputed that the light toil, requisite to cultivate a moderately-sized garden, imparts such zest to kitchen vegetables as is never found in those of the market gardener. Childless men, if they would know something of the bliss of paternity, should plant a seed—be it squash, bean, Indian corn, or perhaps a mere flower, or worthless weed—should plant it with their own hands, and nurse it from infancy to maturity, altogether by their own care. If there be not too many of them, each individual plant becomes an object of separate interest. My garden, that skirted the avenue of the Manse, was of precisely the right extent. An hour or two of morning labor was all that it required. But I used to visit and revisit it a dozen times a day, and stand in deep contemplation over my vegetable progeny, with a love that nobody could share or conceive of, who had never taken part in the process of creation. It was one of the most bewitching sights in the world to observe a hill of beans thrusting aside the soil, or a row of early peas just peeping forth sufficiently to trace a line of delicate green. Later in the season, the humming birds were attracted by the blossoms of a peculiar variety of bean; and they were a joy to me, those little spiritual visitants, for deigning to sip any food out of my nectar cups. Multitudes of bees used to bury themselves in the yellow blossoms of the summer squashes. This, too, was a deep satisfaction; although, when they had laden themselves with sweets, they flew away to some unknown hive, which would give back nothing in requital of what my garden had contributed. But I was glad thus to fling a benefaction upon the passing breeze, with the certainty that somebody must profit by it, and that there would be a little more honey in the world, to allay the sourness and bitterness which mankind is always complaining of. Yes, indeed; my life was the sweeter for that honey.

CXXXV.—ITALIAN BEAR DANCERS.

MACFARLANE.

[This extract is from a little book published in London, in 1846, called *Popular Customs, Sports, and Recollections of the South of Italy*, by CHARLES MACFARLANE. It consists of a series of papers which originally appeared in the *Penny Magazine*. Mr. MacFarlane—who was one of the authors of the *Pictorial History of England*, has also written *A Glance at Revolutionized Italy*, *The Romance of Travel*, *Lives and Exports of Banditti and Robbers and Turkey and its Destinations*. He lived many years in Italy, and is well acquainted with the country and its inhabitants.]

THE bears that danced in London in the time of my childhood were discreet, well-tutored, well-mannered bears; and their leaders were mostly black-eyed, black-haired, picturesque Italians, from the ridges of the Apennines, or gentle Savoyards from the declivities of the Alps.

They made their bears dance to pleasant and pastoral music—to the pipe and tabor; and it seems to me that I have never heard in England the true, legitimate tabor, since the days when I saw a huge, brown bear dancing to it in the City Road. In Italy, at a much more recent period, I have heard the sounds produced by that happy combination of stick and sheep-skin; but even there it was in conjunction with an interesting member of the hirsute bear family, who was cutting capers in the Forum of ancient Rome, which—so fleets the glory of the world—is now little else than a cattle market.

For all that I know to the contrary, dancing bears may have become as rare a sight in the streets of Rome as they are in the streets of London. But when I first knew the Eternal City, it was not so. One or two dancing bears were then to be seen every common working day of the week, and more on Sundays and saints' days, and other high festivals. Punch, too, at that time, flourished amazingly in the city of the Caesars. You could not walk from the Piazza di Spagna* to St. Peter's, or the Vatican, or the Coliseum, or the Capitol, without hearing his shrill, crowing voice.

* Pronounced *Piaçtza de Spagn-ya*

A French dancing master, on observing the uncouth gambols of some uninstructed clowns, said, with an oracular shrug of the shoulders, and a voice of much pathos, "Poor human nature! it cannot dance of itself; it must be taught." This is equally true of ursine nature; bears, like men, must be taught ere they can dance. Bruin's fore legs were left in their natural state, but his hind legs were protected by a sort of boot or buskin made of leather, and having a wooden sole. Being thus shod, he was put upon a heated flag stone, with a charcoal fire underneath it; and then Bruin naturally raised his unprotected fore paws in the air, and moved his hind legs up and down, in order to avoid the heat of the flag-stones, upon which he was kept by means of ropes and a circle of strong hoops. While he capered, his instructors blew their pipes and beat their drums, or their tabors. After a few lessons of this sort, Bruin would stand upon his hind legs and cut capers as soon as he heard the music. But to make a *Vestris** bear, it was necessary to take him in hand in his early life. Not only does not human nature dance of itself, but it is scarcely to be taught after it has attained to years of discretion.

Some speculators of the duchy of Parma once made a great mistake, which was attended with very serious consequences. Being at Genoa, they heard of a very fine, big bear, that was on board a Baltimore schooner. They bargained with the Yankee skipper, who was very glad to get rid of so troublesome a passenger, but who, nevertheless, made them pay a good price for the monster. It was a beast of the very biggest size, and no doubt would have been very attractive if only he could have been tamed and taught; but he was an old bear, and had lived a long time in the republic of the United States. He had not been a day in the possession of the poor Italians, before they wished him down the skipper's throat, or back at Baltimore. Great were the toil and trouble they had in getting

* *Vestris* was a celebrated French dancer.

him across the Apennines from Genoa to their own secluded valley; he was sullen, morose, and at the same time snappish and petulant.

But it was not until they tried to give him his first dancing lesson (his education had been entirely neglected all the while he had been living under the stars and stripes) that they found what an untamable monster they had got. The flagstone being prepared, he was brought forth. With much difficulty and some danger, the boots or buskins were put upon his hind legs; but when they got him upon the stone, and stirred up the charcoal beneath, there was no holding him. As soon as he felt the heat, instead of lifting his fore paws up in the air, and dancing on his hind ones, he uttered a fearful growl, made a still more fearful spring, and breaking hoops and cordage, and upsetting all the men that opposed him, he burst away, and made with all speed for the wooded side of the mountain, with some of the broken ropes hanging to him. The poor men, tearing their hair and cursing the day that they had seen him, followed as fast as they could; but though they might have shot him, they found it impossible to capture him alive; which, seeing the price they had paid for him to the Baltimore skipper, they were naturally anxious to do. The monster was thus allowed to gain the covert of the thick wood, where he abode for some time, to the great terror of the mountaineers, and to their no small loss, for he killed several of their sheep and goats. It was even said that he killed and ate up a child; while on the other side of the mountains, it was reported that he had killed and eaten not one child, but a whole family.

The magistrates and other local authorities of all the neighboring towns and villages were alarmed by the reports they heard, and in their first anger an order was issued for throwing into prison the unlucky bear-wards who had brought such a perilous, unmaimed, and unmanageable bear into the country. In the end, however, the justices of the peace did what was much better — they sent out a company of soldiers,

the whole posse comitatus, armed as sportsmen, and invited the peasantry to a grand hunt. The poor bear-wards received an invitation; but their hearts were sad; they were grieving for the hard dollars which the Yankee skipper had got from them, and so they declined attending, saying (which was true enough) that they were no sportsmen, and that it was their business to teach bears how to dance, not to shoot them. The hunt was had, and the bear, being surrounded, was finally killed, though not until he had almost as many balls in him as there are stars in the banner under which he had lived and sailed. We believe that since this time none of the bear teachers have ever dealt with an old American bear.

CXXXVI.—ACCOUNT OF TWO TAME RAVENS.

DICKENS.

[In Dickens's novel of *Barnaby Rudge*, a tame raven is introduced, which is possessed of much intelligence, and plays many tricks. Apparently, some doubts had been expressed as to the possibility of a raven's being capable of such a degree of training, and in the last edition of the novel, the author makes the following introductory statement.]

As it is Mr. Waterton's * opinion that ravens are gradually becoming extinct in England, I offer a few words here about mine.

The raven in this story is a compound of two great originals, of whom I have been, at different times, the proud possessor. The first was in the bloom of his youth, when he was discovered in a modest retirement in England by a friend of mine, and given to me. He had from the first, as Sir Hugh Evans says of Anne Page, "good gifts," which he improved by study and attention in a most exemplary manner. He slept in a stable, — generally on horseback, — and so terrified a Newfoundland dog by his preternatural sagacity, that he has

*Mr. Waterton is a well-known English naturalist.

been known, by the mere superiority of his genius, to walk off unmolested with the dog's dinner, from before his face. He was rapidly rising in acquirements and virtues, when, in an evil hour, his stable was newly painted. He observed the workmen closely, saw that they were careful of the paint, and immediately burned to possess it. On their going to dinner, he ate up all they had left behind, consisting of a pound or two of white lead; and this youthful indiscretion terminated in death.

While I was yet inconsolable for his loss, another friend of mine in Yorkshire discovered an older and more gifted raven at a village public house, which he prevailed upon the landlord to part with for a consideration, and sent up to me. The first act of this sage was, to administer to the effects of his predecessor, by disinterring all the cheese and halfpence he had buried in the garden—a work of immense labor and research, to which he devoted all the energies of his mind. When he had achieved this task, he applied himself to the acquisition of stable language, in which he soon became such an adept, that he would perch outside my window, and drive imaginary horses with great skill all day. Once I met him unexpectedly, about half a mile off, walking down the middle of the public street, attended by a pretty large crowd, and spontaneously exhibiting the whole of his accomplishments. His gravity under these trying circumstances I never can forget, nor the extraordinary gallantry with which, refusing to be brought home, he defended himself behind a pump, until overpowered by numbers. It may have been that he was too bright a genius to live long, or it may have been that he took some pernicious substance into his bill, and thence into his maw; which is not improbable, seeing that he new-pointed the greater part of the garden wall by digging out the mortar, broke countless squares of glass by scraping away the putty all round the frames, and tore up and swallowed, in splinters, the greater part of a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing; but after some years, he, too, was taken ill, and died

before the kitchen fire. He kept his eye to the last upon the meat as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of "Cuckoo." Since then I have been rainless.

CXXXVII.—GATHERING OF THE FALLEN ANGELS.

MILTON.

[JOHN MILTON was born in London, December 9, 1608, and died November 8, 1674. His is one of the greatest names in all literature; and of course it would be impossible in the compass of a brief notice like this to point out, except in the most cursory manner, the elements of his intellectual supremacy. His *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and *Arcades* were written before he was thirty years old; *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes* were all published after his fifty-ninth year, and many years after he had been totally blind. His prose works were the growth of the intermediate period.

Milton's early poetry is full of morning freshness, and the spirit of unworn youth; the *Paradise Lost* is characterized by the highest sublimity, the most various learning, and the noblest pictures; and the *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* have a serene and solemn grandeur, deepening in the latter into austerity; while all are marked by imaginative power, purity and elevation of tone, and the finest harmony of verse.

His prose works, which are partly in Latin and partly in English, were for the most part called forth by the ecclesiastical and political controversies of the stormy period in which he lived. They are vigorous and eloquent in style, and abound in passages of the highest beauty and loftiest tone of sentiment.

Milton's character is hardly less worthy of admiration than his genius. Spotless in morals; simple in his tastes; of ardent piety; bearing with cheerfulness the burdens of blindness, poverty, and neglect; bending his genius to the humblest duties, — he presents an exalted model of excellence, in which we can find nothing to qualify our reverence, except a certain severity of temper, and perhaps a somewhat impatient and intolerant spirit.

Addison's criticism on the *Paradise Lost*, which appeared originally in the *Spectator*, and the admirable essays of Macaulay and Channing, are recommended to those who are desirous of learning more about the genius and writings of this great poet.

A very good edition of his poems is that published by Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., of Philadelphia, under the editorial charge of Mr. C. D. Cleveland. It contains a life, a good selection of notes, and an excellent verbal index.

The following passage is from the first book of the *Paradise Lost*.]

HE scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views

At evening, from the top of Fesolé,*
 Or in Valdarno,† to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains in her spotty globe.
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
 Of some great ammiral,‡ were but a wand,
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning marl, not like those steps
 On heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
 Nathless§ he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflaméd sea he stood, and called
 His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
 In Vallombrosa,|| where the Etrurian shades,
 High overarched, imbower, or scattered sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion¶ armed
 Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
 Busiris,** and his Memphian †† chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
 Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change.
 He called so loud, that all the hollow deep

* Fesolé, or Fiesolé, is a town about four miles from Florence, in Tuscany.

† Valdarno, the valley of the Arno; the river on which Florence is situated.

‡ Ammiral, a large ship.

§ Nathless, nevertheless.

|| Vallombrosa is a wooded valley, or mountain gorge, about eighteen miles from Florence. That part of Italy was formerly called Etruria.

¶ This constellation was supposed to be attended with stormy weather.

** Busiris is a name given to Pharaoh by some writers.

†† Memphis was the ancient capital of Egypt.

Of hell re sounded ! "Princes, potentates,
 Warriors, the flower of heaven ! once yours, now lost !
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits ; or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven ?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conqueror ? who now beholds
 Cherub and seraph, rolling in the flood
 With scattered arms and ensigns ; till anon
 His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
 The advantage, and descending, tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
 Awake, arise, or be forever fallen !"

CXXXVIII.—ON DISCRETION.

[JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Milston, in the county of Wiltshire, England, May 1, 1672, and died June 17, 1719. He wrote *Dialogues on Medals*; *Travels in Italy*; *The Campaign*, a poem; *Cato*, a tragedy; *The Drummer*, a comedy; *Rosamond*, an opera; a work on the *Evidences of Christianity*; and a number of miscellaneous poems. Of these, the tragedy of *Cato* was very popular in its day; but it is a cold and artificial production, and has no elements of enduring vitality. Of his miscellaneous poems, none are now read except some of his hymns.

Addison's fame rests upon his essays contributed to *The Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. These are admirable compositions, and we can imagine the effect they produced, and the popularity they enjoyed, when we remember that at the period of their appearance they were a new thing in English literature, and that then, for the first time, the ladies and gentlemen of London saw lying upon their breakfast tables a short paper containing either the justest literary criticism, or the finest humor, or the soundest moral teaching, or the most sensible observations upon life and manners. Addison's humor is both exquisite and original; free alike from coarseness and bitterness; but, being aimed to a considerable extent at the peculiarities of artificial life, it loses somewhat of its flavor to us. When upon serious subjects, his style is sweet, graceful, and harmonious—easy in its movement and structure, but never careless. It is well known that he was a slow and laborious writer. He was also a tasteful and judicious critic, and did substantial service to the poetical literature of his country by his excellent papers in the *Spectator* on Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

The spirit of our age demands a more rapid, picturesque, and impassioned style than that of Addison; but no one can read his writings without feeling that his is a great name in English literature, and that he fairly deserves the high place which the consenting judgment of the last hundred years has given him.

Addison was a politician and a statesman, and rose to the office of secretary of state. His private character was most estimable. He was respected by all, and loved by those whom he admitted to his confidence.

The life of Addison has been recently written by Miss Lucy Aiken; a work which forms the subject of a brilliant paper by Macaulay.

The following extract is from a paper in *The Spectator*.]

THERE are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Though a man has all other perfections, and wants this one, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but, if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life. At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable means of attaining them; cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of shortsightedness that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.

Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct that only looks after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding: cunning is often to be met with in

brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper business of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant, as well as the most immediate, effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with the views of a hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods. I have, in this essay upon discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent, not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of discretion, and sometimes under that of wisdom. It is, indeed, as described in the latter part of this paper, the greatest wisdom, but, at the same time, in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition is easy.

CXXXIX.—STORM IN THE WILDERNESS.

MILTON.

[*Paradise Regained* has been thrown into comparative obscurity by the superior splendor of *Paradise Lost*; but it is a noble poem. Longinus's well-known comparison of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer to the meridian and the setting sun is quite as applicable to the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained*. The former has more splendor, more variety, more learning, more creative power; the latter is more subdued, more grave, more serene. Its tone of coloring is like the mellow, softened light of an autumn sunset. The language is more uniformly correct—less inverted and less abundant in Latin idioms—than that of *Paradise Lost*. The student of poetical diction will nowhere find more perfect models of excellence than in the *Paradise Regained* of Milton and the *Merchant of Venice* of Shakespeare.]

The following passage is taken from the concluding portion of the fourth and last book. Satan, having failed in all his efforts to tempt the Saviour, carries him to the wilderness, and raises a storm: which, with the succeeding calm, is thus described. The young reader will notice how compact and unadorned the language is; how few the words are, and how plain; and yet how powerfully the picture is drawn; and how effective is the contrast between the horrors of the night and the calm of the morning.]

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
Not yet expired) and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
Feigning to disappear. Darkneſs now roſe,
As daylight ſunk, and brought in lowering Night,
Her ſhadowy offspring; unſubſtantial both,
Privation mere of light, and abſent day.
Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind,
After his acry jaunt, though hurried ſore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his reſt,
Wherever, under ſome concurrence' of ſhades,
Whoſe branching arms, thick intertwined, might ſhield
From dews and damps of night his ſheltered head;
But, ſheltered, ſlept in vain; for at his head
The tempter watched, and ſoon with ugly dreams
Disturbed his ſleep. And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds
From many a horrid rift, abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed; water with fire
In ruin reconciled: nor ſlept the winds

Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges* of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st
Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there;
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environed thee; some howled, some yelled, some shrieked
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Saf'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace!
Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair
Came forth, with pilgrim steps, in amice† gray;
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

* That is, from the four cardinal points; the word *cardo*, in Latin, meaning "a hinge," upon which any thing turns.

† Amice, a robe.

CXL.—THE FOLLY OF EXTRAVAGANT WISHES.—AN ALLEGORY.

JOHNSON.

[SAMUEL JOHNSON was born in Lichfield, England, September 7, 1709, and died December 13, 1794. Besides his great work, the Dictionary of the English Language, which occupied many laborious years, he wrote *Irene*, a tragedy; *London*, and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, poems in imitation of Juvenal; *Rasselas*, a tale; the *Rambler*, a periodical paper; a *Tour to the Hebrides*; *The Lives of the Poets*; various other biographies; and many reviews, miscellanies, pamphlets, and contributions to periodical literature.

The peculiarities of Dr. Johnson's style are well known. It is artificial, elaborate, delighting in antithesis, and in words of Latin origin, and frequently pompous and heavy. In his hands, its defects are redeemed by essential vigor of mind; but it is very easily imitated; and when adopted by men of commonplace understanding, it is like Saul's armor upon the limbs of David. His diction grew simpler as he grew older; and his *Lives of the Poets*, his latest work, is also his best. His carefully poised periods, also, had a sensible effect upon the general structure of the language as it has since been written. Dr. Johnson's character was a singular compound of strength and weakness. He was very religious, but bigoted and superstitious. His judgment was generally sound, but he was full of the most unreasonable prejudices. He was charitable and benevolent, but impetuous and most impatient of contradiction. His conversation was rich in sense and wit, but his manners were so intolerable that we wonder that he ever went twice into the same house. He was capable of great application, though not habitually industrious. He was of a morbid temperament, and his spirit was often darkened by constitutional melancholy. For a long period, too, he had to struggle against poverty, and to live in a state of literary slavery most galling to his haughty and independent spirit.

Dr. Johnson's life and character have been painted to us—as those of no man of letters were ever before painted—in his biography by Boswell; a most instructive and delightful book, which has done quite as much for Johnson's fame as his own writings have done. Were Johnson's own works, and his life by Boswell, both thrown into the fire, a majority of readers would first save the latter. It is not merely a biography of Johnson, but a record of the social and literary life of England, during the period on which it treats, such as is nowhere else to be found. Till the publication of Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, there was no other such work in the language; and these two are not proper subjects of comparison, but each stands alone in its peculiar and unrivalled excellence; both full of dramatic interest, possessing the highest charm of fiction, and yet richly freighted with the fruits of wisdom, observation, and experience.

Two of the greatest writers of our age—Macaulay and Carlyle—have written essays upon the life and writings of Johnson. Each is characteristic of its author, and they are therefore unlike; but both are excellent in their way, and deserve an attentive reading.

The following extract is a part of one of the papers in *The Rambler*.]

WHEN the plains of India were burned up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighboring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of their

grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in the extremity of their distress prayed for water. On a sudden, the air was becalmed, the birds ceased to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew, upon his nearer approach, to be the Genius of Distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre of destruction. The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Sabaa: "Fly not from your benefactor, children of the dust! I am come to offer you gifts which only your own folly can make vain. You here pray for water, and water I will bestow; let me know with how much you will be satisfied; speak not rashly; consider that, of whatever can be enjoyed by the body, excess is no less dangerous than scarcity. When you remember the pain of thirst, do not forget the danger of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request."

"O, being kind and beneficent," says Hamet, "let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook, which in summer shall never be dry, and in winter never overflow." "It is granted," replies the genius; and immediately he opened the ground with his sabre, and a fountain, bubbling up under their feet, scattered its rills over the meadows; the flowers renewed their fragrance, the trees spread a greener foliage, and the flocks and herds quenched their thirst.

Then turning to Raschid, the genius invited him likewise to offer his petition. "I request," says Raschid, "that thou wilt turn the Ganges through my grounds, with all his waters, and all their inhabitants." Hamet was struck with the greatness of his neighbor's sentiments, and secretly repined in his heart that he had not made the same petition before him; when the genius spoke: "Rash man, be not insatiable! Remember, to thee that is nothing which thou canst not use; and how are thy wants greater than those of Hamet?" Ras-

child repeated his desire, and pleased himself with the mean appearance that Hamet would make in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event. As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbor, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty stream, that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed; he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.

CXLI.—ODE TO LEVEN WATER.*

SMOLLETT.

[THOMAS GEORGE SMOLLETT was born near the village of Renton in Dumbartonshire, Scotland, in 1721, and died in 1771. He led the life of a man of letters, when that profession was neither so well esteemed, nor so well paid, as it now is; and the inevitable trials of such a career were enhanced, in his case, by an irritable temper and an uncomfortable spirit. He wrote a History of England, and also a continuation of Hume, neither of which are of any value; Travels in Italy; and a number of novels, which are the best of his prose writings, and, in some respects, have much literary merit; but they are needlessly and offensively coarse. He also wrote many small poems, a few of which are spirited and fine.]

On Leven's banks, while free to rove
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave,
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;

* Leven Water is a stream about four miles long, which flows from Loch Lomond to the Firth of Clyde, at Dumbarton.

The springing trout, in speckled pride;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war;
 The silver eel, and mottled par.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
 And edges flowered with eglantine.
 Still on thy banks so gayly green
 May numerous flocks and herds be seen;
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale;
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry imbrowned by toil,
 And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard.

CXLII.—INDIAN DEATH SONG.

Mrs. HUNTER.

[This spirited poem is by Mrs. HUNTER, (born 1742, died 1821.) wife of the celebrated surgeon and anatomist, John Hunter, whose poetical works were published in 1802.]

THE sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day,
 But glory remains when their lights fade away.
 Begin, ye tormentors! your threats are in vain,
 For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.
 Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
 No; the son of Alknomook shall never complain!

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.

Now the fame rises fast — you exult in my pain —
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain,
And thy son, O Alknomook ! has scorned to complain.

CXLIII. — THE SEASONS.

BENNETT.

[From a volume of poems by W. C. BENNETT, published in London, in 1850, marked by considerable poetic sensibility and a pure tone of feeling. The analogy between the four seasons and the various periods of life is obvious and familiar; but the idea here is happily wrought out.]

A BLUE-EYED child that sits amid the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
Singing her little songs, while softly round
Along the grass, the checkered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood
Pacing a summer garden's fountained walks,
That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down,
To hide her flushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet spring again her youth she sees.
With shout, and dance, and laugh, and bound, and song,
Stripping an autumn orchard's laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room ;
Frost on the pane, — without, the whirling snow ;
Reading old letters of her far-off youth,
Of pleasures past, and griefs of long ago.

CXLIV.—TO LILIES.

MRS. HEMANS.

FLOWERS ! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
 Fell on your gentle beauty ; when from you
 That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
 Ethereal, universal as the sky,—
 Then in the bosom of your purity
 A voice he set, as in a temple's shrine,
 That life's quick traveller ne'er might pass you by;
 Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine ;
 And though too oft its low, celestial sound,
 By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,
 And the rough steps of vain, unlistening haste,
 Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power
 Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed hour
 Than yours, ye lilies, chosen thus and graced.

CXLV.—EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

ANONIMOUS.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
 Compose thy weary limbs to rest ;
 For they alone are blessed
 With balmy sleep,
 Whom angels keep ;
 Nor, though by care oppressed,
 Or anxious sorrow,
 Or thought in many a coil perplexed
 For coming morrow,
 Lay not thy head
 On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
 That earthly cares and woes

To thee may e'er return ?
Arouse, my soul,
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly ;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly ;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on thoughtless bed
To lay thine unblessed head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer ?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow ?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant ? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more ?
Thou fool ! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep ?
And when storms sweep the wintry, lowering skies,
For whom thou wak'st and weepest ?
O, when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer,
For He that slumbereth not is there ;
His ear is open to thy cry ;
O, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
Till in communion blessed
With the elect ye rest,
Those souls of countless number ;

And with them raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven ;
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven ;
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

CXLVI.—THE DUTY AND INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

WEBSTER.

[From a brief address to the ladies of Richmond, Virginia, in October, 1840.]

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part towards the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted that public liberty and the perpetuity of a free constitution rest on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Staël * in what manner he could best promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, "Instruct the mothers of the French people." Mothers are indeed the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the stern conflicts and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail, perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who

Pronounced *Stahl*.

are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers! They work, not upon the canvas that shall perish, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

I have already expressed the opinion, which all allow to be correct, that our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country depends upon habits of virtue, and the prevalence of knowledge and education. The attainment of knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled; and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty will tell their children, that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligation of conscience and of duty; that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations. They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty, of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; that every free elector is a trustee, as well for others as for himself; and that every man and every measure he supports have an important bearing on the interests of others, as well as on his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals such as these, that in a free republic woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfils her destiny.

CXLVII.—THE DEPARTURE OF LEATHER STOCKING.

BRINARD.

[JOHN GARDNER CALKINS BRINARD was born in New London, October 21, 1796, was graduated at Yale College in 1816, and died September 26, 1828. Most of his poems appeared originally in the Connecticut Mirror, a weekly journal published at Hartford. He had a rich fancy, and much delicacy of feeling. His poetry flowed from him naturally and easily; and while its excellence is unstudied, it sometimes betrays marks of haste.]

The following lines were called forth by Cooper's novel of *The Pioneers*, in which his well-known character of Leather Stocking is for the first time introduced. At the close of the story, the scene of which is laid in the interior of New York, Leather Stocking shoulders his rifle, and announces his purpose of departing to the remote and unknown solitudes of the west. These verses are addressed to him.]

FAR away from the hill-side, the lake, and the hamlet,
 The rock, and the brook, and yon meadow so gay;
 From the footpath that winds by the side of the streamlet;
 From his hut, and the grave of his friend far away;
 He has gone where the footsteps of man never ventured,
 Where the glooms of the wild tangled forest are centred,
 Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has entered,
 Nor bloodhound has roused up the deer with his bay.

Light be the heart of the poor, lonely wanderer,
 Firm be his step through each wearisome mile;
 Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,
 Far from the track of the mean and the vile!
 And when the resistless destroyer assails him,
 And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
 He'll think of the friend, far away, that bewails him,
 And light up the cold touch of death with a smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and lustre;
 There, for his pall, shall the oak leaves be spread;
 The sweetbrier shall bloom, and the wild grapes shall cluster.
 And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed.
 There shall they mix with the fern and the heather,
 There shall the young eagle shed its first feather;
 The wolves with his wild dogs shall lie there together
 And men o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

CXLVIII — OLD IRONSIDES.

HOLMES

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D. was born in Cambridge, in 1809, was graduated at Harvard College in 1830 and commenced the practice of medicine in Boston in 1836. He has learned many arts and the profession in the medical department of Harvard College, and he is understood to be highly skilful both in the theory and practice of his profession. He began to write poetry at quite an early age. His longest productions are occasional poems which have been read before literary societies, and received with very great favor. His style is brilliant, sparkling and terse and many of his lines and stanzas remind us of the point and condensation of Pope. In his shorter poems, he is sometimes grave and sometimes gay. When in the former mood he charms us by his truth and manliness of feeling and his sweet sense of sentiment when in the latter he delights us with the games and play of the wildest wit and the richest humor. Every thing that he writes is carefully finished and reflects a glow of sense and sound and shrewd observation.]

The full winged spirit of lines we call forth by a rumor that the frigatic Constitution was about to be laid up as unfit for service.]

Alas, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky,
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar,
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee,
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea.

O, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms—
 The lightning and the gale.

CXLIX. — APRIL.

WHITTIER.

[JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808. He has written much in prose and verse; and his writings are characterized by earnestness of tone, high moral purpose, and energy of expression. His spirit is that of a sincere and fearless reformer; and his fervid appeals are the true utterances of a brave and loving heart. The themes of his poetry have been drawn, in a great measure, from the history, traditions, manners, and scenery of New England; and he has found the elements of poetical interest among them, without doing any violence to truth. He describes natural scenery correctly and beautifully; and a vein of genuine tenderness runs through his nature.]

"The Spring comes slowly up this way." — *Coleridge*.

'Tis the noon of the spring time, yet never a bird
 In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard;
 For green meadow grasses, wide levels of snow,
 And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow;
 Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,
 On south-sloping brook-sides should smile in the light,
 O'er the cold winter beds of their late waking roots,
 The frosty flake eddies, the ice crystal shoots;
 And longing for light, under wind-driven heaps
 Round the boles of the pine wood the ground laurel creeps,
 Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
 With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers!
 We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south,
 For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth,
 For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
 Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!
 Up our long river valley, for days have not ceased
 The wail and the shriek of the bitter north-east, —

Raw and chill, as if winnowed through ices and snow,
All the way from the land of the wild Esquimaux,—
Until all our dreams of the land of the blest,
Like that red hunter's, turn to the sunny south-west.
O, soul of the spring time, its light and its breath,
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this death;
Renew the great miracle,—let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
And nature, like Lazarus, rise as of old!
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has lain,
Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,
And in-blooming of flower and budding of tree
The symbols and types of our destiny see;
The life of the spring time, the life of the whole,
And as sun to the sleeping earth,—love to the soul!

CL.—THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

ROGERS.

[WILLIAM B. ROGERS, a native of Philadelphia, was appointed professor of natural philosophy in the University of Virginia, in 1835, and held that office till 1853; since which time he has resided in Boston. He is distinguished as a man of science, and writes upon scientific subjects with grace and clearness.

The following passage is from an address delivered before the Lyceum of Natural History of Williams College, in August, 1855.]

BUT it is not through the allurements of ambition, even of that noble kind which aims at enlarging the boundaries of knowledge, that the cultivators of natural science are led to the purest enjoyment and the truest success in their pursuits. A higher, more spiritual sensibility must nourish their enthusiasm. The love of truth for its own sake; the power of deriving exquisite satisfaction not only from the discovery of new relations among objects, but from contemplating them in the light of known facts as subordinated to harmonies and laws; a loving appreciation of beauty in external characters, and of that subtler beauty of structure and affinities, akin to

the most delicate perceptions of the artist and poet, but which discloses itself only to the penetrating eye of the naturalist, — such are some of the impulses and tastes that qualify us for enjoying the pursuits of natural history, and for giving them their highest usefulness.

In speaking of the delights of knowledge as compared with other pleasures, Lord Bacon has eloquently said, “In all other pleasures there is satiety; but of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable.” Surely of no kind of knowledge can this be more truly said than of that which unfolds to us the characters, structure, and mutual dependences of the endless variety of organic and inorganic objects with which natural science has to deal.

It was once the fashion with poets to deery the growth of positive science, as unfriendly to poetical and spiritual conceptions of the material world, and to lament, although we may trust only for the sake of the verse, “the lovely views” which have been forced to “yield their place to” what they please to call “cold, material laws.” But, thanks to a juster knowledge of the spirit, objects, and results of physical inquiries, now generally diffused among scholars, such complaints are no longer likely to find sympathy with them. From the known laws of the intellect, what more certain conclusion can be drawn, than that thought becomes exalted and suggestion quickened in proportion as they embrace a wider and more varied field of objects and relations. Who that, gazing on the vault of the sky, thinks of the innumerable multitude of worlds which the sure demonstrations of astronomy there point out to him, — measures in imagination their dimensions, and the vast distances which separate them, — follows the planets in their stately march, and watches the whole solar system, as, like a majestic fleet of argosies, it moves sublimely on its voyage of circumnavigation among the stars, — and while witnessing in thought this grandest of Nature’s spectacles, reflects on the profound adjustment of forces and motions

by which these results are secured, — who, thus looking and reflecting, can see, in the material laws which control and harmonize this universe, aught lower or less spiritual than the thought of infinite wisdom and the handiwork of infinite power? Surely such a meditative gazer on the skies must feel in his soul the inspiration of a far nobler poetry than ever charmed the reveries of him

“To whose passive ken
Those mighty spheres that gem infinity
Are only specks of tinsel fixed in heaven
To light the midnights of his native town.”

And what is true of astronomy is not less true of even the obscurest walks of natural history. For it is less in the magnitude and distance of objects than in their mutual activities, their harmonious arrangements, and their adaptations to wise and beneficent ends, that material phenomena become imbued with a spiritual and poetical significance. Let us then rejoice that in our scientific communings with living and inanimate things we are not only able to catch sweet notes from Apollo's lyre, but to gather into our souls the deeper harmonies which are felt to be the echoes of voices from the skies; let us indeed believe that

“Nature hath her hoarded poetry
And her hidden spells, and he
Who is familiar with her mysteries is even as one
Who, by some secret charm of soul or eye,
In every clime, beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie.”

CLI.—ON INCONSISTENT EXPECTATIONS.

MRS. BARBAULD.

[Mrs. Barbauld's essay on inconsistency in our expectations is one of the best compositions of its class in the language. It is full of practical wisdom, and written in a most animated and eloquent style.]

WE should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities — riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labor, our ingenuity are so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject; but stand to your own judgment, and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrifice of every thing else? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free, unsuspecting temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and as for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain, household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments, but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left. "But I cannot submit to drudgery like this; I feel a spirit above it."

"Tis well — be above it, then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That, too, may be purchased by steady application, and long, solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow them, and you shall be wise. "But," says the man of letters, "what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life!" For you these are enough. Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. "What reward have I then for all my labors?" What reward? — A large, comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices, able to comprehend and interpret the works of man — of God; a rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection; a perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. What reward can you ask besides?

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean, dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot. I am content and satisfied. * * *

The moderation we have been endeavoring to inculcate will likewise prevent much mortification and disgust in our

intercourse with mankind. As we ought not to wish in ourselves, so neither should we expect in our friends contrary qualifications. Young and sanguine, when we enter the world, and feel our affections drawn forth by any particular excellence in a character, we immediately give it credit for all others, and are beyond measure disgusted when we come to discover, as we soon must discover, the defects in the other side of the balance. For nature is much too frugal to heap all manner of shining qualities in one glaring mass. Like a judicious painter, she endeavors to preserve a certain unity of style and coloring in her pieces. Models of absolute perfection are only to be met with in romance, where exquisite beauty, and brilliant wit, and profound judgment, and immaculate virtue, are all blended together to adorn some favorite character. As an anatomist knows that the racer cannot have the strength and muscles of the draught horse, and that winged men, griffins, and mermaids, must be creatures of the imagination, so the philosopher is sensible that there are combinations of moral qualities which can never take place but in idea. There is a different air and complexion in characters as well as in faces, though perhaps each equally beautiful; and the excellences of one cannot be transferred to the other. Thus, if one man possesses a stoical apathy of soul, acts independently of the opinion of the world, and fulfils every duty with mathematical exactness, you must not expect that man to be greatly influenced by pity, or the partialities of friendship; you must not be offended that he does not fly to meet you after a short absence, or require from him the convivial spirit and honest effusions of a warm, open, susceptible heart. If another is remarkable for a lively, active zeal, inflexible integrity, a strong indignation against vice, and freedom in reproving it, he will probably have some little bluntness in his address not altogether suitable to polished life; he will lack the winning arts of conversation; he will disgust by a kind of haughtiness and negligence in his manner, and often hurt the sensitiveness of his acquaintance with harsh and disagreeable truths.

CLII. — PAUL FLEMMING'S RESOLVE.

LONGFELLOW.

[This passage is from Longfellow's romance of *Hyperion*, the scene of which is laid in Switzerland and Germany. Paul Flemming, the hero, an American, is an unsuccessful lover; and in the chapter from which the following extract is taken, he resolves to conquer his weakness, to forget his disappointment, and to devote himself to a life of action and usefulness in his own country.]

A LITTLE chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak — weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees and wept. And O, how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and unrequited love were in those tears through which he read, on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription:—

“Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.”

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and looking into the bright morning heaven, he said, “I will be strong.”

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and

are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They too were dust. And thus, far sounding he heard the great gate of the past shut behind him, as the divine poet did the gate of paradise when the angel pointed him the way up the holy mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us; but the changes themselves are instantaneous and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others, but to walk self-confident and self-possessed; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires, but to live in the present wisely, alike forgetful of the past, and careless of what the mysterious future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribably sweet feeling rose within him.

"Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps," said he, "and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality.. I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is life —

'Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend "'

CLIII.—THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

CHARLES LAMB was born in London February 17, 1775, and died December 27, 1834. He wrote both in prose and verse, but his fame chiefly rests upon his essays contributed to the *London Magazine* and the *London Review* of "Elia." These are distinguished by an exquisite sense of humor by touch of gentle pathos by the most observation, and a rare command of language. His life, which was full of pathetic interest and dignified by the poorest self-sacrifice, has been written with great taste and good feeling by the late Mr. Justice Halliwell the author of *John*.

It is preserved from a series of characteristic papers written by him against the truth of certain popular novels—the subject in the present instance being the saying "It is as home, but ever so homely."

THE innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty. But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. "Poor people," said a sensible old nurse to us once, "do not bring up their children; they drag them up." The little careless darling of the wealthy nursery, in their hovel, is transformed betimes into a premature, reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said that "a babe is fed with milk and praise." But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, un nourishing, the return to its little baby tracks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter, ceaseless objection. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral nugget. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the maternal fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the cozier plying thing or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child, the prattled nonsense, (best sense to it,) the wise unpertinences, the wholesome fictions, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passions of young wonder. It was never sung to; no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists

not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor. It is the rival, till it can be the coöperator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays, (fitting that age,) of the promised sight or play, of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman—before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?

CLIV.—HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI, SWITZERLAND.

COLERIDGE.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, England, October 21, 1772, and died December 27, 1834. He was one of the most remarkable men of his time; and few writers have exerted a wider and deeper intellectual influence than he. His influence, too, is most felt by minds of the highest class. He was an original and imaginative poet, a profound and suggestive philosophical writer, and a critic of unrivalled excellence. His works are somewhat fragmentary in their character, for he wanted patience in intellectual construction; but they are the fragments of a noble edifice. In conversational eloquence he is said to have excelled all his contemporaries.]

Coleridge's life was not in all respects what the admirers of his genius could have wished. His great defect was a want of will. He could see the right, but not always go to it; he could see the wrong, but not always go from it.]

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause

On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge. But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing — there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs! all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink, —
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, wake, O wake, and utter praise!

Who sank thy sunless pillar, deep in earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 Forever shattered, and the same forever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
 And who commanded, — and the silence came, —
 “Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?”

Ye ice falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain —
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice plains echo, God!
 God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they, too, have a voice, ye piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats spotting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

CLV.—PASSAGES FROM BACON.

[FRANCIS BACON, one of the most illustrious philosophers that ever lived, was born in London, January 22, 1561, and died April 9, 1626. Besides his inestimable services to philosophy and the investigation of truth, he was eminent as a lawyer, a statesman, and an orator. He rose to the office of lord high chancellor, and was created Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. His strength of character was not equal to the splendor of his genius.]

For more ample accounts of the life and writings of this great man, see the biography of him in Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, Macaulay's essay, originally contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, and Hallam's *Literature of Europe*.]

THE TRUE ENDS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BUT the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge; for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace, for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down, with a fair prospect; or a tower of state, for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort, or commanding ground, for strife and contention; or a shop, for profit or sale,—and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate. But this is that which will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and straitly conjoined and united together than they have been; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets—Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action. Howbeit, I do not mean (when I speak of use and action) that end before mentioned, of the applying of knowledge to lucre and profession; for I am not ignorant how much that diverteth and interrupteth the prosecution and

advancement of knowledge; like unto the golden ball thrown before Atalanta,* which, while she goeth aside and stoopeth to take up, the race is hindered.

Neither is my meaning, as was spoken of Socrates, to call philosophy down from heaven to converse upon the earth; that is, to leave natural philosophy aside, and to apply knowledge only to manners and policy. But as both heaven and earth do conspire and contribute to the use and benefit of man, so the end ought to be, from both philosophies to separate and reject vain speculations, and whatsoever is empty and void, and to preserve and augment whatsoever is solid and fruitful.

LAWS AND LAW MAKERS.

Notwithstanding, for the more public part of government, which is laws, I think to note only one deficiency; which is, that all those who have written of laws have written either as philosophers or as lawyers, and none as statesmen. As for the philosophers, they make imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths; and their discourses are as the stars, which give little light, because they are so high. For the lawyers, they write according to the states where they live, what is received law, and not what ought to be law: for the wisdom of a law maker is one, and of a lawyer is another. For there are in nature certain fountains of justice, whence all civil laws are derived but as streams; and like as waters do take tinctures and tastes from the soils through which they run, so do civil laws vary according to the regions and governments where they are planted, though they proceed from the same fountains.

* Atalanta was a swift-footed maiden in Greek mythology, who vanquished all her competitors in the race, but was finally beaten by Melanion, who dropped three golden apples, one after another, which Atalanta stopped to pick up. Bacon's illustration is very happy, because the parallel is so exact throughout.

CLVI.—PASSAGES FROM JEREMY TAYLOR.

[JEREMY TAYLOR was born at Cambridge, in England, in 1613, and died in 1667. He was bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland, at the time of his death. He was a voluminous writer on theological and devotional subjects, and his works have been often republished. His writings are remarkable for richness of fancy, copiousness of expression, and fervid religious feeling.]

DECLINE IN GRACE.

THE canes of Egypt, when they newly arise from their bed of mud and slime of Nilus, start up into an equal and continual length, and are interrupted but with few knots, and are strong and beauteous, with great distances and intervals; but when they are grown to their full length, they lessen into the point of a pyramid, and multiply their knots and joints, interrupting the fineness and smoothness of its body. So are the steps and declensions of him that does not grow in grace. At first, when he springs up from his impurity by the waters of baptism and repentance, he grows straight and strong, and suffers but few interruptions of piety, and his constant courses of religion are but rarely intermitted, till they ascend up to a full age, or towards the ends of their life; then they are weak, and their devotions often intermitted, and their breaches are frequent, and they seek excuses and labor for dispensations, and love God and religion less and less; till their old age, instead of a crown of their virtue and perseverance, ends in levity and unprofitable courses; light and useless as the tufted feathers upon the cane, every wind can play with it and abuse it, but no man can make it useful.*

* This is one of the most characteristic passages in Taylor's writings, and shows his extraordinary power of illustration. Had it never been written, we should have pronounced it utterly impossible to trace any analogy between decline in spiritual growth and the structure of a reed; but in the hands of this master of rhetoric, the comparison seems neither forced nor inapt.

TOLERATION.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet; provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer, Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the toils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.

CLVII. — THE RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

WHEN we reflect on what has been, and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibility of this republic to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us, for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence!

The old world has already revealed to us, in its unsealed

books, the beginning and end of all its own marvellous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair processions chanted the praises of liberty and the gods,—where and what is she? For two thousand years, the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The *malaria* has but travelled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Caesar had crossed the Rubicon; and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate chamber. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the north, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute money.

And where are the republics of modern times, which clustered round immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is in their weakness, and not in their

strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sinks before him. The country is too poor for plunder, and too rough for valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barriers, on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition; and Switzerland remains, with her simple institutions, a military road to fairer climates, scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the low lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north, and, moving onward to the south, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself! that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not!" Forbid it, my countrymen! forbid it, Heaven!

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be: resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman—the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

No! I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here, to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to

exult as we do ! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country.

“ Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.”

CIVIL.—THE ISLES OF GREECE.

BYRON.

THE isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho* loved and sung, —
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —
Where Delos † rose and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian Muse, ‡
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo farther west
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blessed." §

The mountains look on Marathon, ||
And Marathon looks on the sea ;

* Sappho, a celebrated Greek poetess, was a native of the Island of Lesbos. Her writings, of which very few fragments remain, were characterized by depth and fervor of feeling.

† The Island of Delos is represented, in Greek legendary history, as having floated under the sea for a long period, and been called to the surface by the agency of Neptune. Apollo and Diana were born upon it.

‡ The Scian and the Teian muse means the epic and lyric poetry of Greece. Homer, the great epic poet, was born at Scio, according to some accounts : Anacreon, the lyric poet, was born in the Island of Teos.

§ The Greeks supposed that there were certain islands in the Atlantic Ocean, where good men were carried after death, and lived in perpetual happiness. These were called the islands of the blessed.

|| Marathon is a village about twenty miles north-east of Athens. The Persians were defeated here by the Athenians, under the command of Miltiades.

And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ; *
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ; — all were his !
He counted them at break of day, —
And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they ? And where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
For what is left the poet here ?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blessed ?
Must we but blush ? Our fathers bled.
Earth, render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ. †

* Salamis is an island off the coast of Attica, near which the Persian fleet, during the invasion of Xerxes, was defeated by that of the confederated Greeks.

† Thermopylæ was a narrow pass, leading from Thessaly into Locri and Southern Greece. The army of Xerxes was resisted here for some time by a band of three hundred Spartans, under Leonidas, who were at last all slain.

What, silent still? and silent all?

Ah! no—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine;
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance* as yet—
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx* gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates†—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese‡
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;

* The Pyrrhic dance is a sort of warlike dance, performed exclusively by men, which has come down from the ancient Greeks. The Pyrrhic phalanx was the phalanx of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, a celebrated general of antiquity.

† Polycrates was king of the Island of Samos. He befriended and patronized the poet Anacreon.

‡ Chersonese means peninsula, and here designates the Thracian Chersonese, now called the Peninsula of the Dardanelles, or of Gallipoli. Mil-

That tyrant was Miltiades!

O that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains-as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,*
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own. †

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells.
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force and Latin ‡ fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Place me on Sunium's § marble steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

tiades exercised a sovereign power over it, as the heir and successor of his uncle, of the same name, who had led an Athenian colony into the country, and taken possession of it.

* Suli is a mountainous district of Southern Albania. Parga is a town on the coast of Albania. The people of Suli and of Parga have shown great bravery in modern times.

† The Heracleidae were a powerful Achaian race, or family, fabled to have been descendants of Hercules.

‡ Latin is here a general name, applied to the people of Western Europe.

§ Sunium was a promontory in Attica, now called Cape Colouni.

CLIX. — SONG OF THE GREEKS.

CAMPBELL.

[These stirring lines were written while the struggle between the Greeks and Turks was going on, which ended in the establishment of Greece as an independent kingdom.]

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians !
Our hearts bid the tyrant defiance ;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree —
It hath been, and shall yet be, the land of the free :
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale, dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid, — be the combat our own !
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone !
For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious ;
Or that, dying, our death shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not ;
The sword we have drawn we will sheathe not :
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide — waves engulf — fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us.
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves ;
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,

And new triumphs on land are before us :
To the charge ! Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, O, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair ?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be who would slacken,
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inland, her isles of the ocean ;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new hallow their Helicon's spring ;
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness ;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

CLX.—ETERNITY OF GOD.

GREENWOOD.

WE receive such repeated intimations of decay in the world through which we are passing,—decline, and change, and loss, follow decline, and change, and loss, in such rapid succession,—that we can almost catch the sound of universal wasting, and hear the work of desolation going on busily around us. “The mountain falling cometh to nought, and

the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones, the things which grow out of the dust of the earth are washed away, and the hope of man is destroyed."

Conscious of our own instability, we look about for something to rest on; but we look in vain. The heavens and the earth had a beginning, and they will have an end. The face of the world is changing, daily and hourly. All animated things grow old and die. The rocks crumble, the trees fall, the leaves fade, and the grass withers. The clouds are flying, and the waters are flowing, away from us.

The firmest works of man, too, are gradually giving way. The ivy clings to the mouldering tower, the brier hangs out from the shattered window, and the wall flower springs from the disjointed stones. The founders of these perishable works have shared the same fate long ago. If we look back to the days of our ancestors, to the men as well as the dwellings of former times, they become immediately associated in our imaginations, and only make the feeling of instability stronger and deeper than before.

In the spacious domes which once held our fathers, the serpent hisses and the wild bird screams. The halls which once were crowded with all that taste, and science, and labor could procure, which resounded with melody and were lighted up with beauty, are buried by their own ruins, mocked by their own desolation. The voice of merriment and of wailing, the steps of the busy and the idle, have ceased in the deserted courts, and the weeds choke the entrances, and the long grass waves upon the hearthstone. The works of art, the forming hand, the tombs, the very ashes they contained, are all gone.

While we thus walk among the ruins of the past, a sad feeling of insecurity comes over us; and that feeling is by no means diminished when we arrive at home. If we turn to our friends, we can hardly speak to them before they bid us farewell. We see them for a few moments, and in a few moments more their countenances are changed, and they

are sent away. It matters not how near and dear they are. The ties which bind us together are never too close to be parted, or too strong to be broken. Tears were never known to move the king of terrors, neither is it enough that we are compelled to surrender one, or two, or many, of those we love; for though the price is so great, we buy no favor with it, and our hold on those who remain is as slight as ever. The shadows all elude our grasp, and follow one another down the valley.

We gain no confidence, then, no feeling of security, by turning to our contemporaries and kindred. We know that the forms which are breathing around us are as short-lived and fleeting as those were which have been dust for centuries. The sensation of vanity, uncertainty, and ruin is equally strong, whether we muse on what has long been prostrate, or gaze on what is falling now, or will fall so soon.

If every thing which comes under our notice has endured for so short a time, and in so short a time will be no more, we cannot say that we receive the least assurance by thinking on ourselves. When they, on whose fate we have been meditating, were engaged in the active scenes of life, as full of health and hope as we are now, what were we? We had no knowledge, no consciousness, no being; there was not a single thing in the wide universe which knew us. And after the same interval shall have elapsed, which now divides their days from ours, what shall we be? What they are now:

When a few more friends have left, a few more hopes deceived, and a few more changes mocked us, "we shall be brought to the grave, and shall remain in the tomb: the clods of the valley shall be sweet unto us, and every man shall follow us, as there are innumerable before us." All power will have forsaken the strongest, and the loftiest will be laid low, and every eye will be closed, and every voice hushed, and every heart will have ceased its beating. And

when we have gone ourselves, even our memories will not stay behind us long. A few of the near and dear will bear our likeness in their bosoms, till they too have arrived at the end of their journey, and entered the dark dwelling of unconsciousness. In the thoughts of others we shall live only till the last sound of the bell, which informs them of our departure, has ceased to vibrate in their ears. A stone, perhaps, may tell some wanderer where we lie, when we came here, and when we went away; but even that will soon refuse to bear us record: "time's effacing fingers" will be busy on its surface, and at length will wear it smooth; and then the stone itself will sink, or crumble, and the wanderer of another age will pass, without a single call upon his sympathy, over our unheeded graves.

Is there nothing to counteract the sinking of the heart which must be the effect of observations like these? Is there no substance among all these shadows? If all who live and breathe around us are the creatures of yesterday, and destined to see destruction to-morrow; if the same condition is our own, and the same sentence is written against us; if the solid forms of inanimate nature and laborious art are fading and falling; if we look in vain, for durability, to the very tops of the mountains,—where shall we turn, and on what can we rely? Can no support be offered? can no source of confidence be named? O, yes! there is one Being, to whom we can look with a perfect conviction of finding that security which nothing about us can give, and which nothing about us can take away.

To this Being we can lift up our souls, and on him we rest them, exclaiming, in the language of the monarch of Israel, "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God!" "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture

shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed ; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

Here, then, is a support which will never fail ; here is a foundation which can never be moved—the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity." What a sublime conception ! *He inhabits eternity*, occupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills throughout this boundless dwelling. Ages on ages before even the dust of which we are formed was created, he had existed in infinite majesty ; and ages on ages will roll away, after we have all returned to the dust whence we were taken, and still he will exist in infinite majesty, living in the eternity of his own nature, reigning in the plenitude of his own omnipotence, forever sending forth the word which forms, supports, and governs all things, commanding new-created light to shine on new-created worlds, and raising up new-created generations to inhabit them.

The contemplation of this glorious attribute of God is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing as we are amid the ruins of time and the wrecks of mortality, where every thing about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain forever. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away ; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing ; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand ; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing ; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they ;—when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support, because they were so feeble themselves,—we can look to the throne of God : change and decay have never reached that ; the revolution of ages has never moved it ; the waves of an eternity have

been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken ; the waves of another eternity are rushing towards it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

CLXI.—ALARIC THE VISIGOTH.

EDWARD EVERETT.

[Alaric stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the River Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.]

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear ;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest ;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was the "Scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting place forever there :
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings ;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth ;

The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth :
For, e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the Capitol.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst
Across the world, in wrath to sweep ;
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car ;
'Twas God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And Vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help,
In vain, within their seven-hilled towers :
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty,

And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.*

My course is run, my errand done ;
I go to Him from whom I came ;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name ;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done ;
But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of vengeance, wait :
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

CLXII. — COMPLETION OF BUNKER HILL MONUMENT,
JUNE 17, 1843.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

A DUTY has been performed. A work of gratitude and patriotism is completed. This structure, having its foundations in soil which drank deep of early revolutionary blood, has at length reached its destined height, and now lifts its summit to the skies.

The Bunker Hill Monument is finished. Here it stands. Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is placed, — higher, infinitely higher, in its objects and purpose, — it rises over the land and over the sea ; and visible, at their homes, to three hundred thousand of the people of Massachusetts, it stands, a memorial of the last, and a monitor to the present and all succeeding generations. I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite, of which it is

One of the seven hills on which Rome was built.

composed, would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose ; and that purpose gives it its character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe. It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it could not be from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow, most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around. The powerful speaker stands motionless before us. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, — in the blaze of noonday, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, — it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart. Its silent, but awful utterance ; its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world, from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time ; the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feelings of life, — surpass all that the study of the closet, or even the inspiration of genius, can produce. To-day it speaks to us. Its future auditories will be the successive generations of men, as they rise up before it, and gather around it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage ; of civil and religious liberty ; of free government ; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind ; and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country.

In the older world, numerous fabrics still exist, reared by human hands, but whose object has been lost in the darkness of ages. They are now monuments of nothing but the labor and skill which constructed them.

The mighty pyramid itself, half buried in the sands of Africa, has nothing to bring down and report to us but the power of kings and the servitude of the people. If it had any purpose beyond that of a mausoleum, such purpose has perished from history and from tradition. If asked for its moral object, its admonition, its sentiment, its instruction to mankind, or any high end in its erection, it is silent — silent as the millions which lie in the dust at its base, and in the catacombs which surround it. Without a just moral object, therefore, made known to man, though raised against the skies, it excites only conviction of power, mixed with strange wonder. But if the civilization of the present race of men, founded as it is in solid science, the true knowledge of nature, and vast discoveries in art, and which is stimulated and purified by moral sentiment and by the truths of Christianity, be not destined to destruction before the final termination of human existence on earth, the object and purpose of this edifice will be known till that hour shall come. And even if civilization should be subverted, and the truths of the Christian religion obscured by a new deluge of barbarism, the memory of Bunker Hill and the American revolution will still be elements and parts of the knowledge which shall be possessed by the last man to whom the light of civilization and Christianity shall be extended.

CLXIII.—ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONT'S EXHIBITION, LONDON.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

[Horace Smith, a native of London, died in July, 1849, in the seventieth year of his age. In 1812, in conjunction with his elder brother, James Smith, he published a volume called *Rejected Addresses*, consisting of imitations of the popular poets of the day. It had great and deserved success, and has since been frequently reprinted. Horace Smith was a stock broker by profession; but in the leisure hours stolen from his employment, he wrote a number of works of fiction, which were received with considerable favor, and many contributions, both in verse and prose, to the magazines of the time. His poems have been collected and published in two volumes. He was a very amiable and estimable man in his personal character.]

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes's * streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium † was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;

Thou hast a tongue — come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon ;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —

To whom should we assign the sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephreus architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name ? ‡
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ? §
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden

By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade ;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played. ||

* Thebes was a celebrated city of Upper Egypt, of which extensive ruins still remain.

† The Memnonium was a building combining the properties of a palace and a temple, the ruins of which are remarkable for symmetry of architecture and elegance of sculpture.

‡ The pyramids are well-known structures near Cairo. According to Herodotus, the great pyramid, so called, was built by Cheops. He was succeeded by his brother Cephreus, who, according to the same historian, built another of the pyramids.

§ Pompey's Pillar is a column near Alexandria. The name given to it has led to much criticism.

|| This was a statue at Thebes, said to utter at sunrise a sound like the breaking of a harpstring, or of a metallic wire.

Perhaps thou wert a priest; if so, my struggles
Are vain; Egyptian priest ne'er owned his juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis, †
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,

* Egypt was conquered, 525 B. C., by Cambyzes, the second king of Persia.

† These are the names of Egyptian deities.

And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled : —
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?
 What were thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh — immortal of the dead !
 Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence,
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost forever ?
 O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
 In living virtue ; that when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

CLXIV. — LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

CAMPBELL.

[In 1745, Charles Edward, grandson of James II., landed in Scotland, and soon gathered around him an army with which he marched into England, in order to regain possession of the throne from which his ancestors had been driven. He was brilliantly successful at first, and penetrated into England as far as Derby ; but he was then obliged to retreat, and, after many disasters, his army was entirely defeated by the English, under command of the Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden.

Lochiel, the head of the warlike clan of the Camerons, was one of the most powerful of the Highland chieftains, and a zealous supporter of the claims of Charles Edward. Among the Highlanders are certain persons supposed to have the gift of second sight ; that is, the power of foreseeing future events. Lochiel, on his way to join Charles Edward, is represented as meeting one of those seers, who endeavors in vain to dissuade him from his purpose.]

Seer, Lochiel.

Seer. LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight :

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, O Glenuilin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watchfire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin !* to death and captivity led !
O weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead :
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave —
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer ;
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Seer. Ha ! laugh'st thou, *Lochiel*, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn :
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo, the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah, home let him speed — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O, crested *Lochiel*, the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !

* The poetical name of Scotland.

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clan Ronald the dauntless and Moray the proud;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —

Seer. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo, anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight.
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors,
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier;

* Alluding to the perilous adventures and final escape of Charles, after the battle of Culloden.

His death bell is tolling ; O, mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale ——

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death bed of fame.

